THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A°[illegible] Benj. Fra[illegible]n

JULY 17, 1920

5c. THE COPY
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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM — ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR — WILBUR HALL
HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER — HOLWORTHY HALL — KENNETH L. ROBERTS

Kuppenheimer
GOOD CLOTHES

Cool summer comfort—summer smartness—real goodness in clothes—satisfaction—economy.

The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER

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Find Yourself in this Picture

Then note the numbers next to the figure which most nearly represents you, match them with the numbers beside the watches and you have a choice of time-pieces best suited to your needs.

1
Yankee. The "original" Ingersoll
$2.50

9
Reliance. 7-Jewel; nickel or gold-filled case
$8 and $11.50

Because people's watch needs differ, there is a *line* of Ingersolls—varying in price, varying in purpose—small watches, special watches, jeweled watches, Radiolites and so on. For instance, the owner of a high-priced watch is likely to prefer a Radiolite at $3.50; the man without any watch, a 7-jewel Reliance.

Many will choose the Yankee, the "original" Ingersoll. The basic idea of the Yankee is, as it always was, "the lowest-priced good time-piece."

True, it costs more than it did when America first knew it. Its price is $2.50. But it is worth it. And $2.50 is the lowest price at which with present day costs and the 1920 purchasing value of a dollar we can maintain the famous Ingersoll reliability and sturdiness. No regrets shall ever follow the purchase of an Ingersoll!

This advertisement will help you to "fit yourself" to a watch. A display like this ad in dealers' windows exhibits the actual watches. Look for it and ask the dealer.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

2
Wrist Radiolite. Tells time in the dark
$6.25

8
Waterbury. Jeweled 12-size
$5.50

There's an Ingersoll for Everyone

Prices include the tax

3
Lowest-priced Radiolite. Tells time in the dark
$3.50

4
Eclipse Radiolite. Thin model
$4.75

5
Radiolite Two-in-One. For desk, etc.
$3.75

6
Midget. The smallest Radiolite
$5.75

7
Waterbury Radiolite. Jeweled
$6.25

COMMUNITY PLATE

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In the preparation and service of dainty desserts the American hostess takes rank with the *grande dame* of Europe.

Her Frozen Sweets are as charming to the eye as to the cultured appreciation of flavor.

Small wonder, then, her feeling that a course of such distinction can never be served fittingly with the ordinary teaspoon.

Imagine her delighted welcome to the *Ice Cream Spoons* in COMMUNITY PLATE. Practical to the last degree, and exquisitely in keeping with the dainty Sweets they are to serve.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

Ice Cream Spoon, $6.25, Set of Six, in Velvet-lined Gift Case

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IT PAYS TO SMILE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

SINCE the very beginnings of Boston my people, who were, as every school child knows, an integral part of the original colony, had the commendable habit of recording all those events which bore in a manner either psychological or physiological upon their households or upon the affairs of state, in which they were ever active. In truth I make small doubt but that for the Talbots there would have been no Boston, or at least certainly no information regarding it recorded in intelligible English. And though in my girlhood I conceived my ancestors' style to be a trifle jejune and was myself fond of lighter and more frivolous works, such as those of Emerson and Walter Pater, a weakness to which I confess with all due humility, I nevertheless realize the importance of the writings of my family and the desirability of maintaining our tradition of making an accurate record of such pertinent events as come under my immediate observation in order that future generations in their search after truth may have a reliable monument to depend upon. And this resolve has been greatly strengthened by perusing the ill-written, outrageously sensational and ill-considered newspaper versions of the affair which has so recently brought our historic name into the public notice under such distressingly vulgar and conspicuous circumstances.

Of course Talbot, the chauffeur, has enjoyed it all immensely, thereby to my mind proving once and for all that he has no genuine claim upon the name, and that his pretensions of belonging to a younger Western branch are, as I have consistently maintained, absolutely fallacious. But I show weakness by digression. Permit me to recount the tale from its true beginning, which was, of course, my unfortunate answering of that advertisement in the Transcript.

When the wretched thing came to my attention Euphemia and I were seated at the supper table—she at the head and I at the side, a custom she has insisted upon since our parents' death, her position being that due to the elder sister and the rightful head of the family; and the table has continued to be set thus, though at the time of my rebellion I was fifty and she sixty, and it was absurd that she should maintain a formality instituted when she was twenty and I was ten. I had often disputed with her about it, but to no avail.

"My dear Freedom," she would rebuke me, "I am the elder and I know what is best for youth. So long as I am here this household shall be conducted properly!"

And nothing served to alter her viewpoint.

Well, upon the portentous evening when my rebellion began we were sitting as usual, promptly at five-thirty, in the cheerful if shabby dining room of our vast and dilapidated old mansion on Chestnut Street, with the sun shining brightly upon the neatly darned table linen, the zinnias from the garden and the few remaining bits of family silver. It can hardly be said that Old Sol spread his refulgent glory upon very much to eat, for he did not, there being nothing but a pot of tea, four very thin half slices of toast and the Evening Transcript. According to her custom, Euphemia looked at this first herself.

"I perceive that the Republican Party is indignant with the Administration," she informed me. "And that a mail service is to be established by air from New York. How shocking! The postman will very likely drop things from the aëroplane! I don't approve of the Government taking such risks with other people's letters. It is positively unseemly. Letters should be brought to one's door by a person with a gray coat and a whistle."

"They probably will be," I ventured. "The radical changes in life only affect the big things at first."

Euphemia gave me a sharp look.

"Don't think too much, Freedom," she admonished me. "It is unfeminine in a younger person. And take care—your jabot almost went into your tea!"

I Crept Softly Down the Stairs, Excitement High Within My Breast

"You Wild Indian!" She Exclaimed. "I Just Knew I'd Have to Look After You! Oh You Boston! California Was Never Like This"

I set down the cup, which I had in truth been holding in such a way that my lace cravat was endangered. I am occasionally rather given to daydreaming—a reprehensibly slack mental habit of which I have been unable wholly to break myself, and I was grateful for the merited reproof. Well, I set down the cup and put out my hand for the newspaper, which Euphemia, having glanced at the headlines, had finished reading. Again she rebuked me, this time with a gesture, and rang the bell. I subsided until the fourteen-year-old colored girl who constituted our domestic staff made her appearance, enveloped in a white apron which gave her a curiously grown-up appearance when viewed from the front, as it had been intended for an adult and reached the floor, but which, seen from the rear, revealed her immaturity.

"Galadia, hand this paper to Miss Freedom!" said Euphemia with dignity. And when the child had complied: "That is all; you may go!"

And Galadia made her exit, slamming the kitchen door, behind which her voice immediately rose in song:

"Kiss yo' Honey-Baby-Doll!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed my sister, rising in wrath. "What ever will become of that child?"

And gathering her woolen shawl about her she swept into the kitchen, her cap strings tremulous with indignation, and I was left to a swift and guilty perusal of the newspaper. I use the adjective "guilty" because I knew how thoroughly Euphemia would disapprove of the section to which I, for the sixth time in as many days, turned. It was the advertising page that I selected, and my eagerness was resultant from a desperate resolution which I had secretly made.

I was going to work.

For the first time in the history of my ancient and honorable family a female Talbot was seeking remunerative employment. Terrible as I knew this act to be, I was unalterably resolved upon it, and was keeping my secret from my dear sister only until armed with actual employment, for I was too well aware of what her attitude would be and determined to waste no time in disputing a theoretical situation, but once strengthened by actually being engaged in some capacity I would face her wrath. Besides, were she to learn prematurely of my plan, she was quite capable of attempting to lock me in my chamber as a preventive measure.

But though so long recalcitrant in my decision to take what after mature consideration I deemed the right and proper course, it was not for nothing that my parents, despairing of ever being blessed with a son, had bestowed upon me the family name of Freedom. There had always been a male Freedom Talbot, and his tradition had ever justified his name; and at length I was determined to live up to it.

My desperate decision had, of course, a pecuniary basis. We were poor; there is no denying it. Our parents had left us the house and an income of seven hundred a year, which for two maidens who would presumably marry was not insufficient in the day of our inheritance. But no mate ever having chosen either of us, or been chosen by either of us, and the cost of living having risen so inexplicably, our situation had gradually become greatly altered. Euphemia steadily opposed the idea of any remunerative work, no matter how genteel, and so far I had unwillingly submitted, the more readily because we were utterly without training or equipment. But when in a single week the tax on the house was increased simultaneously with the price of butter, my resolve took shape, and my perusal of the advertising sheets began.

On this fateful evening the "Wanted" column at first appeared to be more than usually devoid of possibilities. There were the usual "Perfect 36—38" for Jewish concerns that apparently manufactured clothing. Shopgirls were needed, and houseworkers, but I could not bring myself to either of these occupations except as a last resort. Typists were also desired, and bookkeepers; but I feared my lack of practical education would count against me. A traveling saleslady was wanted, and a book agent; and as I was pondering the possibilities set forth by these my eye fell upon the fateful notice which led to all my strange adventures. It was printed rather larger than its fellows, and set forth an extraordinary request.

> WANTED: An indigent old lady of impeccable social standing, to act as chaperon to a common young girl who is motherless. Must be dowdy, incompetent, financially embarrassed, snobbish and never employed before. No pretenders will be considered. Excellent salary and a chance to see the world. Apply Apartment 70, —— Hotel, between five and seven P. M.

Conceive, if you can, the astonishment with which I perused this advertisement. Had I inserted it myself, stating the sort of position for which I was best fitted, I could in all candor have stated my case and situation no better. Indeed I was obliged to reread the notice several times before feeling able to credit my own senses. Then I tore the corner containing it from the paper, hastily concealed it in my reticule, refolded the remaining sheets in such a fashion as to conceal the damage done, and laid it, as was our custom, upon the files under the china closet.

Then with quickly beating heart I got the porcelain tub and suds, spread the oilcloth upon the side table and completed my daily task of washing and putting away the tea china with fingers which trembled so that they were scarcely equal to the task.

When Galadia, who refused to dwell with us continuously, had been sent home to her parents and Euphemia had settled herself to her crochet work in the drawing-room I stole upstairs, upon the pretext of a slight headache, and in the privacy of my chamber again perused that amazing scrap of paper.

Could it by chance be the expression of some dull person's humor? Was it possibly a snare of some kind? But no, the latter seemed improbable inasmuch as the requirements were a direct negation of anything which would appear desirable to the kidnaper or any such vicious character. Moreover, the address given inspired a degree of confidence, because, though I was under the impression that all expensive and fashionable hotels must be—well, not suitable for the conservative female element of our dear city to frequent, still there could be no real danger incident to a visit to them by a person like myself, who sought no evil. Considering this point, I looked at my dear father's watch, which I always carried—Euphemia very properly having preëmpted mother's—and discovered that the hour was but six.

Then my resolution took firm hold upon me, and without more ado I got out my bonnet and pinned it on with resolute fingers, found my best silk gloves, and taking my dolman and reticule crept softly down the stairs, excitement high within my breast.

At the door of the once elegant, now shabby reception room I paused to peek at Euphemia's unconscious back, which was just visible, very stiff and correct, in the lonely drawing-room beyond. Fortunately she did not hear me, and having thus, as it were, silently saluted her, and feeling uncommonly like an errant daughter about to consummate an elopement, I shut the front door behind me with care and stepped forth into the roseate late afternoon sunlight and my desperate adventure.

I find it difficult indeed to express the mixture of trepidation and elation which possessed me upon this occasion. The very streets, familiar since childhood, took on a strange aspect, and the walk to the hotel was magically shortened by my excitement, though on its threshold I hesitated and might have turned back at the last moment had it not been for the inquiring gaze of the large uniformed colored person who stood at the doorway. Fearful that he would address me if I delayed longer I gathered courage anew and entered through a most alarming revolving door.

I had never been in this hotel before, and neither had any of the ladies of my acquaintance, with the exception of Annie Tresdale, whose cousin from Chicago stayed there

overnight and had Annie to luncheon; and she, I was aware, had felt the most severe criticism of the place owing to the fact that a female had smoked a cigarette in the dining room. I afterward ascertained that it was Annie's cousin who had done this, and so, of course, we never discussed the subject further. But I will confess the place bore no aspect of viciousness beyond a good many electric fixtures, and the young man at the desk was exceedingly polite and helpful, considering the number of persons who were simultaneously trying to engage his attention.

"Apartment 70? Oh, yes; for Mr. Pegg!" said he in reply to my query. "There is one lady up there already! Boy! Show madam up to Mr. Pegg!"

And at this a youth appareled as a page took me in charge and led me to what I at once perceived to be an elevator. At the door I balked.

"I prefer to walk if there are stairs," said I.

The page looked as if he thought I had gone mad.

"It's six flights up!" he said. And so I, realizing that the building was indeed a tall one, followed him into the trap, in which were several other persons, who appeared to me to be uncannily nonchalant. Maintaining as dignified an exterior as I could, I concealed my alarm at what was a wholly novel experience to me, and was presently disgorged, quite unharmed, upon what the page assured me was the seventh story. He then preceded me down an interminable blue-carpeted hallway and paused before a door, upon which he tapped.

After a moment it was opened by a manservant of extremely respectable appearance.

"Mr. Pegg?" I inquired.

"From the advertisement, madam?" said the servant.

"Yes," I replied with dignity.

"Is that all?" said the page.

"That is all, thank you, little boy," I replied, at which the child departed with an air of disappointment.

And then the manservant ushered me into a magnificent anteroom done in gold paneling and mauve velvet upholstery, most beautiful and in the best of taste. I subsequently ascertained that I was in the royal suite of the hotel, and that it occupied the entire floor.

"Will you be seated, please?" said the servant, handing me to a golden armchair. I dropped his arm, which I had taken upon entering, as is the custom in my circle where a butler is still maintained. "Mr. Pegg is interviewing another applicant in the drawing-room, but I believe he will shortly be at liberty." And with that he left me.

I took a tentative perch on the very edge of my magnificent seat, clasping my reticule firmly and feeling as though I had suddenly discovered myself in the midst of a dream which refused the half-conscious mind the acknowledgment of unreality. It was extraordinary, really, and I wondered who and what the unseen applicant might be, and if the position might not already be filled. I almost hoped it was, so overpowering was the room in which I sat, and yet it was patent that the advertiser must truly be a person of means and that the emolument would be considerable—certainly not less than four or five hundred a year—and I trembled at the thought that perhaps fortune had already dedicated this to another.

But before many moments had passed, the door into the adjoining room was opened and two persons entered—a man and a woman—the latter unquestionably my predecessor.

She was a vulgar, overdressed person much younger than myself, and at the moment her attractions were not enhanced by a fit of anger. Her language was wholly unintelligible to me.

"Of course I thought you was a motion-picture bird," she snapped, "and character parts is my middle name! Me a governess? My Lord—not for a gift!"

"Don't trouble yourself; nobody'll try and force it on you," said the man. "Good day, ma'am!"

And he opened the outer door for her impudent departure. Upon closing it after her he caught sight of me and stared. I confess I returned the favor quite involuntarily, for Mr. Pegg was certainly the most extraordinary man I had ever seen. He was about six feet four inches in height, and so heavy that at first his tallness was hardly remarkable. He was perhaps sixty years of age, though magnificently preserved, and his ruddy clean-shaven face had a jaw which my dear father would have described as "iron." His expensive clothing was worn with a negligent air, and his voice was like the roar of a lion.

"Jumping—er—grasshoppers!" he exclaimed, his eyes riveted upon me. "Are you made up for the part?"

At once I rose to my feet in proper indignation.

"I never paint!" I exclaimed angrily. "My color is natural, though perhaps unusual at my age. If it is your intention to get gentlewomen here merely to insult them, Mr. Pegg, I have no further occasion for remaining!"

To my surprise Mr. Pegg merely chuckled at this, and then assuming a more composed manner held open the door to the inner room, making a deep and courteous bow as he did so.

"My dear madam—a thousand pardons!" he said. "You seemed too real to be anything genuine. Please walk in here."

And so, wondering if perhaps the poor man was insane, and far from feeling at ease, I complied, entering an enormous drawing-room and accepting the seat on the far side of an incongruously littered table—filled with papers, notes, and so on—all the paraphernalia of a business man's desk. Mr. Pegg took the armchair behind it and settled to a critical inspection of me, though he did not look at me continuously. I faced the sunset, but as my face was clean, and at my age I had got past attempting concealment of my crow's-feet, I was quite composed—outwardly.

Yet I could feel that his glance rested upon my hat, my hair, my silk gloves, my walkrite boots, even—though they were discreetly covered by my dress. And all at once my terror of him diminished. It would be difficult to say just why, but very possibly it was the tone of his voice when he spoke again, for though his diction was shockingly incorrect there was a certain kindliness, a gentleness which was unmistakably genuine.

"You ain't a Winthrop by any chance, are you, madam?" he asked.

"No, my name is Talbot," said I.

And then as he appeared a trifle disappointed I elaborated, for his ignorance was patent. "My ancestors came to Boston long before Winthrop," I said gently, for, of course, I would not like that family to hear that I had in any way classified them as *nouveaux*.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pegg, brightening again. "That's fine! That's fine, Madam Talbot—a real aristocrat!"

"I am Miss Talbot," I again corrected him.

(Continued on Page 148)

"It's for You, Miss Peaches," Said the Infant Who Carried My Luggage. "The New Nurse Has Come"

What the United States Has Done for Central Europe—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

MANY significant signs indicate that the problems of the reconstruction of Central Europe will be brought to the legislative attention of the people of the United States before those of Germany and Russia. The people of this country will naturally wish to know what has been accomplished in Central Europe since the armistice. It will also be necessary to have the specific problems stated in a particularized manner. The writer is in position to do this upon the basis of personal experience and official reports. Before proceeding to descriptions of operations already accomplished it will be of advantage to delineate the spheres of action.

The reconstruction of Europe is divided naturally into four geographical groups:

Russia; Central Europe; Germany; Belgium, France and Italy.

It will be observed that under this classification the United Kingdom, like Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, is regarded as self-sufficient and possessing no claims for reconstruction. The writer feels certain that this position corresponds to the best thought in England, because he has never spoken with an Englishman who desired a cancellation of American loans to the United Kingdom or an American governmental credit for food or raw material.

AMERICAN RED CROSS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Queen Marie of Rumania Talking With Her Destitute and Ragged Country People. Above—A Ruinian Village

The Fault of the Treaty

IN THE broad economic sense the cleavage of the reconstruction of Europe into geographical groups is illogical and inconsistent. The economic and industrial interdependence of the nations of Europe is so intimate and all-pervading that one nation cannot go up while others go down; and the reconstruction of some presupposes the reconstruction of all. On the other hand, assistance to one represents assistance to all. Though sociologically artificial the geographical division is based upon physical considerations that cannot be disregarded. And finally, the legalistic situation makes such division not only practicable but inevitable. Russia needs the world and the world has need of Russia. But internally Russia is a problem unto herself; and externally Russia possesses a particular set of legal relations to the Entente. The legal relations of the countries of Central Europe are expressed in their treaty of peace, and their industries and commerce are to a considerable extent in the hands of the reparation commission created under the Treaty of Saint-Germain. Until the United States ratifies the treaty of peace or makes an independent treaty with Germany we possess no legal relations with Germany that the Entente is bound to respect. The reconstructions of Germany on the one hand and of Belgium, France and Italy on the other depend upon economic conferences now being inaugurated, and upon the operations of the reparation commission of the Treaty of Versailles. It is purposed in the following presentation to confine the discussion strictly to the situation of Central Europe, though with full realization that future events in Russia to the east and in Germany to the west may modify profoundly the outcome of any measures that may be undertaken on behalf of Central Europe.

Under Central Europe are included Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Many of the problems of Central Europe have risen from the fact that several of these states sprang from the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It seems to have become quite the fashion to blame the Treaty of Saint-Germain for the existence of what may be termed a Balkanized Central Europe. This is incorrect. War, defeat and revolution dismembered Central Europe into fragments along nationalistic lines. The treaty of peace has done little more than ratify the boundaries. These boundaries could possibly have been drawn with stricter ethnographic fidelity and they could certainly have been drawn with greater economic practicability. All in all, it is doubtful whether plebiscites would have materially changed any of these boundaries. The fault of the Treaty of Saint-Germain lies in the fact that it did not interpret the economic meaning of the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in a more practical and far-sighted manner.

These several nationalities have made up their minds to break apart and pursue independent existences. They will find independence without economic federation very difficult, and the Treaty of Saint-Germain should have guided them in the direction of rational economic relationship. That the treaty has not done this is partly the result of nationalistic hotheadedness in Central Europe and partly the result of diplomatic formalism in Paris. There is also ground for belief that the old rule of Vienna, "divide and rule," was transferred to Saint-Germain.

Central Europe's Problems

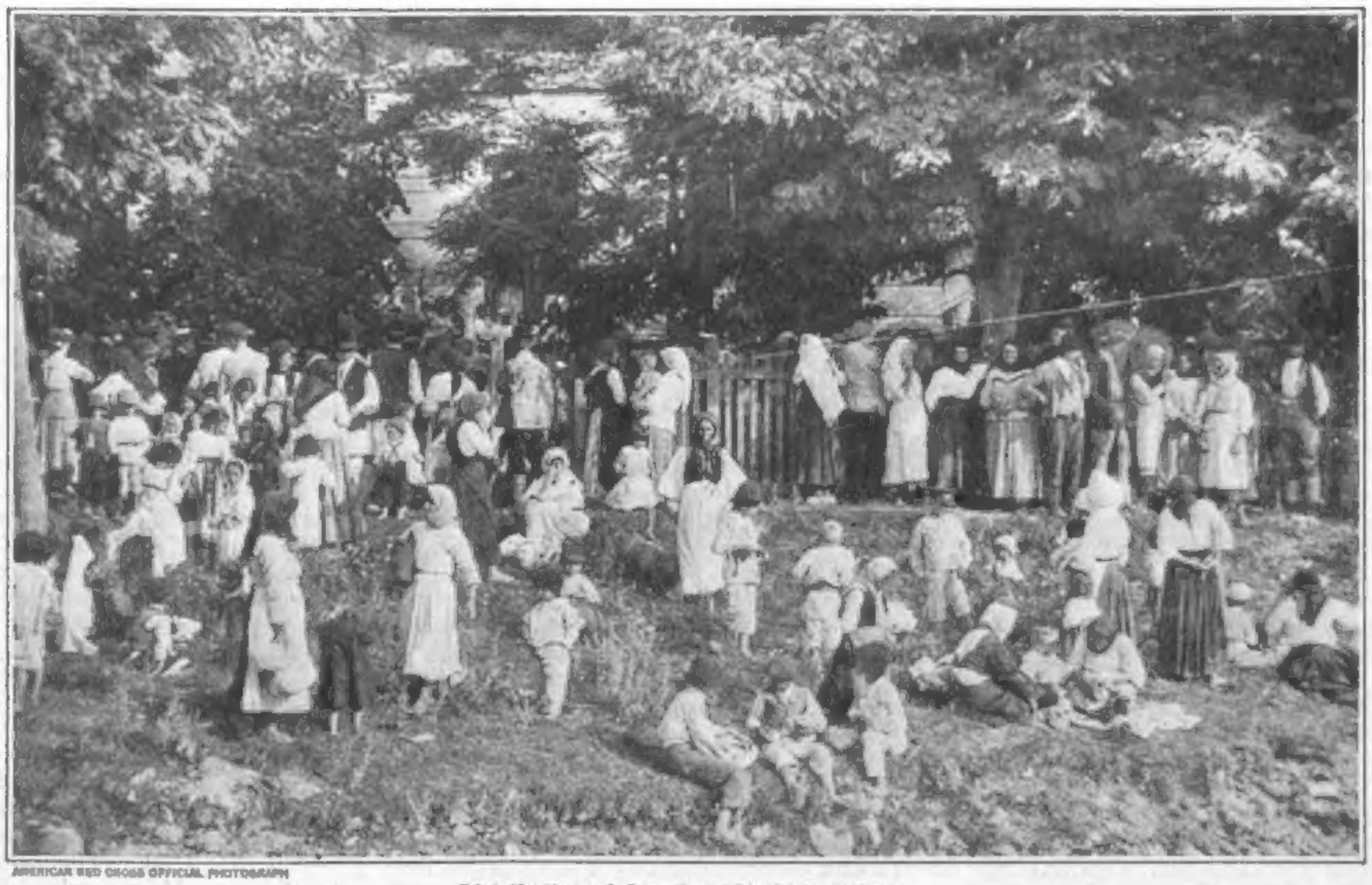
THE problems of Central Europe may be ranged under several headings: Food, Transportation, Coal, Raw Materials, Finance, Sanitation.

Before the war the area containing the designated countries was a food-exporting section. The areas of lowest production were Austria, Eastern Congress Poland, the higher portions of Transylvania, the Erzgebirge, Bosnia, Herzegovina and the mountainous portions of Serbia. The areas of highest production were Posnania; the plains of Moravia, Bohemia and Slovakia; Southern Hungary, and especially that portion known as the Banat; Croatia and the fertile plains of the lower Danube. Considered as a unit, the area exported bread grains, sugar, potatoes, and animal products of cattle and swine.

As a whole the agriculture was not upon a particularly high plane of efficiency, a state of affairs that facilitates reconstruction. Except with sugar and potatoes in a few sections, artificial fertilizers were not widely employed. The yields to the acre did not compare with those in Western Europe. Labor and work animals were abundant. The implements of agriculture were partly of domestic manufacture, though to a large extent imported, and as a rule were not of the most advanced types. Large estates operating along semifeudalistic lines were everywhere the dominating feature of agriculture. The agrarian classes, owners and tenants, were monarchistic in political sentiment, conservative to the point of reaction in matters of industry, profoundly religious and subservient to the established church. The nationalistic differences that were so acute in the cities and in the halls of parliaments were subdued and restrained in the country. At the very time

when the division of the Banat was a subject of most acrimonious controversy the writer was impressed with the peaceful and friendly manner in which Serbs, Hungarians and Rumanians, clad in their national costumes, mingled in the towns and cities of the Banat.

During the years of the war Central Europe considered as a unit descended to the plane of bare self-subsistence. Reduction of acreage, destruction of animals, sabotage in agricultural operations, inefficiency in governmental control, scarcity of labor and general disorganization reduced the crops to such a point that several times Germany was compelled to send food into Congress Poland, Austria and Bohemia. Under German occupation agricultural production in Rumania and Serbia fell to a low figure. When the war closed there was starvation in some areas and opulence in others; and this has continued until the present day.



AMERICAN RED CROSS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Distribution of American Clothing at Jassy

Arrangements were made by the Allied and Associated Powers as early as December, 1918, to ship in food to every one of the denominated states. The crop of 1919—though a war crop, since the bread grains were seeded amid the confusion of the closing weeks of the war—was sufficient to make Bulgaria, Rumania, and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes independent of outside aid. Within each of these countries, however, were areas of starvation that could not be relieved by shipments from areas of surplus on account of disorganization of transport. All of the other nations of Central Europe have continued to receive foodstuffs from abroad on governmental credit.

White Money

THE crop of 1920, according to forecast, will make Bulgaria, Rumania, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes and Hungary self-sufficient for the coming year. It is also probable that the crop of Czechoslovakia and of the East Baltic States will be sufficient for their needs. If this should not prove to be the case the needs of the East Baltic States will be small, because the population is inconsiderable; and Czechoslovakia will possess in sugar the white money that will enable her to finance whatever importations of foodstuffs may be required. Austria will raise food enough for two and a half million people, leaving four millions to appeal to the outside world. According to the crop forecast of Poland she will need to import from five to eight hundred thousand tons of bread grain.

In all countries the count of domesticated animals is gradually being restored. The efficiency of agriculture, however, is not being restored, because the small individual holdings, into which the large estates have been subdivided, do not produce the yield to the acre that was attained by the large estates. But inefficient as the cultivation of the soil is, all the nations in Central Europe except Austria should be self-sufficient after the crop of 1921. Unless Austria is absorbed by Hungary or Czechoslovakia, which is unthinkable, or permitted to join Bavaria, which is contrary to the treaty of peace, there is no hope for Austria except reduction of the population, by death and emigration, to the plane of the productivity of the country. At present there are more civil servants than peasants in the country. And the conversion of civil servants into peasants is made impossible by the mountainous nature of the country.

Foodstuffs on Credit

THE foodstuffs sent in to relieve hunger in these countries during 1918 and 1919 were largely of American origin, though the supplies delivered to Austria last year were purchased from us by the United Kingdom, France and Italy and sold by them to Austria on credit. The foodstuffs delivered to the East Baltic States, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in 1919 were supplied on government credit through the American Relief Administration. The flour supplies to the East Baltic States, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary during the spring and summer of 1920 were sold by the United States Grain Corporation on credit under congressional authorization.

The forecasted import requirements of Austria and Poland during the coming year

(Continued on Page 142)

AMERICAN RED CROSS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Ox Carts Carrying Relief Supplies to Remote Balkan Districts

AMERICAN RED CROSS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Greek and Serbian Refugees Returning From Bulgarian Internment Camps

Above—American Child-Feeders at Budapest

THE OBLIGEE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

HERBERT CORNISH arrested his index finger in the act of contact with the push button inset between the windows of his section. The reduplicated jarring with which the Limited announced its passage over the Belt Line crossing reminded him that he was within the city limits of Lakeport and that the processes of self-reformation upon which he was inexorably decided were now formally inaugurated. He had deferred the turning of his new leaf to this penultimate moment in exchange for a solemn compact with his disturbed conscience that, once turned, it should be turned irrevocably and without compromise. The double tracks of the Belt Line fixed a vital boundary in his life. By the commonplace affair of crossing that frontier he became a changed man.

He set his teeth resolutely on the thought, and his image, surveying him from the narrow mirror above the still-tempting push button, registered a fitting expression of sacrificial determination.

"I've got to watch the trifles," he informed his reflection. "The big things will take care of themselves. It's the little ones that'll trip me if I don't keep both eyes spread for 'em."

He exchanged nods with the mirror and, uncrossing his rather long legs, lowered a pair of resplendent oxfords to the drugget. Their gleaming surface attracted his glance. He lost a brief approval of their polish in a stab of realization. Last night, while he slept tranquilly in the lower berth which represented the combined good will of a ticket seller and a Pullman conductor, the tired mulatto in the white jacket had labored to impart that pluperfection of dull russet radiance to his shoe leather. He frowned a little as he made his way to the water cooler and drank. Even the virtuous consciousness that he had helped himself to this refreshment instead of sending the porter after it did not wholly balance the reproach.

"Watch the trifles," he admonished himself as he regained his place. "That's the whole trick."

He climbed on the seat to reach his hat and coat, bent and strapped his kit bag with an approving inner glow. These petty services, resolutely performed by and for himself, were the very fiber of his regenerative program. The Herbert Cornish of twenty-four hours ago would have left them to be done by the bustling negro. The new Herbert was on vigilant guard against their insidious appeal to habit become almost instinct.

"Yassuh!" The porter's voice interrupted his meditations. "Jes lemme bresh y'off, suh, an'——"

Herbert Cornish checked himself in midstep toward the aisle. Another trifle. He shook his head, his face hardening into a scowl addressed to his forgetful impulses but instantly discernible in the chocolate countenance.

"Never mind that, Sam." He spoke brusquely. "Here." The half dollar he dropped on the incongruous pink palm made ready amends. Sam's grin reappeared.

"Thank y', suh. Jes lemme take 'n' cyarry yo' bag——"

Again Herbert Cornish overcame impulse, but with a belated recollection which translated itself into something like harshness.

"No. Leave it right there. I'll carry it myself."

He was obliged to repeat the command, and his tone left the porter's face almost sullen as the white jacket moved to the next section. Cornish was vaguely displeased at this. He liked the feel of other people's good nature. But he straightened his shoulders as he congratulated himself on his beginning. In a little while, he told himself, these processes would become wholly mechanical as he acquired the habit of self-reliance. It was only at first that they would involve a distinct effort of memory and will.

He swung down to the open platform, the shrewd thrust of the lake wind reminding him that Lakeport's winter climate had always been persistently an exception to the general amiability of the place. Tiny frozen rivulets made the concrete of the platform uncertain underfoot. He slipped several times before he reached the subterranean stairway. A redcap, slithering joyously toward him, called him by name, laying hands on the kit bag. Again it required a sharp assertion of will to refuse the proffered service and again the effort expressed itself in a gruffness of tone. The porter stared, his welcoming grin fading.

Herbert Cornish carried the look with him into the tunnel with a lingering sense of reproach. He detested the sight of displeasure, and only his new resolutions prevented his making amends. The little things—the inconsiderable trifles—these had riveted his bonds on him in the past. Only by breaking those minor restraints, one by one, could he hope to attain freedom in the end.

He emerged on Iroquois Street, aware of an unfamiliar aspect. Always till now the drab thoroughfare had smiled a welcome through its soot and mire. To-day, under the gray sky, it scowled at him. He saw it for the first time with the judicial eye of the stranger.

"Ought to clean house down here," he said to himself. "Gives any traveler a rotten idea of the town to land in a slum like this."

A frown drew a vertical groove between his brows, vanishing as a closed car slid to an abrupt stop with a whine of brake drums and a scraping rasp of tires. The door snapped open and a gloved hand seized his own.

"Herb! What you doing in these parts?" Johnny Tarrant surveyed him amiably. "Where you going? Hop in."

Cornish answered the final question first. "Out home," he said, his own grin of pleasure erasing itself to a grim straightness of lip. "Just got in."

"Hop in," said Tarrant again. "Run you out there."

With his foot on the running board Herbert Cornish remembered and drew back, shaking his head. "No, thanks. Go up on trolley. Much obliged."

Tarrant persisted. "No bother—enjoy the spin. Come on."

Cornish was tempted. The smooth swift ride on Johnny Tarrant's sybaritic upholstery would be very different from the half-hour journey in one of the battered relics

"I've Been Wanting That Squashy Cushion Ever Since I Settled Down Here and I Was Beginning to be Afraid I'd Have to Get It for Myself"

which Lakeport continued to regard as trolley cars. And listening to Johnny would cheer him up, too—take his mind off things. But he stiffened his spine and stood firm. Insensibly his tone stiffened in sympathy.

"No, I'll go out in a trolley. Much obliged."

For the third time since his resolutions had become effective he watched an eager friendliness dissolve into rebuffed resentment.

"All right. Suit yourself."

Tarrant closed the door with a slightly superfluous emphasis. Herbert Cornish watched the car take the Lincoln Street corner with an angry skid of the rear wheels. It puzzled him to observe the effect of his reform. His decision had spared Johnny Tarrant the long drive to Oak Hill and back again—enabled him to be at his desk promptly at eight, after his punctual habit, and yet Johnny was sore about it. Queer. He shook his head as he climbed to the step of a trolley and meditated to the rhythmic jar of a flat wheel, his glance regarding Main Street with an alien disapproval.

Maybe it was a mistake to come back to Lakeport. After all, it was a stupid little town, in the awkward age, undecided between cityship and villagedom. He would have found better opportunity somewhere else. As for his friends, since he was resolved to make no use of them, they represented liabilities rather than assets. Distract a fellow. Yes, it would have been better to pick out a strange town for the new leaf. Do it yet, for that matter. See the family and get things straightened out there, and then beat it to Chicago or New York. He considered this project deliberately during the uncomfortable ride. It had possibilities. Meanwhile ——

His pace slowed as he neared the white pillars of the cheerful house on Oak Hill Drive, lifting above gray banks of sooty snow. Usually he covered these intervening squares almost at a run, but to-day it was different. He shrank from the interview with his father—distasting the prospect the more because he knew that it would be utterly free of rancor. If he could have been sure that his father would lose his temper, explode in angry reproaches, he would have been less reluctant. It would be mighty hard to hold fast to the new principles in the face of the way they'd all treat him at home.

The prophecy was justified when the door swung open and Katy, profound of bosom and deeply pink of cheek, made him welcome with her thick North Irish speech. He felt his good intentions melting under her proprietary greetings. In spite of himself he suffered her to deprive him of his hat, to help him out of the overcoat.

"Jist be lavin' yer vaylise right here an' coom oot to the dinin' room."

He fancied he caught a premonitory hint of bacon in the air. It was good to be home, after all. He grinned.

"Father down yet?"

"Anny minutt now. Lave him find ye to yer breakfast, annyhow. 'Twill do him no harm if ye ate a bite first."

He submitted. Breakfast at home—he was suddenly aware of an aching hunger. His father found him deep in wheat cakes and tiny sausages. He got to his feet clumsily, flushing a little under the twinkling level eyes. Charles Cornish chuckled.

"Well, I'm beginning to understand why they were glad to have the prodigal home again. He stood well with the cook, probably. Is that actual maple sirup you've got there? I thought as much. They've been giving me something that tastes like corncobs ever since you went back."

They shook hands and the elder man drew in his chair with a visible display of eagerness. Herbert's conscience assaulted him. Most fathers would have glared and growled. A fine way to repay—he plunged into the topic very much as one approaches a cold tub.

"I've got to get it off my chest, father. I've been a pretty sad imitation so far. But this thing's opened my eyes. I'm through. From now on ——"

"Reformed character, eh? Well, there's no vice in that." Charles Cornish grinned at his son. "Don't take it so seriously, Herbert. Getting dropped from your class isn't half as catastrophic as it looks to you just now. You'll find the net result rather pleasant. Instead of four years you'll have five—and later on you'll wish they'd been a dozen."

Herbert set his teeth. "I knew you'd take that view of it, sir. It's—it's mighty white of you. But I'm not going back. I'm all through. From now on I'm standing on my own legs. Right after breakfast I'm going downtown and hunt up a loose job and put my mark on its hide. I'm going to live on what I make it pay me. I'm going to ——"

"That's all highly commendable. But don't let it interfere with your breakfast. Katy must have made these cakes herself. I know that touch. It's almost worth having you flunked out to tease her back into the kitchen for a day or two."

His father's persistent flippancy began to annoy Herbert. It was all very well to be philosophic about his miserable record at college, but it wasn't exactly a joke, after all. He lapsed into a scowling silence, broken presently by Charles Cornish's good-natured introduction of finances.

"You'll be needing some money ——"

"No. I'll earn my money after this." Herbert was distinctly ungracious in the disclaimer. "I'm not going to take another cent."

"Don't carry this eight-o'clock reformation too far, son. An excellent rule about money, you'll discover presently, is to take it when it's in reach. Here ——"

He proffered two or three bills. Herbert shook his head.

"No, sir. I meant what I said. I'm all through being an obligee."

Charles Cornish frowned interrogatively. Then his face cleared and mellowed in his frequent smile.

"I see. The word puzzled me at first. You're resolved to be the obliger henceforward, eh? Well, there's something in that. It's really better fun to do something for the other fellow than to have him do it for you."

"It's not a matter of fun, sir." Herbert was stiffer than ever. "It's—it's a principle. I've made a rotten hash of things just because I've been the obligee all my life. I've done nothing but accept favors ever since I can remember. Katy wouldn't let me dress myself till I was nine, and I'll bet she frames up some excuse to fix my tie to-night. You—you always did my lessons for me. I found out the first time I asked you that you'd do all my examples if I said I couldn't get the first one right. And it's been like that with everybody and everything. I've just lived on other people's friendliness. That's why I'm out of college. I drifted through the first two years on what I picked up; there was always some fellow willing to give me a lift with anything that looked like real work. I'd float along till the week before examination and then let some plugger cram me with stuff out of his notebooks and squeeze through on it. Oh, I see it plainly enough now. Why, when Professor Ransome examined me, day before yesterday—to see whether the committee would give me another chance, you know—I didn't know a blessed thing about anything except French and Spanish. They must have come mighty easy or I wouldn't have picked up even the little I seem to have learned about them. Professor Ransome said I was far and

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"People Have Always Done Things for You, With the Result That You Haven't Learned to Do Much for Yourself, Eh?"

Common Sense in Belgium

By WILL IRWIN

Old Guild Banners Carried by Labor Unions

IF YOU mention Japanese commercial honesty in general company someone is sure to speak up and say: "All bank cashiers in Japan are Chinamen." That isn't true. All bank cashiers in Japan, with one or two exceptions, are Japanese. If you mention the Chinese drama someone remarks: "A Chinese play lasts a week." And that isn't true. A Chinese play lasts one evening, just like ours.

Similarly, if you mention in Europe just now the quick recovery of Belgium as compared to that of her Continental neighbors among the Allies, someone is sure to say: "Why, a glass factory of Belgium started up on the very night of the armistice!" Now here is a general, rubber stamp, bromidic statement which stands the test of truth better than most of the others. It is a hard-shell fact that one of the famous old glass factories of the Liège region did fire up a furnace on the night of November 11, 1918. Several weeks passed, however, before it really got to making glass. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, this act symbolized the mental attitude of Belgium. While Germany was in revolution, while France was celebrating and making calculations on the German indemnity, Belgium was getting ready to go to work. For she has been doing business and working for a long time, this tightly packed, flat, misty little land of Belgium. Before the rule of the Roman ceased in Western Europe the people of the Low Countries were manufacturing half the cloth of Europe, were busily trading, were building up rich cities. For fourteen or fifteen centuries Belgium was the battlefield of Europe, the belligerents in those battles being mostly foreigners who adjourned to Belgium, as it were, to poke each other in the eye without messing up their own houses. During all these disturbances the native Belgians went right on, making cloth and glass and iron and selling them at a profit to the Carolingian, the Burgundian, the Spaniard, the Austrian, or whatever dynasty or people happened at the moment to be ruling the Low Countries.

The Saving Sanity of the Belgians

YES, she has been in business a long, long time. She has a tradition of work and of sound, sensible, nonspeculative commercial methods. And just as a man's native breeding and traditions come out in the crises of his life, so in the mighty upheaval of the past six years have the European nations run true to their traditions in a manner amazing and sometimes even amusing. Hence the significance of that little episode in the glass works of Liège. In going through the forms of getting down to work at the earliest possible moment Belgium was symbolizing her traditions. Now, a year and a half later, anyone with a pair of eyes in his head can see the difference between Belgium and her neighbors.

Along the southern border between the sea and Menin runs the old familiar belt of devastation with which picture and description have made us all so familiar. Once across that line you feel that you have entered a new and different world. It is not so much the smoking factory chimneys; it is not so much the fields, looking as though every clod had been rubbed to powder by hand; it is not so much the crowds of factory operatives waiting at the stations to commute home. It is the composite action and movement of the crowds; it is the expression of their faces. In all the war-torn countries of Continental Europe this is the only atmosphere which breathes normality; this the only spot where it seems at present that the war is really over. To go thither from hungry, flattened-out, distressed Germany; from starving, heartbroken Austria and perplexed, discouraged France—is, for mental relief, like returning home to America.

Women in May Day Parade, Brussels

That Belgium has recovered more rapidly than any other ex-belligerent of Continental Europe has become almost an axiom in political, financial and industrial circles. I traveled to Belgium mainly to learn the reason why. And the longer I looked into Belgian conditions the more I was struck by this mental factor. In spite of certain other favoring circumstances the main cause for her progress on the road to recovery is psychological. Belgian statesmen, Belgian industrial men, Belgian labor have kept their balance. Untouched by those waves of half insanity which in most countries follows the let-down from the terrific strain of war, they have worked together with an entirely admirable sense of coöperation toward the single object of putting Belgian industry back on the map, of resuming normal production. To express the idea in another way: Belgium has given play to her traditional common sense. And if you follow the history of the Low Countries from the day when a great Cæsar made them Roman to the day when a little Kaiser tried to make them German, you find that common sense, shrewd business judgment and a talent for production have always marked their inhabitants.

Comparative War Losses

LET me begin by telling briefly how Belgium emerged from the war, as compared to France, her nearest and closest neighbor, the country whose war burdens in character most resembled hers. Contrary to the general impression the amount of purely physical damage was about the same. France, by official figures, lost 600,000 buildings; Belgium, 116,000. The present population of France may be roughly figured at 38,000,000, that of Belgium at 7,500,000. France, therefore, lost one building to every 63.33 inhabitants; Belgium, one to every 64.65. As to the real money value of these destroyed buildings the comparison, I suspect, rather favors Belgium. In the region of the Old Line the only Belgian towns of any size banged up were Ypres and Dixmude, both merely farming centers with few factories. In France Rheims and St.-Quentin, both large and important manufacturing cities, were a dead loss; with them went dozens of smaller manufacturing cities, running from 5000 to 30,000 inhabitants, such as La Bassée, Armentières, Albert, Chauny, Lens, Soissons and Sedan. A large item on the Belgian bill was deliberate destruction by the Germans in that period of 1914 when they were reducing Belgium to docile submission. However, your German conducts his atrocities with discretion. I have noticed that he usually burned down the village church and spared the village brewery. Comparatively few factories or other costly buildings went in this process. After the Belgians broke the German line at Ypres, and when the Allied Armies swept into Flanders, several towns like Oudenarde were considerably banged up. Here alone did many factories suffer from shell fire. But this total was inconsiderable compared to that of France.

On the other hand, the German destruction squads, busily moving looted machinery back to Germany or reducing whole plants for scrap iron, got at only about seven or eight per cent of the area of France, while they had all Belgium as a field of operations. The proportionate loss of junked machinery was unquestionably greater in Belgium. Still further: the final retreat stopped, with the armistice, only after the Germans had fallen back

Head of the Brussels May Day Parade

over a good half of Belgium. In their track they destroyed most of the railroads and canals, badly damaged most of the highways.

In the days preceding the Spa Conference, during which I write these lines, all nations involved are entering bills of damages full of exaggerated claims and sophistries, and not always innocent of plain lies. Official figures cannot therefore be trusted. Considering all the factors which I have set forth, I believe that the destruction, in proportion to the national wealth in building, land and machinery, was about the same.

However, certain other factors greatly favored Belgium. Most important of all was her strong financial position before the war. In a general way this little nation of 7,500,000 had greater real wealth per capita than any other in Continental Europe. As a financial power she ranked above Italy with 35,000,000 inhabitants, Austria with 50,000,000. Virtually, she produced nothing during the four years of German occupation; she actually had to pay unemployment indemnity to her workpeople, who were loafing as a patriotic duty.

Belgium's Loss of Man Power

FURTHER, on the adverse side of the balance there was the affair of the German mark. The conquerors had ruled that their currency must be accepted as legal in Belgium; they had flooded the country with marks. The Belgians decided, with the armistice, that none should suffer through this forced currency; that all German marks in the country must be redeemed at their pre-war value of one and a quarter francs to the mark. Unfortunately it was impossible in the confused conditions which followed the armistice to close the border against still further introduction of German marks. Speculators rushed this rapidly declining currency into Belgium; before the process was finished the treasury was forced to liquidate 6,000,000,000 marks. After which German values went relentlessly down, until by January, 1920, the mark, on dollar exchange, stood at only one twenty-fourth of its old value, and even in the era of speculation and false exchange prices which closed the month of May, 1920, only at one-eighth. Of course the Belgian treasury will recoup when, if ever, Germany recovers. But all during the period of rebuilding and readjustment it must carry this load.

On the other hand, Belgium, owing to circumstances, was able to mobilize less than 100,000 men before the Germans occupied the country; from that time forth she must needs depend for reënforcements and replacement on young men living outside of the country and on the slender stream of recruits who crawled by night across the electrified wire into Holland. She could never put in the field many more than 200,000 men, or less than three per cent of her population, whereas France, during the heaviest strain, had more than ten per cent of her population under arms. France, England and Italy, too, must maintain, at war scale of expense, a navy. Belgium had virtually no navy at all. Her bill of war expenses was much less, therefore, than that of her Allies. Government statements, as I have already remarked, are at this time open to grave suspicion, and no unprejudiced person has as yet drawn up an exact comparative bill. But just as in material damage Belgium was perhaps somewhat harder hit than France, in damage to her financial and commercial system she was much the lighter sufferer.

Standard Temporary House Erected by the Belgian Government for Returned Refugees

When, after the armistice, the Belgians totaled up accounts, even the most pessimistic among them realized that in one intangible but valuable asset they probably came out better than France, Germany, Italy and England. Owing to the impossibility of mobilizing all their men they had lost in vigorous young life proportionately less power than their allies. Their death roll was 65,000 men, out of a population of 7,500,000—less than nine-tenths of one per cent. France lost in killed more than 1,400,000 young men—making due allowance for the Colonials, nearly three and a half per cent. Naturally, the mutilated and the half efficient ran in about the same proportion. The men whose health was ruined by the barbarous German deportations of labor must be considered in the Belgian account; but after all they would change the proportion only slightly.

A Nation Tired of Loafing

BUT here came a doubt. This unimpaired working class—so skilled, before the war so industrious, so preëminently the great asset of Belgium—what would be their reaction toward the pursuits of peace? During four years they had lived in idleness, which was all right; the Belgian government wanted them to be idle. To work at almost anything would be to work for the Germans. Their health, thanks mainly to a quiet young American named Hoover, was virtually unimpaired; but what about their mentality? Had they lost the habit of labor, the will to work? Hadn't the unemployment indemnities, the free provisions, the soup kitchens, put them into the attitude of paupers? Russia had blown up with Bolshevism. The Spartacists were loose in Germany. Would not this habit of idleness make a good seeding ground for a wild social revolution?

When, in January, 1919, I visited Belgium for the first time since the early months of the war, I found the country in a state of bewildered perplexity over this and kindred problems. In whatever way the Belgian manufacturer or business man directed his path through the strange maze of affairs, he came to an impasse, to a gulf he could not bridge. That problem of the attitude of labor was yet to be faced; but immediately ahead rose the problem of credits—of enough tangible cash to set the machine going. In these days, when all Europe is talking of the manner in which the United States has thrown them down, it is pleasant to record that the first real impulse toward general resumption came early in the spring of 1919, when American credits, both governmental and private, became available. The undamaged factories set their wheels to going. The damaged began to rebuild, to reconstruct, to repair. And within a month or so the directing minds of Belgium found, to their intense relief, what way the cat was going to jump with the working class. The habit of idleness had not gripped them. On the contrary, they were tired of loafing. They took up their tools and their dinner pails and went to work with a real enjoyment of the old job.

However, it was not all so simple as this condensed statement implies. To this question of getting the population at work—really the most vital question of the reconstruction period in Europe—the Belgians brought their own special quality of practical good sense, together with a kind of enlightened patriotism none too common just now in Europe. It had always been in principle a free-trade country.

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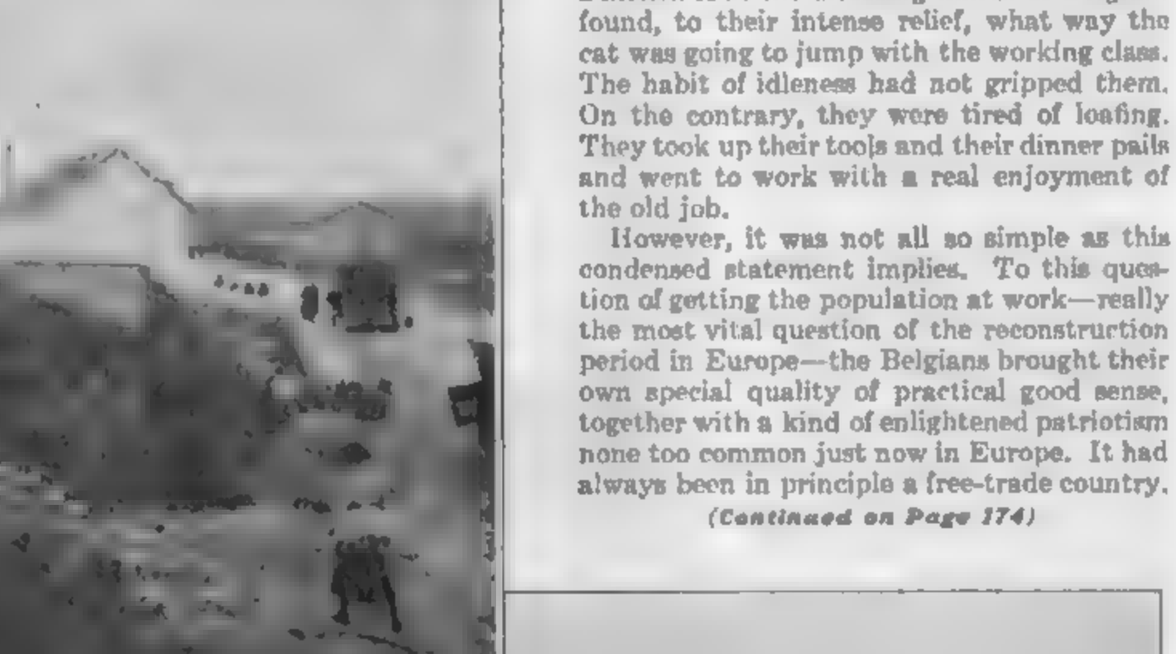
New Houses on Line of Old German Trenches, Yser Canal



Ypres, May, 1920. Above—Dixmude Rising From Its Ashes

G. P.

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

BEFORE she ever met him she had made up an epigram about him, and it was this: Life seemed to fit him like a tailored garment, instead of binding him or flapping round his ankles. If from the epigram you can imagine the naturalness of such a man, and his sincere good humor and his robust immaturity, perhaps you can forgive Miss Leonard for wishing spontaneously that she knew him. Perhaps you can even forgive her for wishing that she had known him always.

For a fortnight coincidence kept them apart. Then unexpectedly he was presented to her on the veranda. If she had judged his intelligence by what he actually said to her during the next quarter of an hour, and if she had judged his poise by the way he conducted himself in her society, she might have had to change her mind about him. But as a matter of fact, she herself had no very clear idea of what they were talking about, and she was curiously and almost unwillingly exhilarated by the mere fact that they were talking together at all.

As he rose reluctantly he said to her: "I think I've seen you out riding very early in the morning, haven't I?"

"I like to be out by seven," she said. "It's the best time of the whole day."

A rendezvous was his for the asking, but he balked and stammered and finally made an awkward farewell. Nevertheless she thought him magnificent, even when he stumbled over a chair, and she knew by intuition that he planned to be up before breakfast to-morrow morning. When she was safe in her own room she blushed at herself in the mirror, and pretended that she didn't understand what was happening and why she should feel so flattered and self-conscious. But when daylight came she spent an extra twenty minutes in prettying herself before she went down to the mounting blocks, where her horse was waiting.

"It Isn't What You'd Call a Hard Case, But It Keeps Me on the Job About Twenty-three Hours and Fifty-nine Minutes a Day"

The youthful doctor was waiting also, and very much astonished to see her. He never suspected that her windows overlooked the mounting blocks so that she knew exactly how many minutes he had loitered there, kicking up the gravel and petting his own horse, in the confident expectation of being astonished sooner or later. She greeted him with shy animation.

"Why, what an early bird you are, doctor!"

His smile was radiant.

"Well, I've prescribed this sort of exercise for a good many different people, and it didn't seem to kill any of them, so I thought I'd try it myself. Do you mind if I ride along with you?"

"Not at all," she said primly. "I'd like to have you."

Side by side, at a decorous interval, they rode out through the drowsing village and presently turned into a narrow sand road through the pines.

Now if ever there comes an era when the enemies of romance get a hearing, and certain dangerous pleasures are forbidden to the young, then one of them must surely be to ride among the pines of Carolina, when in the month of April the dogwood has begun its flowering and the Judas trees show pastel tints of pink and soft magenta, and all the world is fresh with the cool sweetness of a new day. The danger of it lies in the tendency to fall in love, first with living and then with whatever is near and alive and sympathetic. And again, the subject of the conversation doesn't count.

"D-do you practice here all winter, doctor?"

"Practice? Oh, no! I'm just here temporarily."

"You're not staying at the hotel, are you? I never see you there in the evenings."

"No, I've been over only once or twice."

"Oh, have you a cottage here then?"

Before he could answer her he had to tear himself away from the reflection that in a riding habit she was adorable.

"No, I'm staying at somebody else's cottage. I'm just here temporarily. I came down on an important case. I practice in New York."

She felt his eyes upon her, and felt the consequent warmth in her cheeks, so that she hurried on with her next remark:

"My father was a doctor too. He was Dr. Elihu Leonard, the neurologist."

"Everybody knows who your father was, Miss Leonard," he said gravely, and the compliment was less in the wording than in the intonation. She thrilled with pride to be the daughter of a man who had earned that compliment from this particular critic.

"You must be a specialist yourself. General practitioners, especially when they're as young as you are, wouldn't be called all the way from New York to North Carolina on important cases."

"Well, yes," he said. "I am. By the way, you'll tell me when it's time to turn back, won't you? I could go on indefinitely."

"Who couldn't?" she said, and added hastily—"on a morning like this. Still ——"

Simultaneously they drew rein, and for an instant they delayed and looked at each other, half smiling. She perceived now that his eyes were heavily circled and that the corners of his mouth were finely drawn.

"It must be a hard case, isn't it?" she asked impulsively. "But even if it is, you're so much better off here than you'd be in New York. New York's been simply impossible all this winter and spring. Aren't you getting some benefit out of it?"

He straightened his shoulders.

"Oh, that's all right. It isn't what you'd call a hard case, but it's rather nerve-wearing. There's only one way for it to end, and it's a matter of a few days at most, but it keeps me on the job about twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes a day. I suppose I'm getting a bit crocked."

"I'm so sorry. But even then it's better than being crocked in the city, isn't it?"

The doctor compelled himself to look away, and was irresistibly compelled to look at her again. From the brim of tricorn hat to the tip of her riding boot not a detail eluded him. He saw the glint of spun sugar in her hair and the lake blue of her eyes, the delicate texture of her cheeks and the curve of her strong little chin—and the doctor drew a long breath and nodded repeatedly.

"It's at least a thousand times better," he said, "and that's conservative."

There was only one thing for her to do, and she did it immediately. She put her horse to a canter and let her blush be cooled by the April breeze. Halfway home, however, she was composed enough to slow down, and the doctor ranged alongside and stayed there.

"Yes," he said, "it's a nerve-wearing case."

She gave him a quick upward glance, which testified both to her relief and to her disquiet.

"I'll bet it's a she."

"Good guess."

"Was I right? Then I'll bet something else—either she's middle-aged or she's old. Which is it?"

"Somebody's told you," he said reprovingly.

"No, I just guessed. I like to analyze people. If she'd been very much younger than middle-aged you wouldn't have come."

"You're uncanny, Miss Leonard."

"And she's rich, or she couldn't afford to live here anyway, much less send all the way to New York for you. Well, I certainly hope she turns out to be a G. P."

His head went up sharply, and she saw that he was either hurt or angry.

"Don't!" he said. "I don't like to have you say things like that!"

She was puzzled, but she was also considerate.

"Did I say something that offended you? I didn't mean to—I was just joking. I don't know what it was, but anyway, won't you please forgive me and pretend you didn't hear it?"

No one—and certainly no one on such slight acquaintance—had ever stared at her precisely as the doctor was staring. She had known that he was a remarkable combination of temperament and common sense, but she hadn't surmised that he was also a remarkable combination of rugged strength and sensitiveness.

"A lot of people over there at the hotel are saying in earnest what you just said in fun—or in kindness. Nobody can help being gossiped about of course. We all get it one

way or another, but that happens to be a particularly sore spot with me, so it startled me when you spoke like that."

Her sex had begun to assert itself, and one apology was enough.

"You startled me too."

Some of the fire and some of the appeal went out of his eyes.

"I certainly beg your pardon for barking at you like that. But did you ever know an instance of a young doctor taking care of a rich old woman when there wasn't exactly that sort of fool gossip? I suppose I'm an idiot to let it disturb me, but if I am an idiot I was born that way, and I can't help it. It does disturb me; it disturbs me a lot."

"I understand," she said gently, "and I know just how silly it all is. Whenever a rich old lady and a doctor —— But they gossip about rich old ladies and lawyers, too, don't they? And even rich old ladies and their ministers? Oh, I loathe gossip!"

He caught at the straw.

"I shouldn't have snapped at you, though. My nerves must be getting jumpy. But that isn't an excuse; it's only an explanation. If I promise never to do it again, will you just forget it—and let me come out some other morning to ride with you?"

"Of course I will," she said, and her voice was very full and honest. The young man reddened with pleasure.

"That's mighty kind of you."

"Are you sure it isn't selfish?"

"I don't see that at all."

Miss Leonard flicked her boot with a plaited-leather crop.

"Hadn't it occurred to you that I might enjoy it a little myself? Or do you want me to put it down as plain charity?"

He surely intended to respond to this, but the proper answer stuck in his brain, and he fell to thinking about it. Then he found himself gazing again at Miss Leonard, and from that point onward he forgot that he had ever intended to think. When he recovered himself they were trotting up to the hotel portico, and it was too late. The spell of the pine woods still hung over him, but within earshot of the colored grooms he could only say a conventional good-by to her and set the chronometer of his sentiments at seven o'clock tomorrow morning.

As Miss Leonard went into the lobby she met another horsewoman coming out. The other woman was older and blasée, and took complete satisfaction in nothing but her horses and her tongue—chiefly her tongue.

"Hello, Alice," she said. "Great day, isn't it? Wasn't that Doctor Temple riding with you?"

"Why, yes."

The older woman shrugged her shoulders.

"He doesn't look it, does he?"

Miss Leonard came back.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, everybody knows it." The other woman laughed with conscious wisdom. "He's down here taking care of old Mrs. Stanwood, and she's seventy if she's a day, and she hasn't any near relations either. Everybody says he's after her money; and somebody over at the inn knows all about him, and she says he calls himself a heart specialist. But in New York he used to spend most of his time hanging over the ticker in a broker's office. Her husband used to see him in there often. Just a friendly tip, dear. He does look pretty nice, but it's a good thing to know what you're getting into. You'll thank me for it later."

"To save time," said Miss Leonard sweetly, "suppose I thank you for it right now."

And with that she proceeded to her own room and studied herself in the mirror for several seconds, and finally resolved to wear a different hat to-morrow.

As she reviewed the first few days of their acquaintance she realized that they had hurdled all the usual preliminaries. Before she ever met him she wished that she had known him always, and when she had known him for a week it was as though her wish had been fully granted to her. By the end of the second week she realized that in his mind there was something which he wanted her to know, and yet that he couldn't quite bring himself to say. He could engineer the conversation to such a point that one more sentence might defeat his reticence, and then he invariably lost courage. She sensed that no other hurdle lay between their friendship and a still more permanent relation, and because she was normal and deeply absorbed in the doctor she was a little frightened by her own thoughts, and she was almost glad that she was frightened by them.

During this period she had seen him only on their morning rides and once or twice for tea. She was surprised then, and pleased, when one evening he appeared at the hotel. She had imagined that he came to dance with her, but instead he carried her off to a secluded bench in the avenue of pines; and when he had sat down beside her she caught her breath, for his mood was obviously courageous.

"I've been wondering what it is," he said abruptly, "that's made me want to talk to you so much—to tell you so much tommyrot about myself—so much that doesn't matter anyhow."

"Somewhere in Me There's a Tremendous Impulse to Do Big Things in Business, to Make Money—and I Want Money. I've Never Had Any"

Miss Leonard had an inkling of the cause, but it wasn't her place to express it.

"I've liked having you talk to me. You know that."

The doctor's voice was oddly pessimistic.

"It's been wonderful to have you here. I don't know what on earth I'd have done without you. And I've told you so much already—there's something I wasn't going to speak about at all. I thought it wouldn't be any use. But I can't seem to keep it to myself any longer, so if you'll listen will you listen once more?"

Miss Leonard trembled.

"I—I'll listen," she said with dry lips.

"It's the same thing that's been hounding me all the time you've been here, and a lot longer than that. It's what I'm going to do when I'm back North again."

For the moment she was unable to speak, but when she had found her perilous balance she managed to bring out a question:

"Why, is there any doubt about it?"

The doctor scowled at the ground.

"Yes, there is. I'm a funny mixture. You see, my father's family were all professional men and my mother's family were all in business. I've never been sure of what I really wanted to do. I wasn't sure in college and I wasn't sure when I left medical school, and I'm not sure now. I'm always restless and uncertain, always wondering if maybe the grass isn't just a little greener on the other side of the fence.

"I can do pretty well in medicine. I know I can. That isn't conceit either—it's a feeling. But somewhere in me there's a tremendous impulse to do big things in business, to make money—and I want money. I've never had any, and I can't tell you how much I want it. I'm right on the edge of a medical career, and sometimes it seems like the only thing in the world worth doing; yet whenever I've got time to sit down and think ——" He drew a long breath. "The fact is, I've got some friends in Wall Street who want me to give up medicine and buy a partnership."

She sat quietly enough, but her heart was thumping, for she knew that he had placed the most intimate of all his problems at her feet. At the very least it was an augury.

"And—you could buy it if you wanted to?"

"Not yet," he said absently; "not just yet. But in a little while possibly."

"I wish you'd tell me more about it then."

He gestured over his shoulder.

"Mrs. Stanwood isn't just an ordinary grateful patient. She's known me ever since I was a kid. All she's got is some distant cousins she doesn't like, anyway. Well, she's a clever woman, and you can't fool her. She knows she hasn't very long to live. And all of a sudden she's sent for her lawyer to make a new will."

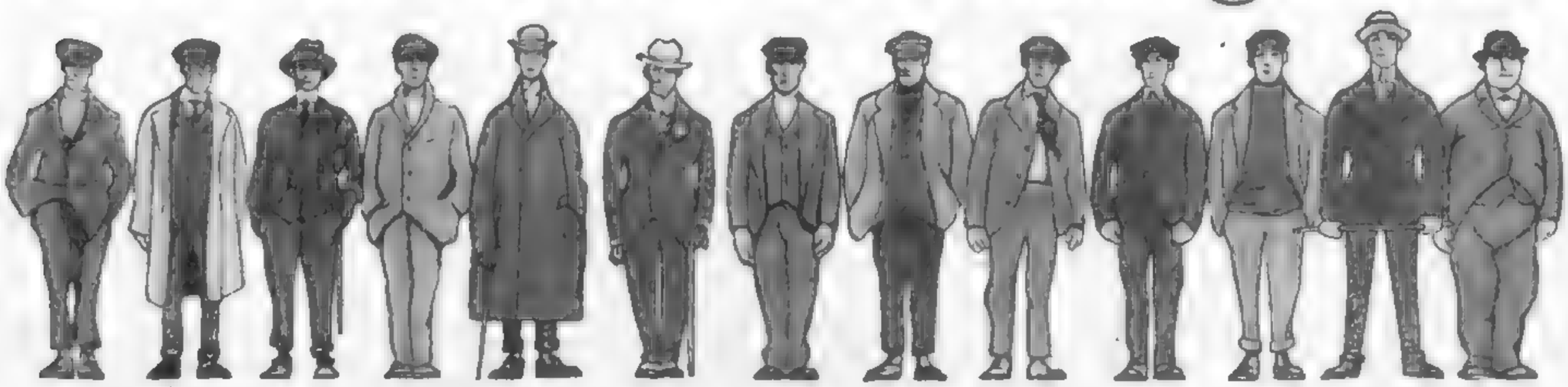
The girl was regarding him steadily.

"Yes?"

"She's said a thousand times already that she wants to leave me something. It'll be a good deal. And if she does, why ——" He hesitated, and then went on soberly: "If she does—why, I can buy a seat on the Exchange and still have capital to start with, and I'm crazy about it, and at the same time I don't know if I'd be happy if I gave up medicine. Those two ambitions have been fighting in me until I'm almost demoralized. I feel as though it's the most important decision I'll ever have to make. I want to practice medicine, and I want to be rich too. I don't know what I'll do. I wanted you to talk to me."

(Continued on Page 116)

The Salesmen's Kindergarten



By WILBUR HALL

WHENEVER things in the world-wide chain of branches, agencies and local offices of the Petroleum Products Corporation were running to the entire satisfaction of the men in charge thereof somebody in the New York offices would appoint a new vice president and trouble in large orders would immediately begin to arrive, because these vice presidents were not chosen for their beauty, or to provide them with palatial offices or lucrative positions, but because they were men, usually young, with heads full of ideas. There was some dispute as to what sort of ideas; subordinates leaning to the belief that they were merely troublous and superfluous, the higher-ups maintaining that they were what kept Petroleum Products modern. At any rate, the new vice presidents kept showing up from time to time, and one of them at last stung Dow Rankin.

He was Western sales manager for the concern and had for a long period labored under the impression that the most captious would award him palms of glory for the excellent state of his business and the immaculate perfection of his suite of offices. Along came Vice President Fessenden, and the sales department became a house of lamentation and woe.

"D'ye know what he wants?" Rankin wailed, almost tearfully, into the ear of the traveling auditor. "He wants me to double my sales in the next three years. Double 'em? Why, they haven't quite doubled in the last ten years, let alone three!"

"Maybe that's the reason," the auditor suggested dryly.

"You talk as though we were handling a line of new chewing gum or a patent folding toothbrush!" Rankin snorted. "Petroleum Products is like the mint—it's standard; it grows naturally. You can't force it. It's taken fifty years to build it up to where it is now, and all any sane man would want would be to take care of normal increase and not lose anything to competitors. Double! This man Fessenden is suffering from shell shock!"

"Possibly," the auditor commented. "But don't yell so loud as to drown out the following gentle hint: Mr. Hamilton Fessenden is the pet particular favorite and fair-haired child with one large red-faced gentleman named P. D. Norris, president of our board of directors, and when Fessenden says he wants something done it's just as though you were listening to your master's voice. If I were in your place, Rankin, I'd let the oratory go and gird my loins and get out after business, or else I'd buy me a country place down at Burlingame and retire."

"Huh!" Rankin grunted. "That's easy to say. Where am I going to get business—and what with? You talk as though you could go out with a hunting bag and a twelve-gauge pump gun and bring it in before nine in the morning!"

Striving for the Impossible

THIS, in a manner of speaking, was the blowing off of steam on Rankin's part. Because he knew as well as the traveling auditor did that Mr. Vice President Fessenden meant what he said; moreover, the sales manager had no more idea of retiring than King George has. With a very bold front he faced a conference of the sales force the following week and conducted for them a two-day session that ran largely to talk and got nowhere in particular. The trouble was that, despite the valiant promises of every man present to do his best to deliver on this new order, no one of them thought it could be achieved. It seemed almost fantastically impossible. And at the end of ninety days cold figures showed that the increase hovered round one-half of one per cent and hung there like a fat boy in a pantry window. At this juncture the new vice president came in cheerfully from the Pacific Northwest and asked how the campaign was progressing. Rankin shook his head.

"I'm the last man to say it can't be done, Mr. Fessenden," he remarked. "But I will go so far as to say that you've given us a large order. We have combed the field and there isn't enough new business or new customers in sight ——"

"That's probably true," Fessenden interrupted. "But why not double your business with the old customers?"

"Double?" Rankin choked over the verb. "I don't believe you know this territory, Mr. Fessenden."

"Perhaps not. But I think I know Petroleum Products and its output. We are turning out something new every month, and for some of those new lines we have to create an active demand. The advertising department does its share; are you doing yours?"

"Our customers are conservative."

"All customers are—from the salesman's standpoint. And that has a certain advantage too; once you sell a conservative man you have him sold to stay."

"That is true. But it takes time ——"

"Let me tell you why I was boosted into this traveling vice presidency," Fessenden broke in. "It may help you to understand my obstinacy. I happened to say to President Norris one day that the big concern he headed was getting complacent. I meant by that that the whole organization was settling back a little, on the theory that its business was good enough. In a small company that is dangerous; for a big one it is fatal. We were getting senile—fat. What I was appointed to do was to give the corporation exercise and cold baths—to put it into training and get it fit again."

A Hint From the Vice President

"BUT what do they want?" Rankin inquired. "The annual statement shows that business is better every year."

"Business," Fessenden said, choosing his words, "is not so much a matter of cash results as many people believe. It is largely a matter of achievement. Read Dickens and you will see that two generations ago business consisted in holding what you had in a dignified position, like an old maid with a cat on her lap, and taking care not to drop anything. Americans have changed all this. Granted at first that they start out to make money. But then the fascination of achievement gets them. In the end it is the game rather than the rewards that they aim for—and that is what, in my opinion, has made the business world what it is to-day. The moment a business man begins to be contented with what he has he must either retire and go to Southern California to play golf through his declining years or he must go to the courts sooner or later and sign a petition in involuntary bankruptcy. When he loses the urge of the game he is also losing his grip."

"That is the time for him to begin talking about doubling his business in three years, I suppose," Rankin grinned.

"Exactly. Petroleum Products isn't on its way to bankruptcy—not yet. But it grew too fast. Things came too easy. Now we have slowed down. As a matter of fact, what you referred to a minute ago in the showing of the annual statement is the natural and normal increase that would come without an effort—for a while. Then some bright young competitor or some hoary old giant will step in some fine day, and the board of directors will wonder what hit them. What we want is all the business."

"I am beginning to feel more like going after it every minute," Rankin confessed. "But my imagination falters. If you had a suggestion or so ——"

"I have one; but brace yourself to take it. The last time I was here I met a young fellow who seems to be busting into fame as an authority on buying and selling. He is a purchasing agent."

"A purchasing agent! What the deuce does he know about salesmanship?"

"With all due respect to you, Mr. Rankin—and I want to say that no one has a word of complaint against you, to date—Wiley knows more about the fundamentals of salesmanship than any sales manager I ever met."

"I don't get that. I happen to know that Wiley never sold a dollar's worth of goods in his life. I'll admit that he is as keen as mustard and a nice fellow, but—no, that goes past me!"

"Partly because you are a thinker of habit and not of observation, then," Fessenden smiled. "What man do you have to meet and interest and convince to make a sale, Rankin?"

"Why, the buyer, of course."

"You do. In some cases the buyer is a small consumer; in some cases, a retailer; in some, a jobber or wholesaler. But you get your big orders from professional buyers—from the purchasing agent. You deal with his kind and you learn something about him. But he deals with your kind—and if you have ever talked to Wiley you must realize that he has your crowd catalogued, annotated, footnoted, and filed for future reference more accurately than any other man could have. Salesmanship? My dear Rankin, take it from me that Wiley could give you a handicap of ten and a full bag of clubs, in that branch of business, and beat you three up with a cleek. Think it over and then see if you can date Wiley for a talk."

No salesman needs to be told that that was a hard pill for Rankin to swallow. The average salesman looks on the p. a. as a duck hunter looks on the ubiquitous and chummy mosquito, as just one of the things you have to put up with if you must hunt ducks. Rankin had a little more than the usual prejudice because before his promotion he had suffered severely at the hands of two or three purchasing agents who had hurt his tender young feelings. But a hint from an affable vice president who looks you in the eye and says, "I have no complaint to make against you, to date"—such a hint is almost as good as a kick from a mule. Rankin sought an appointment with Purchasing Agent Wiley, of Sunbeam Food Products, Incorporated, and made it.

A Purchasing Agent With Imagination

WILEY was a slim, thin-faced, dark and smiling young gentleman who had achieved considerable fame in the West as a purchasing agent with both imagination and constructive genius, and young salesmen said that he was the best friend they had in business. This, Wiley himself opined, was the highest compliment paid him after the evening when a certain lady said "Yes" and meant it. He had a knack of making people feel that he was receiving a favor instead of granting one, and across his cleared desk he looked on the world as one who has not a care in it. He listened to Dow Rankin attentively, then pushed back his chair and nodded.

"Ten years in a purchasing department, Mr. Rankin," he began, "has given me a sort of slant on selling. I'll say that I have met every kind of salesman there is, beginning with the wholly impossible and running up through the highly probable to the expert with finesse and a punch. And if I haven't learned something from them it's because my head is thick and I ought to be polishing car windows for a living. But I'm not sure that I am salesman enough to sell you the ideas I have accumulated. If you could sit here at my desk for a week and see salesmen from my viewpoint you would learn more than I could teach you by word of mouth in a year.

"Selling in a big way, I've decided, is not nearly so much a matter of how to do it as how not to. Most of the

brand-new selling tricks have been discovered and played long ago. Methods of approach, selling patter, the use of psychology—all the rules for selling—have got as far as correspondence school courses; and that means that they are pretty well developed and have already become a part of the equipment of every first-class salesman. But, oh, my Lord, the things a salesman should avoid! As far as I have been able to observe there isn't any attention paid to those points. You would have to watch salesmen only a few hours to see that for yourself."

Rankin frowned.

"I'm wondering if that is what I want," he said thoughtfully. "What my friend the vice president wants is increased sales. It seems to me that the problem calls for something new and jazzy, instead of a list of don'ts."

The First Day of School

"WRONG again!" Wiley said promptly. "Most of the men who could give you increased orders, Rankin, are purchasing agents—what I like better to call professional buyers. They don't need clever salesmanship; all they want is to be shown the value of a new idea or a new product to their houses. And the reason your salesmen only hold the business they have is that they have become order takers instead of salesmen. Now the very first thing to avoid is order taking. You could take orders over the telephone and save the costs of salesmen. Let your boys show the p. a. that he is losing money or opportunity or efficiency in operation, and they will have him interested. After that the only way to lose him would be to make one of the fifty-seven varieties of mistakes that salesmen make with us every day of the week. And if you could sit here and see them ——"

"Mr. Wiley," Rankin exploded, "if you have the glimmering of a notion that will help me sell a few more dollars' worth of asphalt, axle grease, engine distillate or gasoline, or any of the products or by-products in between, I'll do anything to grab it from you, and I'll buy you a straw hat for Christmas besides. But I don't see how I am going to get your viewpoint with my own eyes and ears ——"

"Why not?" Wiley interrupted, brightening. "I have no particular trade secrets, and my door is always open. I could roll a desk into a corner and you could drop in and hide behind it and listen in—if you want to."

"Do you mean that?"

"I almost always mean what I say. I only make one condition."

"That I don't get excited and horn in?"

"Not at all. That you watch my step for me and tip me off if you see me wasting any cards or mussing up the deal. We'll open up a salesmanship kindergarten, with a course of buying on the side, and both of us will learn something."

"When does school open?"

"From now on—any time. Say to-morrow morning."

"I say to-morrow morning with three rousing cheers," Rankin responded. "And if I learn as much as you think I may I will probably graduate from the kindergarten with an order for a carload of cup grease or something as my diploma. Is that fair enough?"

There were four salesmen on the mat the next morning when Rankin arrived and settled into the chair behind a roll-top desk in one corner, with the lively interest a theatergoer feels while waiting for the curtain to go up on a play he has heard a lot about but never seen. Wiley nodded to him, grinning, and summoned the first caller.

This was a pert, familiar, buoyant young thing who began his attack with a funny story that was very old and that had never, even in its pristine days of glory, been so screamingly humorous. Finding this offering rather pearls before swine he switched to a naughty story, with a certain tarnished quality in its naughtiness that made it vulgar. Rankin didn't get it all.

"Well, how about it, Wiley?" the salesman finally inquired. "Just to start the day right—what do you say to kegs?"

"I haven't anything for you to-day, Miller," Wiley replied. "If I did have it wouldn't be kegs."

"Wrapping twine?"

"No twine."

"Something in copper, perhaps? Retorts; boilers, siphon pipe ——"

"Not anything."

"Did you hear what the fellow said the other night when they asked him how far it was to Chicago? I only heard it "

"Yes, I know that one. I'll see you the next time you are in, Miller. Baggs and two or three more of them are waiting. Come in, Baggs."

Miller went reluctantly, a new story appearing threateningly in the offing as he started, but being drowned in the enthusiasm with which Mr. Baggs was greeted by the purchasing agents. Behind his shelter Sales Manager Rankin snorted.

"I wonder if I have any light comedians on my staff," he mused. "Fat chance that lad has to do any business outside the timothy-hay terrain. I guess I've made Point One!"

Baggs was a short, swarthy, smiling young man with a most direct and instantaneous method of attack. He wasted neither words nor seconds.

Baggs Lands a Nice Order

"YOUR stationery troubles are over, Wiley," he began without ceremony. "I've found you a bond that is the right weight and quality—tough, perfect finish, free from spots and discoloration—and at a price that is only a little higher than that of inferior stock. It is before-the-war quality. We can handle any order you want to give us on it, but you ought to get in early. I'm giving you first chance."

"Where have you had it hidden all these months?" Wiley demanded.

"Haven't had it hidden, not at all. The chemists have been at work and they are turning out a new piece of goods."

"Show me."

"Can't do it. The samples haven't reached me yet. I'm going on a telegram."

"And you want me to buy dream stuff?"

"I want you to buy on my past record with you, Wiley. I never lied to you before; I'm not going to start now. And you will have to admit that I know paper and that I know my house."

Wiley nodded and drew out an order blank. He filled it out carefully and pushed it across the desk.

Baggs glanced at it.

"The price will be right," he said. "You will be thanking me in six weeks. I will start deliveries before the first. Good-by."

And Mr. Baggs walked out.

Sales Manager Rankin was rubbing his eyes behind his desk in the corner and trying to be sure that he had heard aright.

"How much did you order, Wiley?" he gasped.

"About ten thousand dollars' worth."

"But, gracious Grace, man! Suppose that the stock doesn't turn out to be what you want at all? Either you're crazy or I am! I never heard of such buying."

"Perhaps because you never heard of such selling," Wiley retorted. "I've known Baggs for seven years and in that time he has never once deceived me about price, quality or deliveries. His record is absolutely one hundred per cent good. But that is only half the story."

"How do you mean, half?"

"He has never deceived himself or let his house fool him. Baggs decided at an early age that he wanted to be a salesman. So he went to work as a hand, at four dollars a week, in a paper factory in Oregon or Washington. He knows more about paper than the man who first invented it."

The P. A. Wanted to Know

"AND you can take his word on price?"

Wiley smiled.

"I think I spend somewhere round seventy-five thousand dollars a year for paper and paper products," he said. "Do you suppose any salesman in his senses is going to short-change me a few hundred, or even a few thousand, and expect to get away with it?"

"Not if he looks that far ahead."

"Looking ahead is part of a salesman's equipment, Rankin. Every sale he consummates to the satisfaction of his customer is cumulative—it makes the next sale easier and more profitable."

"But how about the temptation on your part to take advantage of the salesmen by crabbing when goods are ordered sight-unseen and with the price tag under the counter?"

Wiley looked his interrogator in the eye.

"As far as I am concerned," he said, "I would rather lose a customer who would play that game than I would keep him, if I were selling. A buyer of that type ought to be blacklisted by salesmen just as certainly as a lying salesman should be blacklisted by decent purchasing agents—and usually is. Think it over while I show you a new variety of salesman."

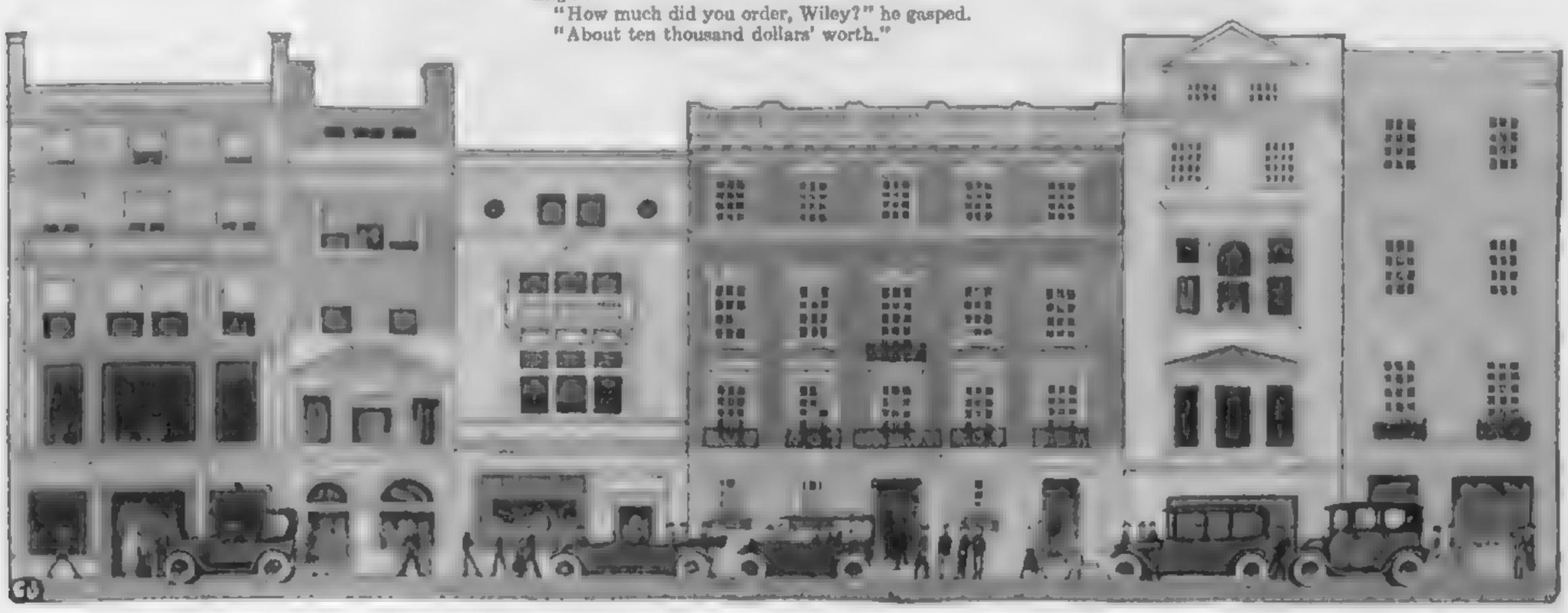
This was a very grave and dignified gentleman with a collar too high for him, shoes too tight, a coat too snugly fitted and a self-confidence that amounted to divine complacence. His name was Knapp and his line was heavy machinery.

"I called to sell you that ditch-digging machine, Mr. Wiley," he said with calm assurance. "You asked me for thirty days in which to think it over and your time is up to-day."

Rankin, listening from his corner, disliked this elegant being from the very first moment, but before Purchasing Agent Wiley was through he began to feel rather sorry for him.

Wiley opened up without drawing breath. He started with simple and guileless little inquiries about that ditch digger. Knapp floundered along on sheer nerve. Then the questions began to become more involved. Then they became complex, intricate, technical, searching. Shafting, horse power, yardage capacity, fueling and lubricating details and costs, economy per day, speed per yard, efficiency in varying soils, adjustments for depth and width of ditch—Wiley was insatiable. The queries came so fast and assumed in the salesman a knowledge so thorough that in sixty seconds the caller was stuttering, and in five minutes he was through. When he tried generalizations the purchasing agent backed him against the wall of specific facts;

(Continued on Page 102)



THE POISON PEN

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

JORDAN BACE, SECOND, was dreaming of strawberry shortcake piled with fine sugar and dripping redly when the afternoon mail reached Gale's Ferry. It brought him a letter from his father, the envelope stamped with the arms of his native city, where Mr. Bace was mayor. Jordan wondered why his parent should write on two days in succession, and tore the envelope, worried.

June fifteenth.

Dear Sec: Sorry to say that the freshman-crew race will not be witnessed by any of your affectionate family. Just recieved a wire from California that Edwin Joyce has died in Pasadena. The body is to be sent here and, of course, I am to be a pallbearer. The funeral is the day of your race. This is too bad, and we are all mighty sorry to miss seeing you perform, but please remember that Mr. Joyce was your grandfather's partner and a great friend of mine. Doris is mad as a hornet. She has quite a collection of clothes she was going to air in New London, and I expect she thinks the Yale-Harvard regatta will not be the same without her shining presence, especially as quite a herd of young women seem to be leaving here to see the show. Well, good luck to you, and please don't strain your heart unnecessarily.

Your affectionate father.

P. S. I notice that I have misspelled "receive" above, and I think I have made a mess of "unnecessarily," though it may be right. Hot weather always affects my spelling. They never did teach me to spell "receive" at the little old red schoolhouse.

Jordan chuckled. The little old red schoolhouse of his father's infancy was a family joke. Mr. Bace had been reared in England, while Jordan's grandfather managed the branch of a New York bank in London. But he could spell nothing accurately. The fact had been used against him in his campaign for the mayor's office.

"What are you laughing at?" the freshman coxswain sniffed crossly, rubbing cold cream on a blistered neck.

"My people can't come to the races," said Jordan.

"What's funny about that?"

"Just the way father puts it. Have you any sisters?"

"Four," the coxswain sighed.

"You poor pup!" Jordan said, and went off to bathe.

He could figure the wrath of Doris exactly. She hated funerals, and she had been looking forward to a week of New London. Inevitably several of her dearest friends would come to the regatta; and she had spent some days of early May shopping in New York, with an afternoon at New Haven added. He reflected that her interest in the Yale-Harvard races was not solely based on his position in the freshman boat. The reflection rose again when she met him at the station the evening he arrived.

"You were lucky to be away for the Joyce funeral, Sec. It was simply frightful. There were quantities of old women from that orphanage, or whatever you call it, that Mr. Joyce built, and they all sniffled and it was horribly hot. And there wasn't the slightest reason why mother and I shouldn't have gone to New London. No one would have known whether we were there or not, you know. And it's too bad your boat was beaten."

"But it wasn't," said Jordan.

"Why, it was, Sec! It was in the papers."

"The freshman four got licked," he corrected her—"we didn't."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Doris, straightening her hat. "But really father's so silly about things. I do wish you'd talk to him, Sec. And poor mother always gives in like a—like a baby."

"I didn't know that babies gave in," Jordan grinned, "and where did you get that hat? It's awful."

The hat was covered with reddish flowers in the character of violets, and it concealed a corner of her forehead. Jordan thought it somehow out of keeping. His twin had pale-yellow hair, and the rosy glitter above gave her an air of the theater, not quite desirable. As usual, she did not answer his objection, but smiled amiably and went on.

"Anyhow, mother and I motored down to Columbus for Kitty Fleming's wedding, and that wasn't bad fun. Quite a lot of people from Philadelphia. She's married a man from Philadelphia—Rotherhythe Kemp. Did you get cards?"

"Yes, I did. And if he's anything like his brother in my class she's going to have an awfully nice time before she gets divorced," Jordan grunted.

"Oh, don't get Middle Western," said Doris, haughtily bowing to their former governess, who was wheeling a perambulator along the sidewalk under the horse chestnuts.

"I can't help being Middle Western any more than you can," Jordan snapped; "and Eddie Kemp's as big a rotter as ——"

"Some of the ushers," said his twin, "were quite all right."

She gave him a slow and meditative smile, suggesting that some of the ushers had been well investigated. Jordan thought heavily of the freshman coxswain.

It Took the Whole Female Staff of the House to Dress Her for the Wallace Wedding

Really four sisters seemed excessive. However, Doris was pretty and not nineteen. Girlish vanity had to be excused in some measure.

"There's a dance at the Bulkelys' at nine," she said, "and I suppose they wouldn't mind if you came. It wasn't supposed to be a children's party, though."

"Go to—Tophet," Jordan ordered.

"But you aren't awfully old, Sec," she said more pleasantly, and patted his knee.

"I hate dancing in hot weather," he told her, "and this is my first night at home."

The Bace house stood on a small crest of the residence district, and air from the lake blew genially through the dining room. Also Mrs. Bace had commanded a strawberry shortcake of the proper breed. His parents seemed enchanted by Jordan's ravages in this dish.

"I should think you'd explode," Doris drawled.

"You haven't been in training for years," said Jordan.

His lesser brother, George, took up the defense of Jordan's appetite. He alleged that he had seen Doris eat three slices of shortcake. Doris smiled at the small boy calmly.

"Children are always pigs," she murmured, and her eyes seemed to view afar off that remote age when she had eaten three slices of strawberry shortcake. She tapped her fingers on the edge of the table and lapsed into some secret, amused contemplation. Young George after a moment rolled up his napkin and hurled it at her shining head. It missed.

"Oh, Geordie!" said Mrs. Bace.

"Bad shot even for a southpaw," Mr. Bace commented.

Doris stroked her hair.

"You might try a saltcellar," she said, and rose, the sleeves of her negligee wavering like moth wings in the candlelight, roamed off to dress, humming the love song from Louise.

"I'll kill her sometime," George muttered.

"Oh, Geordie!" said Mrs. Bace, helpless and shocked.

"I wouldn't kill her," Mr. Bace observed, "unless you've got the pocket money for a good lawyer. It's always hard to explain things like that to juries, son. They're so prejudiced."

"Oh, Dan!" said Mrs. Bace.

"Give Sec some more cake, Molly," the mayor yawned, "and let us be cheerful while the higher criticism's putting her clothes on."

"I think I've had enough," Jordan said regretfully, and lit a cigarette.

"Oh, Sec," his mother stammered, "are you sure those are good for you?"

"I guess from his looks that they won't ruin him," Mr. Bace remarked. "He's in pretty good condition, I take it. Go on about the race, Sec. We've had it interspersed with sections of the latest fashions, and really I'd like to know just what happened. Give Sec some coffee, Molly."

It struck Jordan that his father was speaking with a strained sharpness instead of the familiar level note, gently English, that sounded always agreeable in any room—and there were some gray additions above his ears. His sleepy eyes had a fresh patch of wrinkles at the corner.

"You've been working too hard," Jordan accused him.

"Hot weather, Sec. Go on about the race."

Doris came in to say good night to her relatives, and Jordan pondered on the strings of vermilion beads sustaining her frock. He hoped they were strung on some solid substance. But it was a charming gown. She looked like an inverted peony, and her small feet were shod appropriately in gold.

"I had it made to wear at New London," she said, "and Nancy Guest says the party at the Griswold ——"

"Oh, Doris," Mrs. Bace broke in suddenly, "let's not talk about New London any more, please."

This outbreak had all the value of a high-explosive shell. Jordan stared at his mother. It truly sounded as though

Doris had been talking too much of the missed race. It must be that. His twin was considering Mrs. Bace with a pained bewilderment.

"Oh, very well, dear. Any signs of Johnny?"

"His visibility is still low," said Mr. Bace through his cigar smoke, "and that is a mighty pretty dress—frock. You look like the late Lola Montez a good deal."

"Oh, Dan!" Mrs. Bace gasped, and pink touches appeared in her cheeks.

"Sure, I don't know who Lola was," said Doris kindly, "but it sounds like a slam. There's Johnny. He always takes a bit off the rose bed. Good night."

Jordan wondered if the best breeding permitted a young man to sound his horn outside the doors of a gentleman's house summoning his daughter forth. He strolled over to the window and watched Doris flutter into the motor, where Johnny Rhodes was sprawled gracefully.

He had a natural admiration for young Rhodes, a great figure in white flannel, with a curly dark head that showed fully as the motor slipped under the lights of the dining room outflung on the gravel.

"If Doris marries that mucker," said George, "I'm goin' to run off."

"Oh, Geordie!" Mrs. Bace moaned.

"That'll do, son," said Mr. Bace, and rose. "Well, I've got to go down to the club and blackball some men. Be back in an hour, Sec."

When the family car had carried him off Jordan asked questions, having planted George over a volume of Gale's Ferry snapshots. Mrs. Bace was never expansive.

"There's been a lot of trouble with the police force, Sec, and it's been dreadfully hot. It would have been such a rest for him to go East. It was too bad poor Mr. Joyce had to die just then and"—she flushed—"and—really—Doris wasn't very—very nice about missing the races. I suppose we should have found a chaperon for her and let her go. And there's been some trouble at the bank with one of the tellers. And of course, dear, your father isn't young."

"I suppose Doris just simply raised hell."

"Oh, Sec!"

"I'm sorry, mother. Look here, is she going to marry Johnny Rhodes?"

"I hope not," said Mrs. Bace with more firmness than she usually mustered. "I'm sure I hope not, Sec."

"Of course," Jordan mused, "there's his D. S. C. and all that, but—I hope she doesn't. I don't mind his being divorced, but ——"

Jordan played golf considerably, and Johnny Rhodes had a clear, carrying voice in the country-club dressing rooms. His theories on matrimony and finance were memorable. Still he was jolly and handsome, and there was the medal. Jordan frowned.

"You and dad can put your feet down ——"

"Oh, Sec, Doris is so old for eighteen!"

Jordan grinned and went off to talk to George. His brother illuminated the matter of Mr. Joyce's funeral when they had gone to bed. He sat on Jordan's floor and barked with the note of one long oppressed but now sure of a hearing.

"Sounded like a baseball game when everybody's jumpin' the umpire. She said dad was old-fashioned and stuffy and mid-Victorian and ——"

"Oh, she's got that mid-Victorian thing? Go on."

George continued at some length, including his own grievances in the business of having his Navajo Indian headdress borrowed for the country-club masquerade in April and so lost.

"But Sid Conway says he'll get his cousin in Arizona to get me another. Sid's a peach, I think. He's got a lot of sense too. He don't hang round Doris the way he did."

She Looked Like an Inverted Peony, and Her Small Feet Were Shod Appropriately in Gold

"That's too bad," said Jordan drowsily.

"It is not! Why, gee, you wouldn't want a nice fellow to go and marry a thing like her? But how much does a coxswain have to weigh, huh?"

Jordan stirred somewhat when a motor rattled in the drive toward dawn, but he was deeply asleep when George shook him at ten.

"Get up, Sec! Say, something's happened!"

"Dad isn't sick?"

"No. He's mad, though, and mamma's cryin', and—it's some kind of something. Get up!"

George was inarticulate and clearly a little frightened. Jordan hauled on a dressing gown and trotted downstairs through the shuttered coolness of the wide house to the dining room. His sister's voice detained him outside the door.

"Nonsense! I shan't let you do anything of the sort. I'm not going to have a lot of cheap detectives and things mixed up in this. I ——"

"I'm not going to have my daughter insulted through the ——"

Doris laughed, not merrily.

"Of course, father, if you like publicity ——"

"Oh, Doris!"

His mother's open anguish brought Jordan into the room on the run. Mrs. Bace was still crying wearily. His father stood on the hearth slashing at the white flowers in the grate with a napkin. Doris was trying to tidy her hair with fingers that shook.

"Some low hound has been writing your sister anonymous letters," said Mr. Bace. "That's what's the matter, Sec. Look at it!"

"It's a woman of course," Doris alleged—"not a man. Do keep still, father."

The letter was typed on a sheet of plain paper. Jordan read it hastily, wishing that his mother would stop crying.

Dear Doris: Really you are getting too much for a civilized community. That red hat you were wearing yesterday has given me a headache, and I am not quite well yet. No wonder your brother looked ashamed of you when you were bringing him up from the station. And when wearing red do remember that face powder should be used sparingly—if at all. The contrast is too marked. You had the effect of a rather ignorant chorus girl trying to look like a second-rate French actress.

As to the horrible thing you were wearing at the Bulkely dance last night, words fail me. Please understand that I have no objection to your going about half naked. It is being done, and the gown was no worse than some others there. But that cheap swagger of yours would be tolerable only in a raving beauty. If your idiotic father has not the sense to check you up it is time someone else did. Au revoir.

"I'm going to ring up the police head——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Doris, cutting Mr. Bace's sentence neatly. "You told us yourself that things like that always leak out of the police office. And there'll be reporters at the Conway tea. I'm not going to have them telling people some woman ——"

"How d'you know it's a woman?" Jordan asked.

"Oh, really, Sec, a man wouldn't bother about clothes! And it's all about clothes. Of course it's a woman!"

"But the hat isn't really red, darling," said Mrs. Bace. "It's a cerise—and do try to drink some coffee, dear. You mustn't wear yourself out."

"I'm not!"

Jordan looked at the torn envelope. It was postmarked from the city-hall station, and dated from yesterday of course. He found himself mastering a grin. But he effaced this, as his father was staring at him, and it would not do to smile over a letter in which Mr. Bace was called idiotic.

"It's a dirty trick," he said, "and can't the police ——"

"Oh, don't be childish!" cried his sister, and walked out of the room.

"It's a damned outrage," said the mayor, chewing his lip.

"Oh, Dan," wailed Mrs. Bace, "do be calm! I mean—you can't be calm, dear—but do eat something."

Mr. Bace refused food and set off for his office. Jordan puzzled, drinking coffee.

"I didn't like that hat an awful lot," he said. "It's rather loud. And that dress isn't what you'd call quiet, mother. Of course girls wear things like that, but ——"

And the facts did not at all excuse this piece of blackguardism. Jordan worked himself into a fair measure of wrath as the day progressed. His sister was his sister. He might find cause to criticize her privately, but no stranger

(Continued on Page 78)

ALMOST SUNNY ITALY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IN ITALY there is a popular and fascinating game known as Morra. The game is easily played; for it requires no expensive tools and no outlay for playing fields, special garments or other hindrances. Its only requirements are two players, each of whom must have a loud voice and one hand with five fingers on it. Thus the game is within the reach of practically everyone. To play the game of Morra the two players face each other. Each one raises his clenched hand shoulder high and suddenly brings it down in front of him with one or more fingers extended. At the same time he bawls out a number. The number which he bawls out is his guess as to the number of fingers which have been extended from his opponent's hand plus the number which have been extended from his own hand. Thus, he may stick out two fingers, but shriek "Five!" in ear-splitting tones—the idea being that he guesses that his opponent will extend three fingers. Or he may thrust down his hand with all the fingers extended and howl "Ten!" which means that his opponent will also have to extend his fingers with equal generosity if the guess is to be correct.

That, in effect, is the game of Morra. It has few rules. One of the rules is that when one of the players has ten correct guesses to his credit, the other player shall buy him a drink. Another of the rules is that when the players begin to fight over the game, the onlookers shall make an attempt to separate them before one of them draws a carving knife and dissects the other in a crude but effective manner. Still another rule is that nobody in Italy shall play Morra after ten o'clock at night. This rule is a national law. The Italian lawgivers discovered that so many Italians had settled down to steady drinking by ten o'clock at night that Morra fights which started after that hour were not easily quelled and consequently were very apt to end fatally.

That is the great trouble with Morra as played in Italy. In spite of its childish simplicity and its lack of intricate and bewildering rules, the Italians always fight over it. Whenever a person sees a game of Morra in progress, and is suffering from boredom, he only needs to hang round for a few minutes in order to witness an exciting and possibly hair-raising fight. Morra causes more accidents each year than do all the automobiles and railroad trains in Italy. Usually the accidents are cutting accidents, though occasionally they are indirectly caused by chairs, table legs, boot heels and other blunt instruments. The Japanese play a game which is almost exactly like Morra; but the Japanese do not fight over it. Similar games provide relaxation and amusement without fighting in several other countries. It is only in Italy that the game breaks up in violence which brings the police running madly to the scene, and in raucous cuss words of such ferocity that little children are constrained to seek sanctuary in convenient drainpipes.

Grand Colonnade in Naples

From Cudgels to Kisses

THERE is, however, a point which is frequently overlooked in Morra fights. After the contestants have been separated, and the table-leg splinters have been removed or the cuts closed with neat buttonhole stitches, the two principals invariably kiss fervently, according to the peculiar Italian custom, and go home with their arms round each other's necks. In Kentucky, I venture to say, a man who had been struck viciously over the head with the major portion of a Heppelwhite hatrack would brood over his wrongs so persistently that the person who had done the striking would soon require the undivided attention of a skilled mortuary expert. In Albania, an intriguing country, a man who had been smitten by any sort of instrument, blunt or otherwise, would go ramping ferociously up and down and round the mountains of Albania with a knife between his teeth and his finger trembling tremulously on the trigger of his rifle until he had located the smiter and perforated him from so many angles that all of the four winds of heaven could blow through him without hindrance, no matter how he was left lying. Never would a Kentuckian or an Albanian devote any of his precious moments to kissing a person who had made a pass at him with an angular table leg or sought to introduce a Number Five carving knife between his waistline and his floating ribs. He might so far cool off as to rest content with kicking him, but never with kissing him!

But in Italy a grievance is soon forgiven and forgotten. Blows are quickly followed by embraces. Two strong men who at one moment have been attempting to cut each other to shreds will, five minutes later, be raising blisters on each other's cheeks by the violence of their kisses. This is known as the Italian temperament; and the Italian temperament is too often disregarded when the Italy of to-day is under discussion.

In adjacent countries they are predicting terrible things for Italy. The industrial north, say the wiseacres, is on the verge of going Bolshevik and establishing a soviet form of government. Sicily and the southern provinces, they say, are on the verge of separating from the mother country and setting up a republic. The communist leader in Vienna assured me that he expected Italy to go Bolshevik in the near future, and that when Italy went Austria would also go. On the day before I left Austria for Italy a keen observer of events informed me in hushed tones and with ominous head shakes that things in Italy were very bad—very bad! Workingmen were taking over the factories; the King was to be fired by the Socialists; the great Italian boot, hanging down into the Mediterranean, was vibrating so violently with evil forces that it was expected to kick itself into a complete wreck at almost any moment.

I came over the mountains into Italy expecting to see a series of highly entertaining riots, and trustfully believing that there would be lots of thrilling things to write about. I came through Venice and Bologna, where the sausage comes from, and Pistoja, where pistols were invented, and down to Rome; and the only thing that looked like a riot was a somewhat heated argument between two Venetian gondola chauffeurs as to the hotel which would be most pleasing to my captious American taste. One of them insisted passionately that the Grand was the best and the other held out noisily for the Royal Danielli; but after they had argued for five minutes I went back to the train and departed, for the train didn't stay long enough to permit me to go to any hotel at all.

Sheer Contrariness

AS FOR thrilling things to write about on that trip down to Rome, there were no shooting frays or machine-gun actions or anything of that sort; but there were things that were equally thrilling to people who had been making extended sojourns in Central Europe. There was, for example, a rich yellow Italian cheese on sale at all railway stations, and genuine milk chocolate, and sausages heavily larded with fat—delicacies which can be properly appreciated only by persons who have been eating the fatless foods of Central Europe for a few weeks or months. And the Italian trains, instead of being three or eight or eighteen hours late, were actually on time. The customs officials were polite. Everything was strangely thrilling. Conditions in Italy may be very bad—very bad! as the keen observers in adjacent countries like to observe in such melancholy tones; but by comparison with conditions in Central Europe Italian conditions are little short of heavenly.

That is to say, they are little short of heavenly if one is lucky enough to dodge the strikes which exist in such profusion in Italy at the present time. In fact, the strike crop in Italy just now is surpassed only by the grape crop, the onion crop, the flea crop and the Roman-ruin crop. The Italian laborer has succeeded thoroughly in grasping the deep, soul-stirring joy which lies in striking and making everyone, including himself, excessively uncomfortable. It is the Italian temperament asserting itself. The Italian temperament has always objected strongly to doing things in the regular commonplace way. It is the Italian nature to be against the government and everything in power—possibly because so many Italian governments in the past have been so very bad. This fact is recognized by the Italians themselves as a national characteristic, similar to the liking for blue golf pants on the part of the Montenegrins and to the affinity between Frenchmen and snails.

Rome once had a mayor named Nathan who conceived the idea of putting iron baskets in the park, surmounted by signs requesting the populace to throw paper in the baskets instead of on the grass. The baskets always went empty, however; for every Italian who read the signs promptly threw all his papers everywhere but in the baskets.

With the advent of spring the Italian Government ordered that all clocks be set back an hour so that the people might have the advantage of an extra hour of daylight. The new time was always designated "the legal hour." In Italy, as in other countries, a large number didn't care for the legal hour, so they made a frightful uproar and organized strikes against it. The street-railway employees, for example, were striking against the legal hour. I asked one of them his reasons.

"The new hour," said he, "makes it necessary for us to get up too early in the morning. Everything is foggy and dark."

I reminded him that the new hour saved coal for the nation and gave him an extra hour of daylight when his work was done.

"Yes," he said, "but it is too foggy and dark when we get up."

"Our mistake," declared Premier Nitti, "was in calling it 'the legal hour.' We should have known that no true Italian would have endured it. We should have called it 'the illegal hour.' Then every Italian would have been unanimously in favor of it."

The Italian farmer has always blamed his rulers for undesiral le climatic conditions. "It is raining!" he says. "Thief of a government!"

In strikes the Italians have found a wonderful medium. Somebody is striking somewhere at all hours of the day and night. The reasons for the strikes are often shrouded in the darkest mystery. Too frequently the strikers themselves haven't the slightest idea why they are striking; yet they strike with a cheerfulness and abandon that would rouse a thrill of admiration in the breast of the most mercenary walking delegate.

If one happens to run into a series of Italian strikes conditions do not impress one as being particularly heavenly. One is impressed in quite the opposite way, in fact.

From Strike to Strike

I LEFT Belgrade early in May on one of the few good trains now existing on the continent of Europe—the Orient-Simplon express. This train starts from Bucharest in Rumania, runs across Jugo-Slavia and Italy, through the Simplon Tunnel into Switzerland and across France to Paris. It is made up of sleeping cars, which are known as wagon-lits in Europe, and a dining car. The train got safely across Jugo-Slavia and rolled gently into the Italian city of Trieste early in the morning, just as the passengers were luxuriously thinking about getting up slowly and comfortably. Their luxurious thoughts, however, were rudely shattered by an unhealthy-looking man in a railway official's uniform who capered up and down the platform gleefully and ordered all the passengers to descend. The train, he declared with an offensive smirk, would go no farther because the wagon-lit employees were striking. The passengers would kindly use expedition in descending.

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A Celebration in Milan. The Speakers Used the Base of a Decorated Monument as Their Rostrum

The passengers poured out like angry hornets, demanding frantically to be told what the wagon-lit people were striking for. The official did not know. Neither did the wagon-lit employees. Not knowing what the strike was about, they were incapable of forming a trustworthy opinion on when it would be over. Most of the passengers, not expecting to get off the train in Italy, had no Italian money with which to buy food. Those who ventured into the streets of Trieste discovered that all the shops were closed as tight as drums. They had been closed for more than a week because the employees were striking. They were striking for seventy per cent of the net profits of the businesses in addition to their salaries. The shopkeeper was to have thirty per cent of what he made. The other seventy per cent was to be divided among his employees.

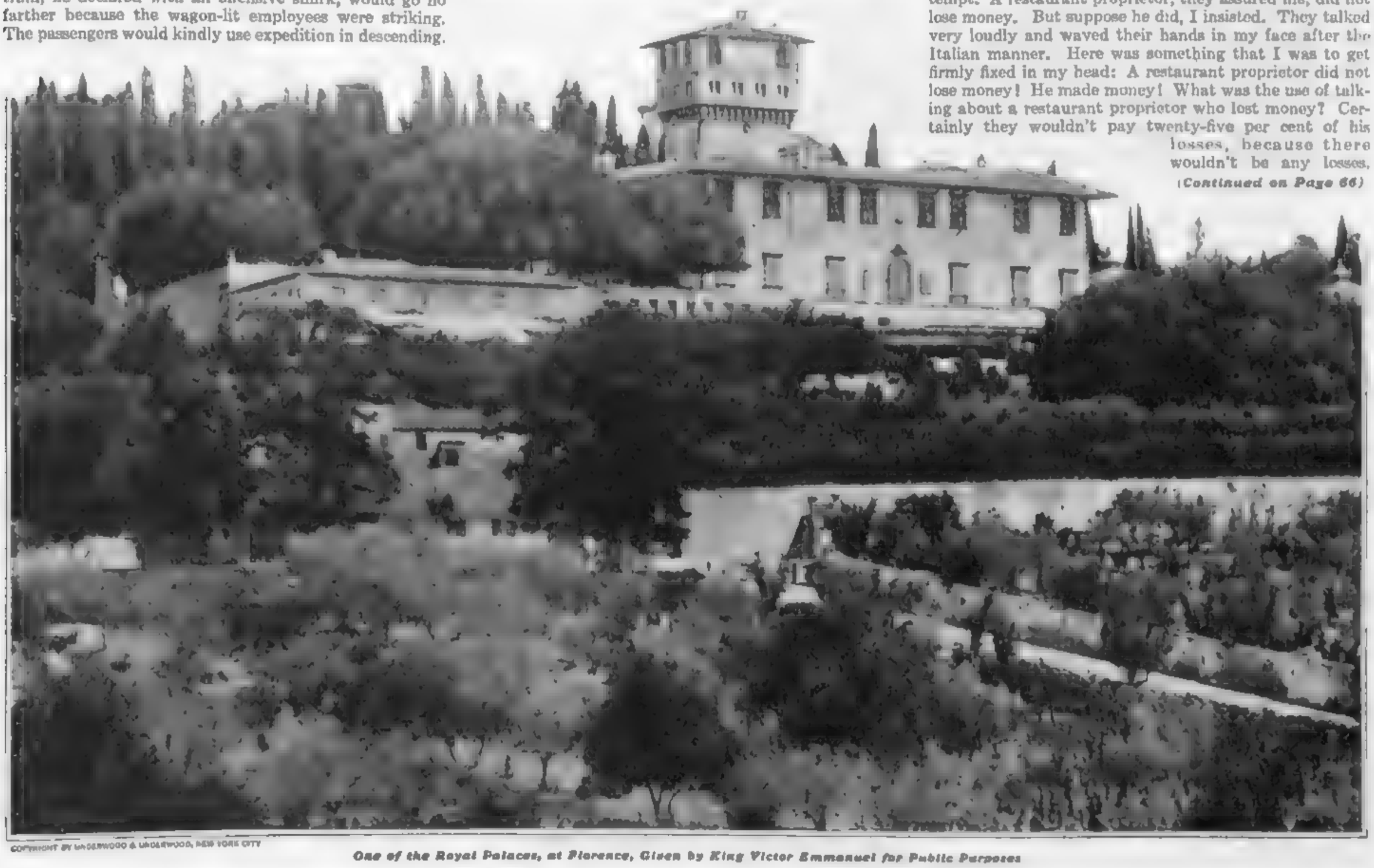
No Loss-Sharing for Them!

THE passengers from the Orient-Simplon express crowded into the first train going in the general direction of Paris. Some of them squeezed into second-class coaches, and a few into third-class coaches. They were unanimous in saying that they would endure anything to get out of Italy. The railway officials assured them that it was a through train. It would eventually get them to Paris, they were told. They rode all day. Early in the evening the train came to Milan. Here another railway official walked up and down beside the train and informed the passengers that the train would go no farther. The striking wagon-lit employees had requested the railway company to stop the train, and the railway company had graciously consented. Everyone would therefore kindly descend, using speed.

Everyone descended, using more profanity than speed. The hotels of Milan were congested, so that many of the passengers slept on the floor of the station, which, like all Italian stations and every other variety of Italian building, was heavily populated by fleas. Those who went out to hunt for food were met by the glad tidings that the restaurant employees of Milan were striking. Why were they striking? Well, they were striking because the restaurant proprietors were making all the money. This was not fair. The employees should receive twenty-five per cent of the net profits.

A little knot of restaurant employees told me all about it. I asked them a question. Suppose the restaurant proprietor lost money. Were they willing to pay twenty-five per cent of his losses? They regarded me with contempt. A restaurant proprietor, they assured me, did not lose money. But suppose he did, I insisted. They talked very loudly and waved their hands in my face after the Italian manner. Here was something that I was to get firmly fixed in my head: A restaurant proprietor did not lose money! He made money! What was the use of talking about a restaurant proprietor who lost money? Certainly they wouldn't pay twenty-five per cent of his losses, because there wouldn't be any losses.

(Continued on Page 66)



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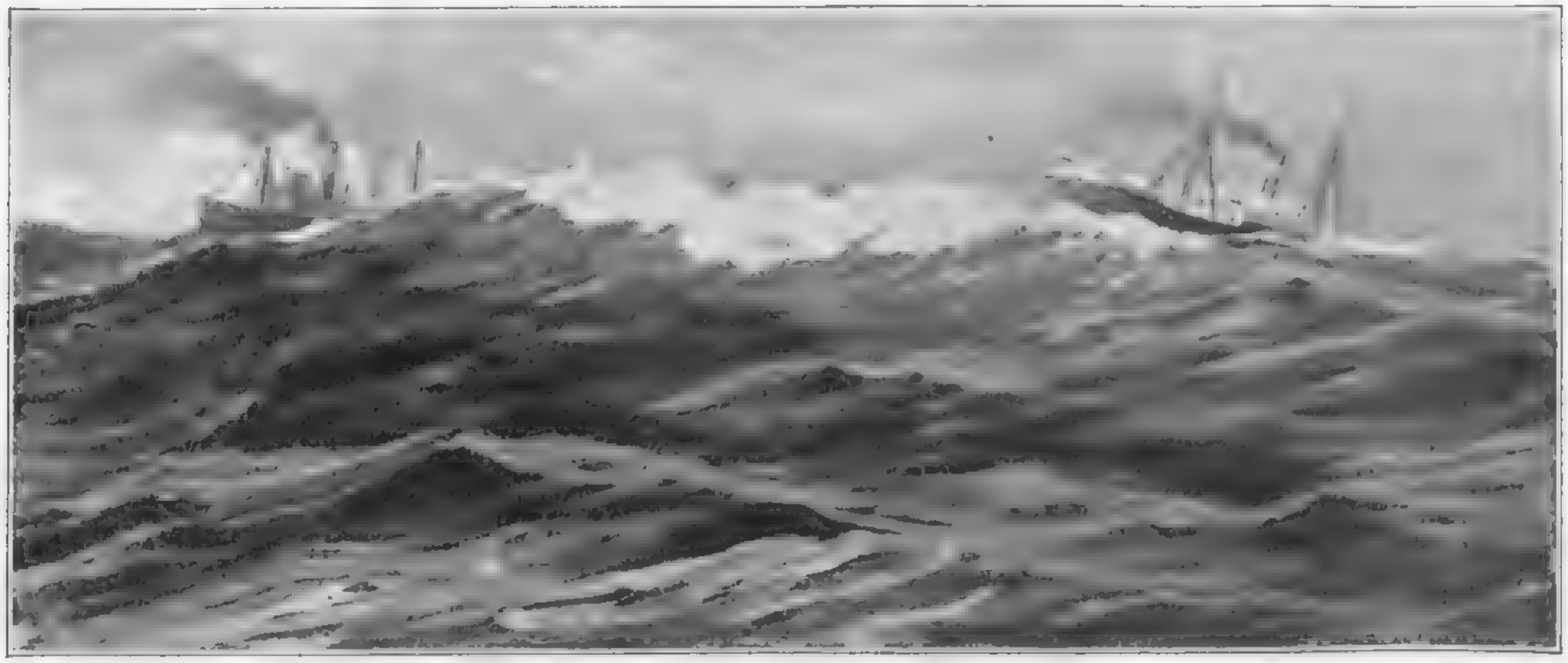
One of the Royal Palaces, at Florence, Given by King Victor Emmanuel for Public Purposes

NINETY DAYS

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



EBON G. HARDY, the president of the Pacific, Island and Orient Steamship Company, looked up at his capable secretary and said, "I want to think." Miss Hazzard threw her employer a glance at once quizzical and respectful, switched her desk telephone off, took her letter basket and withdrew. The big office was empty. Hardy dipped into a small drawer and fetched out a plug of tobacco. With a chew in his cheek he relaxed, closed his eyes and proceeded to solve the problem that confronted his line. He knew that no one dared disturb him till he rang the bell for Miss Hazzard.

For half an hour he made no movement. Then he opened his eyes, straightened up, got rid of his chew and summoned his force.

"Send for Captain Grey," he ordered his secretary.

To the chief bookkeeper he gave command to bring him instantly the month's accounts of the six vessels the Pacific, Island and Orient owned and operated. The cashier received directions to bring in all pay rolls. The chief stevedore gaped at a curt notice to stop loading the two steamers berthed at the company's pier.

Miss Hazzard replied to all queries from the harassed officials by stating in firm tones that she knew nothing of what had happened or would happen. To herself she recommended patience. When Ebon Hardy thought, officially and in the privacy of his own room, the Pacific, Island and Orient usually felt the effects for months. And till the final act was consummated few had any inklings of what the Old Man intended. So she even refused bustling Captain Grey a word of enlightenment, though he pleaded almost tearfully for some hint of what was in the air.

Behind closed doors Hardy opened converse with his general superintendent.

"Another three weeks will see this company on the rocks with all the other lines running on this coast," Hardy began.

"It's those agitators," Grey interrupted, reddening to the roots of his thick white hair. "If I had my way ——"

"You've had your way for five years," Hardy said bluntly. "Don't interrupt! I have been spending six weeks on nothing else but the records of our six steamers. I discover, what I thought all along, that our property is deteriorating at the rate of thirty per cent a year. Our employees are down to fifty-five per cent of normal efficiency. Profits are sinking to nothing. And at this day and date freights haven't been higher in twenty years!"

Captain Grey's honest old eyes became piteous. "You fix the rates and make the schedules and give the orders," he responded huskily. "All I do is hire, fire and manage. I'm doing it just the same way I always did—and you never kicked before."

"I'm not really kicking now," Hardy remarked, fishing a cigar out and proffering it as a peace offering to the man who was his best friend. "But I've been thinking! That affair of the T. J. Dawson kind of stirred me up. It's the first time in our line a first-class skipper, a trustworthy engineer, and as good a mate as ever kept a ship, turned me down."

"It was the main feed pumps," Grey answered hastily.

"So I hear," Hardy retorted. "So you were told. So it was. And all that doesn't make a dratted bit of difference in the fact that the T. J. Dawson lay for six days within 600 miles of San Francisco and called on the universe by wireless to tow her in. Feed me no more feed pumps, Grey."

"Archie Green, the engineer, has no superior on the Pacific, air."

Hardy frowned. "That's exactly your attitude. Archie is a good engineer—and he comes to us with as paltry a tale of woe as ever dropped from the lips of drunken winch driver over a broken sling. Now you listen, Grey. I'm going to fire you—for ninety days."

The general superintendent quietly picked up his cap and rose with dignity. But Hardy motioned him to his seat again.

"Ninety days, old scout! And you're not going out of here with a grouch on, nor to curse me, nor to sit and sulk where everybody can see you. You're going to listen to the words of wisdom from yours truly. Now ——"

"Have done with your firing and lemme go!"

"I will not! If you say another word I'll fire Archie Green too. Now will you behave? All right. You have told me for six months, and I've read it every morning in the papers for five, that the trouble with us all is Labor Unrest with large fat capitals. You've come to me and told me So-and-So was reliable and So-and-So was unreliable—which meant that the first was satisfied with his job and the second grumbled. You got me to raise Captain Smith's monthly wages to three-fifty and you had me fire his son from being second mate of the Harlow Hardy because he talked too much. In other words, you've played the old safe hands for trumps, and ridden the talkative, dissatisfied ones to the rail and overside."

"You wouldn't have those rotten traitors running our ships?" Grey demanded hotly.

"They are running 'em," Hardy replied firmly. "Just at a time when we have no rivalry to fear, when there is more freight offered than double the number of vessels could handle, right when rates are in our own hands and profits heaped in the offing, our line goes to pieces from the inside. I have it all down here, each steamship and its crew, and I tell you the record is getting worse every day. Our employees have every bit of money they ever asked for. They can't make a demand we aren't ready to meet and make the freight pay for. And that's the time they go to bits, grumble, lose interest and wreck us. You might fire ninety per cent of our men and hire others in their place at double wages, and you wouldn't alter the fact. So you're fired for ninety days!"

"It's time!" the general superintendent said warmly. "High time, Ebon Hardy! Now all you have to do is to put some blasted loud-mouthed, empty-headed, half-baked radical labor agitator in my job and stand back and see the works go up in smoke."

Hardy looked down at his desk to conceal a smile. "And who would you recommend, Grey? Who is the man who answers that description? Didn't you say there was a youngster on the Dawson who was at the bottom of that trouble?"

"Milt Henderson," Grey returned savagely. "A young upstart with one of those confiding faces, a smooth tongue and a black heart. It's his kind that is wrecking lines like ours, with their everlasting sympathizing with every man's little grouch and talking about what ought to be done and all that—as if ships were run for young fellows to hold their blamed talk fests on!"

Hardy nodded. "All right, Grey! Take ninety days off. Blocker will give you three months' pay when you go to his window. And keep away from our pier."

The ex-general superintendent stared, blinked, reddened and walked out stiffly. Hardy gazed after him affectionately, bit his lip, cursed softly and rang for Miss Hazzard.

"Get hold of Milton Henderson, second officer on the T. J. Dawson, and have him here in thirty minutes!"

The secretary took three minutes and then announced that Mr. Henderson would report as ordered.

"I want to think!" Hardy said, and was again left alone.

He had another bite off his hidden plug and closed his eyes. He opened them twelve minutes later and demanded Henderson.

The second mate of the Dawson walked in with a kind of dogged defiance on his brown face, as if he were quite aware that he was a marked man and was up for a stiff time. Hardy scanned him shrewdly and not unkindly, motioned him to a chair and dismissed Miss Hazzard.

"I've asked all the questions I'm going to ask for ninety days, Mr. Henderson," the president of the Pacific, Island and Orient began quietly. "I know your record, where you live, your domestic affairs, your age, your weight and your condition of servitude. I know that you are friends with every man in our employ who is worth a darn. I know that you are at outs with the slackers and the weaklings. I know that you are conceited, egotistical and self-assured. You are the man for my money—for ninety days. I appoint you general superintendent of the line for ninety days at a salary of $600 a month. We have six steamships which you are well acquainted with, 400 employees, and freight enough in sight to keep us busy for a year. Go to it!"

Henderson had listened with growing amazement. His habitual good-humored expression had slowly absorbed the defiant one with which he had entered; now he looked puzzled, ugly.

"What's the joke, sir?" he asked.

"It's a big one," Hardy answered calmly. "I find that I can't run my ships with the old, steady, reliable men in charge. Times have changed. Eight out of ten men are not satisfied no matter what one does for 'em in the way of wages, hours and bonuses. No company can make profits on twenty per cent of its employees only. Captain Grey—as good a man of the old school as lives—failed trying it. I know you represent the eighty per cent. All right. The honest old twenty will flout you. Can you handle the other eighty and make good?"

"You—I begin to get you," Henderson said. "You see ——"

"I see nothing—except what I have told you," Hardy retorted. "I'm sick of sending ships to sea all shipshape

and well found and loaded—and having 'em wireless in a day later from Lord knows where that they can't make port under their own steam. Go to it. You're the big boss."

Hardy pressed a button and looked up at Miss Hazzard. "Captain Henderson takes charge as general superintendent from this day," he remarked. "Make out the orders and have 'em posted." He swung on the bewildered youth.

"The Harlow Hardy and the Dawson are berthed for cargo. I stopped work on both. I don't care if they stick in port for ten days more, if need be. Load 'em and send 'em to sea when you're sure they'll arrive at the other end of the voyage. That's the only requirement I make. Any ship you dispatch which doesn't complete her voyage with uninjured cargo will be a mark against you."

Henderson rose. "This appointment is for ninety days?"

"From date."

"Hire and fire?"

"Anybody." Hardy glanced round. "Except my secretary, Miss Hazzard."

Henderson swallowed. "Right, sir. But you haven't gone far enough—if you want results."

The president opened his eyes slightly. "As how?"

"I want an assurance that you yourself will do as I say," Henderson answered firmly.

Hardy thought this over. "I see your point, captain. You have the needful quality of gall, pure and unadulterated. I asked for it. I agree."

For twenty-four hours the Pacific, Island and Orient fumed, debated, complained and laughed over the new régime. Then it became known that the youthful superintendent held the distinctly unhumorous and nondebatable power of the purse. Attempts to see Ebon Hardy on the part of disgruntled employees were vain. Miss Hazzard brought out word that Captain Henderson was in charge.

That stranger in a high place did not act hastily or with much speech. He apparently forgot the manifold duties of his position as head of the whole line and devoted four days to the T. J. Dawson. He loaded her, put six new men on board her instead of five whom he transferred to other duties, held three minutes' heart-to-heart talk with Chief Engineer Archie Green, and sent her off on her voyage to Mazatlan. Then he took up the matter of the Harlow Hardy, half loaded for Honolulu, unloaded her, docked her, made certain repairs to her hull and assigned her six hundred tons more freight than any man had dared put into her within two years.

During this time a third steamer came in from Alaskan ports with a mixture of canned goods, concentrates and furs. After a cursory inspection of the latter portion of her cargo Henderson quietly paid off her second and third officers, transferred her skipper—an old-timer in the company—to an easy berth ashore, and spent five precious hours with the engineer over lists of stores.

That evening President Hardy waited in his office, as he had been requested by his new general superintendent. When Henderson arrived, flushed but serene, his superior opened up on him promptly.

"Before we get to your business, captain," he remarked curtly, "I want to know how it is that forty thousand dollars in furs consigned to Lark & Company were spoiled in six days?"

"I made a memo of that," Henderson replied. "When the Homer Shaver berthed I immediately went into the matter. You can't load concentrates and baled furs together and sweat 'em six days without hurting something. The concentrates came through uninjured."

"But what benighted imbecile ever loaded 'em together?" Hardy roared.

Henderson leaned back. "Hawkins was in command. He left it all to his mates, who don't like each other. Between them they got the mess started and Hawkins didn't have nerve enough to hang on two days more and straighten it out. He told me it would have cost him his job with Captain Grey."

"I see," Hardy answered. "But that doesn't alter the fact that the Homer Shaver made no profits on the voyage. Besides giving us a bad name."

"It won't happen again," Henderson said quietly. "I'm going to have the Shaver ready for cargo day after to-morrow."

"You put Captain Hawkins ashore," Hardy suggested. "Who have you got to go in command?"

Henderson grinned. "That's my business to-night. I looked round and I couldn't lay my hands on anyone fit to go as skipper. The voyage is to Hilo with that overdue sugar machinery, which is delicate stuff to handle."

"It is. And costly. The Shaver is really no vessel to dispatch with it. But I suppose there is no alternative. You must send the best captain you can lay hands on." Hardy rubbed his nose vigorously. "I suppose you have some youngster you met in a bar whom you've sent for to take her?"

"I have a man all picked," Henderson replied. "You."

Ebon Hardy rose from his chair as if lifted by some unseen cable. He stared at his young superintendent, started to speak, thought better of it, sat down, reached into the drawer for his plug and bit off an immense mouthful.

"Me?" he asked, in a muffled voice.

"Yes," Milt Henderson answered gravely.

"Will you please tell me why you pick the president of the Pacific, Island and Orient for the job of skippering a shabby cargo boat to the Hawaiians? Do you understand—oh, well! why do you say such things?"

Henderson leaned forward earnestly. "You jumped me into this position on three minutes' notice because matters were getting out of your control. You did it for a reason. At first I took it as a joke. But the harder I thought the

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Milton Henderson Helped Launch a Boat and Soared Off Over the Crested Seas Toward the Wreck

Germany's Giant Supertrust of All Branches of Industry

By Robert Crozier Long

SEMISOCIALISTIC Germany is carrying through the greatest anti-socialist enterprise in economic history, the enterprise of fusing all her industries and all her domestic and foreign trade into a single trust, based on private property; and of simultaneously, by the mechanism of this trust, solving all the distracting problems of the relation of capital to labor which perplex the postwar world. She is throwing overboard socialism—both the socialism of centralized state ownership, to which Russian Bolshevism ultimately came, and the socialism of local communism, at which the original visionary Bolshevists innocently aimed. In principle, and partly also in practice, this reversal of revolutionary economics has already been carried through.

Wichard von Moellendorff, Undersecretary in the Federal Ministry of Industry

Unobserved by the outside world, which hears only exaggerated tales of German hunger, anarchy and centrifugal tendencies toward dissolution, the three greatest branches of raw material and manufacturing industry have been fused into all-German trusts; and the structure has been provided through which these three trusts and the seventeen identical all-German trusts to follow will be united into a single supertrust embracing every branch of production. Coal was just a year ago fused into an all-German trust; potash followed a few days later; and at the end of April of the present year came into operation the vastest and most complete of the three, the all-German trust for iron and steel.

This process of fusion of all corporations in all branches into all-German trusts is not to cease until chemicals, dyes, paper, textiles, shoes, pottery, optical instruments, toys and every other branch of production have each their separate combine; until on top, uniting and regulating the whole as a single business concern, is the all-German supertrust of all industries.

Moellendorff's Plan-Economy

THAT is a brief outline of the new state-organized but privately owned mechanism which is to restore Germany's industry and trade to their pre-war supremacy. But the description covers only the top organization with the immediately dependent combines, which I may call master trusts. When the scheme is complete the score of now-existing or planned master trusts will ramify downward into a much greater number of smaller, more specialized trusts, each embracing the whole national production of a particular special commodity. Diagrammatically presented, the supertrust resembles the genealogical tree of a multitudinous family springing from a common ancestor. But the plan is not exhausted with this. Separate from and running parallel to the chain of master trusts with their ramifying subtrusts is another branching tree of organizations on territorial lines which have no concern with particular branches of business, but which deal exclusively with the social aspects of industry and trade, and in particular regulate the relations of capital to labor. And ultimately the two parallel chains of organizations—the industrial organizations and the social organizations—will meet and fuse in a supreme parliament of business which will lay down general lines of policy for both.

Not without reason is this grandiose plan for restoring Germany's business efficiency and satisfying her social hunger called The Plan-Economy—*Planwirtschaft*. The system of plan-economy is so labyrinthine in its details and so logically complete in its conception that it could only have sprung from a single brain. Slow organic growths are always illogical. The creator of plan-economy is Dr. Wichard von Moellendorff, by training an engineer, at present Undersecretary of State in the Federal Ministry of Industry, in whose archives, sometimes helped and sometimes bewildered by blue-print organization diagrams which would give a chess expert or a higher mathematician delirium, I have unearthed some so far unpublished details of the scheme. With Moellendorff in the original conception worked Dr. Walther Rathenau, also by profession an engineer, and son of the builder up of the vast General Electricity Corporation in which New York banks have just invested $25,000,000. Moellendorff and Rathenau were the organizers of Germany's war industries. Long before Hohenzollern Germany's defeat was apparent Rathenau, in a series of emphatic books and pamphlets, declared that if after-war financial burdens were to be successfully borne the national production of 1913 must be doubled. With facts and figures he proved that this could be done; by mere union of the great industries in one combine, the production of 1913, he declared, could be achieved with half the coal consumption of that year. But this could only be done by trusts and by private ownership.

"What I propose," wrote Rathenau, "is exactly the same organization as we should have if a single multibillionaire or a single bank purchased all of Germany's industrial and trading concerns, and proceeded to combine them into one concern."

With this came out Rathenau's scheme to organize all iron and steel corporations, all textile corporations, all chemical organizations into single trusts, each trust embracing every corporation in its branch all over the country, and to fuse ultimately all these specialized trusts into a single nonspecialized all-German trust.

This is in essentials what the Berlin Ministry of Industry, which in fact means Moellendorff, the organizing prodigy behind it, means by plan-economy. But in Moellendorff's scheme the social element plays a bigger rôle than in Rathenau's; and as the result of a difference of opinion on this issue Rathenau broke away from the combination and left Moellendorff to launch it alone in the form of plan-economy, with equilibrium between the merely technical-commercial side and the social side. Plan-economy is an alternative and a foil to socialism; and before Moellendorff did the launching, socialism had to be driven from the field.

It drove itself, under the pressure of hard fact, at the moment when, as the result of the revolution, its triumph seemed certain.

The history of socialism's defeat in 1919 is a long one; and I can sum it up here only in the form of headings in chronological order:

For purely military purposes, Germany early in the war established the so-called "compulsory industry"—*Zwangswirtschaft*—with bureaucratic control over production, prices and trade.

Compulsory industry was disliked by capital, which desired a return to free industry after the war. With labor it was on the whole popular, because labor believed that it could be developed into state socialism.

The revolution ended this popularity; because labor, now on top, imagined that it could establish state socialism immediately, without waiting to develop organically the compulsory-industry germ.

After the revolution a socialization commission met, under presidency of the Socialist leader, Karl Kautsky, to consider ways for transferring great branches of industry to state ownership. The commission emphatically rejected precipitate socialization; numerous members of it issued warnings against such plans; and the president, Kautsky, publicly declared that "the cry for immediate socialization is nothing more than a catchword."

Nevertheless, the Spartacists' general strike in Berlin forced the government's hand; and as a sop to extremists was put through the Reichstag a wholly academic socialization law. The two chief clauses of this law empowered the government:

"To transfer to public management such industrial undertakings as are suitable for socialization, especially those concerned with the winning of mineral wealth and the utilization of natural forces.

"In case of urgent need to regulate on the basis of public management the production and distribution of industrial commodities."

Nothing socialistic came of this law. The reasons for this as stated in the socialization commission are: Most industries were not ripe for socialization; the present time of chaos and exhaustion is not propitious for radical experiments; and state-owned combines were likely to be sequestered by the peace reparations commission. The one measure in any sense socialistic was a law empowering the republican government to acquire an electrical distribution plant; but here only against compensation and within severely limited scope.

Socialism Killed by Its Friends

SO SOCIALISM was killed, mainly by the moderate Socialists themselves—to the joy of all but the immoderates, the Spartacists, Communists and Bolsheviks. It was then that Moellendorff, with his alternative system of private ownership organized into vast master trusts with a supertrust on top, took the field. On the seventh of May, last year, Herr Wissell, then Minister of Industry, presented to the cabinet his subordinate Moellendorff's memorandum describing the whole scheme. The cabinet, complained the memorandum, having abandoned Socialism, had devised nothing to replace it; and in view of the prevailing industrial anarchy and of the social ferment in the masses some substitute must be found. Production, efficient and economical enough to repair the war waste, could not be restored on the pre-war system of wasteful competition. A plan was imperative.

"If Germany," wrote Moellendorff, "does not adopt a clearly defined and entirely consistent economic policy she

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Dr. Walther Rathenau, Who Was Chief Creator of the War Raw Material Corporations

Our Future Trade With Italy

By ALFRED P. DENNIS

United States Commercial Attaché, American Embassy, Rome

SOME Americans are accustomed to think of Italy as an old boot stuffed full of antiquities, whereas they would do well to consider Italy as a young and vigorous nation with a highly organized industrial life and a great commercial race to run. Our scholars have come to Italy and exhibited a keen interest in how the Romans were shod in the days of Numa Pompilius. The Romans themselves of the present day are more interested in how they are to get themselves shod with American shoes. We underestimate the commercial possibilities of Italy just as we underestimated South America thirty years ago, but Italy today possesses a greater population than the aggregate civilized peoples of the entire South American continent.

Italy is richer in capable man power than any other like portion of the surface of the globe, with the possible exception of Belgium, and is the only one of the great European belligerents which has actually come out of the war with more man power than she had when she went into it. A half million men were killed in battle, but this loss was more than compensated for in numbers by the return of reservists from foreign lands and by the arrest of the streams of emigration.

No Coal or Oil

THE war revealed what this eager abundant man power, touched in many cases with a genius for artistic creation, is capable of producing. At the outbreak of the struggle Italy was pitifully destitute of modern field artillery. At the signing of the armistice a single Italian steel plant, the Ansaldo Company, was turning out not fewer than seven hundred cannon a month, to say nothing of small arms and projectiles. Six months later Ansaldo was no longer in a position to make a gun of any caliber. The mighty energies of this great concern have been entirely redirected and are now applied to building ships, locomotives and automobiles and turning out electrical and railroad equipment.

One must grant that Italy has emerged from the war with a heavy burden of debt and a population terribly impoverished. One hears it said that the only plentiful things in the country are people and paper money—the banks are full of money, wages are high, savings are mounting up, and times are flush for the man who reckons his wealth in terms of lire. Italy began the war with four billion lire of paper currency; there is now eighteen billions of paper money outstanding. There has always been a type of thinker who believes that if money is made plentiful there will be more of it to go round and that the average man, having more to spend, will be better off. It is sounder doctrine that if paper money should be made as plentiful as leaves on the trees it would be worth no more than the leaves on the trees. It is not therefore a contradiction in terms to say that Italy is impoverished because she has too much money. The excessive amounts of paper money are a symbol of impoverishment. If Italy were economically self-contained the situation would not be so bad, but unhappily Italy is the least self-contained of all the great industrial countries of the world. The ultimate test of the Italian lira is how much wheat it will buy in the Chicago market.

One rides through the smiling plains of Lombardy and Emilia and observes everywhere fruitfulness and plenty. Every foot of land is tended with loving care and the country is like a highly productive garden. But there is another side to the picture—there are thousands of acres of waste land in the ridges of the Apennines, which traverse the kingdom from top to bottom, and there are semiarid provinces in the south in which no useful vegetation thrives during the four dry months of the long Italian summer. In fact, Nature has dealt in niggard fashion with the land—there is no abundant native wealth, either upon the surface of the soil or beneath it.

Italy produces no raw cotton, petroleum or copper. Her iron resources are strictly limited. Her scanty forests have been cut to pieces. The country is without navigable rivers. The adjacent seas are poorly stocked with fish. Not a pound of good steam coal has ever been discovered in the kingdom.

An All-the-Year Cascade Going to Waste Within Sixty Miles of Rome. Its Mammoth Size Can be Gauged by Comparison With the Two Persons on the Rocks in the Foreground

High Priced Dollars

WHEN it is considered that Italy must look to foreign markets for forty per cent of the food she eats, for fifty per cent of the lumber and steel used in construction processes, and for practically all the coal, copper and cotton employed in her industrial life, my point is clear that the value of the Italian lira is determined not by its rating at home but by how much wheat it will buy in the Chicago market. Our American coal, which might be laid down in Italian ports five years ago for forty lire a ton, now costs seven hundred lire, and a ton of our steel, which could be had for two hundred lire, now costs twenty-five hundred lire. It is the same with lumber—our long-leaf yellow pine, which is highly esteemed in Italy, costs today round twenty-five hundred lire a thousand feet, as contrasted with the cost of two hundred lire before the war.

Italian factories must have our raw material or close their doors, and the government must go on buying wheat against dollar exchange if hungry mouths are to be filled. The stronger the demand for dollars, the weaker the market for lire. A hundred lire, which before the war would buy about twenty dollars, to-day buys less than five dollars. This lopsided economic situation affords the quick suggestion of impending bankruptcy. Will Italy go broke? I do not believe it for a moment. I believe the country possesses elements that gradually make for full recovery.

There are certain wounds of the body that are mortal; there are others that are self-curative. An economic hurt, if not too deep, tends to heal itself. The high price of dollars in Italy automatically bars the purchase of American goods and tends to restore a tolerable trade balance; the same high price of dollars puts a heavy premium on every lira's worth of Italian goods exported to the United States. The tendency of the exchange inequality to right itself is confirmed by an analysis of Italy's trade balance

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STEEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"All My Life I Shall Loathe and Blame You, and Wish That You Had Died in the War"

XVI

MECHANICALLY Howard Gage demanded a copy of the telegram and thought, "What rotten luck for old Dan." His hand, replacing the telephone receiver, was steady, his face reflective. Howard was considering whether it would be better to find out at once from the station what connections he could make West, to Ironton, or first tell Sophie and Charlotte what had occurred.

He decided on the latter, since they might overhear him telephoning. Neither of them apparently had moved since he left the room; Sophie was seated with crossed knees, a narrow satin slipper with a cut-steel buckle swinging loosely from a silk-clad foot; Charlotte was extended and frowning slightly.

"Sophie," he said in his ordinary tones, "there is something I must speak to you about."

Charlotte rose deliberately. "I must dress, anyhow," she observed; "there's no need for you to go down by the stream."

After she had gone Howard continued: "Dan is dead; killed at the furnaces in Ironton."

Instantly Sophie was invaded by an expression of shocked dread, in which her eyes were round and staring; incomprehensibly, for a moment, her beauty deserted her; she seemed totally inadequate, unremarkable.

"I'll have to put some things in a bag and leave at once," he added; "and I'd be obliged if you would tell Charlotte."

But his wife, in a panic, cried that she was utterly unable to do that. She seemed to shrink physically from the fact of Daniel Gage's death.

"I have never had anything to do with dying," she went on in a rapid, imploring voice; "and I simply can't bear to think or speak of it. Please, Howard ——"

He gazed at her in mingled surprise and curiosity; her fear had reached a point where she was positively shivering. Then: "If you'd rather," he agreed. "Charlotte, as you know, is annoyed at me, and I thought it would be more considerate for you, and a woman, to speak to her."

He left the room immediately, speculating, mounting toward Charlotte's room, over such a painful terror of death as Sophie's. It struck him as incidental, and, too, infinitely more universal, and perhaps more preferable than life; but certainly not to be compared in dreariness with any living forever. He knocked on Charlotte's door, and in answer to her demand he said that he must see her.

As she stood before him in close black silk knickerbockers, with the gay stockings, and fragile embroidered bands, she resembled a fantasy in charm. He told her that there had been an accident at Ironton, and saw, from her response of shocked immobility, that it was unnecessary for him to continue.

"Father," she whispered.

Then she turned away from him and took a few aimless steps, resting finally against the slender mahogany post of her bed.

Howard proceeded: "I am going West as soon as I can get away. We haven't the details yet, only a telegram, but I'll communicate with you directly I arrive."

Charlotte, choking, shaken by deep, convulsive gasps, replied that she must go with him. However, he told her decidedly, that was impossible; probably he could make the trip, secure accommodations, far more easily without her. This was partly his reason; the entire truth was that so familiar with the shocking details of accidental and violent death, he was afraid to expose her to its possibilities about blast furnaces.

In this he discovered later at Ironton, he had been depressingly right. The details of Daniel Gage's death were vivid with physical tragedy. Another expression of the ironic chance that constantly mocked at life, Howard thought, in the train returning to Bagatelle. The facts were at once simple and bound into an involved design; a skilled ladle man had come to the Ironton Blast Furnace, an open shop, from a closed one; and after a short time surrendered his card as secretary of the local brotherhood, lost interest in a dictatorial unionism, upon which he had been battered into a condition of temporary helplessness at the yard entrance to the works. A new man, meanwhile, was pouring—the ladle man, Howard gathered, swung in air with the ladle and poured as he was racked in and out, up or down, on the crane—and during a heat in which Dan was interested, as he was standing by a pit where the molds had been set, the fatality occurred.

Howard Gage had proceeded immediately with the funeral necessary to such circumstances; there had been a brief service, temporary arrangements, at Ironton; when now, within a day, the complications of Daniel's unforeseen death were pressing upon him. Of these, curiously, the most insistent was the apparently insignificant situation at Bagatelle. There, without definite reason, uneasiness permeated the household; it had come, to some extent, from the opposition to his stubbornness where the Gage Steel and Iron Works was concerned.

That he could understand, control; but there was a deeper, unguessed cause of potential disturbance. He had seen it in vague attitudes, mental pressures, sentences, feelings half finished or only hinted. It had struck seemingly at everything, with the possible exception of Dan, now gone—his relationship with Sophie, with Charlotte; even, Howard began to feel, at their contact with each other.

There was an air of strain, almost a secret antagonism in and about Bagatelle; the conversation and clothes of its women—he stopped to realize that for the first time he hadn't thought of Charlotte as a girl—had been too bright, persistent, formal for such familiar relationship. And then the criticism of him had been curiously personal, irritated.

But he was glad that he had had such a reconciliation and understanding with Dan; he was glad to remember that their last talk had been warm with affection. As much as it was possible, on his return from France, to care for an individual he had thought of Daniel Gage. His speculations returned temporarily to himself, to what he regarded as his numbed sense of humanity. Dan's loss made hardly any difference to him in the totality of his life. It was, he thought again, too unimportant in the mass to be affected by the removal of its incidentals.

The practical affairs of the dead man's estate presented no difficulties; at least they were all beyond material mischance. Charlotte would have a very solid income. He must, as soon as decency and the law provided, carry through the sale of the Gage works to the Briar Steel Corporation; their plant had always been so administered that it was wholly in the control of the obvious Gage man, the head of the family.

Sophie he found already in a totally unnecessary, dramatic depth of mourning, remarkably becoming to his wife, but in Charlotte it emphasized her pallor and her grief. The blues and pinks, the candylike greens of Sophie's closet, had given place to the most elaborate sable; there were close black hats and crêpe veils with wide borders, smart new black boots, glazed or suède gloves, and boxes of silk stockings, and a voluminous, discreetly lined cloak of sealskin. Even her sheer glove handkerchiefs had a black hem and embroidery, and she was regretting a number of invitations on appropriate paper.

To Howard she appeared to extract a not inconsiderable satisfaction from a position that had its momentary importance. Her expressions of regret were far readier, better phrased than Charlotte's, who was for once incoherent. Yet Sophie was not insincere. She was simply appropriate in bearing and speech; even to the extent of welcoming him with a show of feeling which he was unable either to accept or to discard entirely mentally. Charlotte ignored him in the absorption of her sorrow—he realized more than ever how intensely emotional she was—until, when an occasion presented the opportunity, she turned to him in a flare of hatred:

"I hope you'll never stop remembering that it was you who killed my father; it was your selfishness. All my life I shall loathe and blame you, and wish that you had died in the war. I never want to see you or hear you again, but I'll think of you always—the person who pretended to care for the best man in the world, but made him die. I'm glad you saw him all burned, because you were so hard and wouldn't listen to him when he only wanted to help you and make you happy."

XVII

FOLLOWING this a suspension of sound enveloped Bagatelle, both of voices within, and outside, where the garden, the country, was still in frozen immobility. A feeling of unreality weighed on Howard; everything he encountered seemed immaterial in an existence where the demarcation between sleep and waking was hardly worth noticing. It was no better when Dahl, the general superintendent of the Gage mill, came out to Bagatelle for a conference. He was a young man, a Norwegian, with a thin, attentive face, spare of speech but prolific of good castings, who—Dan had said—was very musical. This quality, the elder Gage had continued, together with his energetic constructive ability, made Dahl an exceptionally valuable man. Now it was evident that, resentful of the impending sale of the works, he regarded Howard with an innate displeasure. Dan had brought him from a small position in the West and almost immediately elevated him to his present responsibility and importance. Dahl, Howard knew, had justified such confidence; and but for Daniel Gage's death he would have been further advanced to works manager.

That opportunity, however, would be lost in the transference of the plant to the Briar Steel Corporation, a change that might well alter entirely the character and purpose of the Gage shops, and which would certainly bring into their management a far different order of recognition and advancement.

"It's not very probable," he admitted, "that I'd be put in charge of this branch, and the downtown office would be taken over by the city representative of the corporation. That would make trouble with the labor too; some of the foremen have been so long with the Gages that no other ownership'd suit them."

Howard said absent-mindedly: "Daniel Gage spoke of that."

Dahl replied that he understood the remaining representative of the family had no interest in steel and Howard nodded. He asked indifferently about the current activities of the works, and was assured that they had never been healthier.

"Seven blows and a heat in the open hearth practically every day; the air furnaces and blast furnace in the iron foundry are always busy."

It wouldn't affect the place to have a different name painted along the wall, Howard thought; the men would draw the same or perhaps larger wages; necessary improvements could be carried out. He knew at least this much—that the equipment of the Gage Steel and Iron Works was now old and clumsy; the tendency was general to discard entirely Tropenas and Bessemer converters for open-hearth steel. Electric furnaces had been perfected—wasn't there such a distinction as acid and basic furnaces, and what did it mean?—where it was possible to get all degrees of heat necessary for the smallest castings. The reworking of shrinkage heads in the converter shop ——

Howard wondered idly, when Dahl had gone, where he had acquired even these meager facts about the manufacturing of iron and steel. Tag ends of understanding, instinctive comprehensions, floated through his mind; and suddenly he recalled the three faint shrill blasts that he had heard in the manager's office, the signal for the ladle at the end of a blow. They whirled in his mind like the sparks of flowing metal, and died as quickly, vanished in a mood gray and cold.

Sophie had come into the room and was seated opposite him, turning over the pages of a large English woman's magazine. She wore a tightly buttoned black skirt and a soft black waist with a deep collar and ruffing at the front, and above this somber garb her countenance was like the delicate coral brooch Mrs. Wayland had worn at the hunt breakfast. Sophie's expression was serious, her gaze speculative, as she studied the photographs of celebrated English beauties, dressed either for a drawing-room or their wedding, in clouds of chiffon and satin with extraordinary dragging trains.

Sophie and he were, he recognized, as far apart as though they were sitting in different rooms, different countries—yes, opposite worlds. There was no longer between them a thought or an aspiration in common, the slightest sympathetic bond. Howard recalled the look of irremediable loss on Dan's face when, the last time they had been together, the elder had recreated the image of his wife, the insistent vision that had moved a silver box to a remembered spot. Daniel Gage had loved Fanny in the fullest possible meaning of that rich word; a strange immaterial emotion more enduring and stronger than time or reality. It had, Howard saw, substituted for a disappointing actual world another, filled with secret harmonies and transcending passion.

He could entirely understand the necessity, the reason of an emotion purely practical in the service of animal creation; and it was natural to man that he should invest it with a high-sounding romantic glamour, pretend that it reached in importance to heaven. Such an image, inherited through sufficient generations, would become a subconscious part of human belief; but the utilitarian purpose must remain. Dan's love wasn't established in the body, but upon what had been called the spirit. It was visionary, almost ecstatic, rather than useful; ideal rather than just; and neither founded nor sustained on the fact of Charlotte.

Of this his marriage hadn't a trace; it was

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"All I Said Was That Jewels are Very Bad Form, Disrespectful, With Mourning"

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

IX

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN THE privacy of Senator Corson's study Mr. Daunt had allowed himself to raise his voice and express some decided opinions by way of venting his emotions. In his heat he disregarded the amenities that should govern a guest in the presence of his host. In fact, Mr. Daunt asserted that the host was partly responsible for the awkward position in which Mr. Daunt found himself. The senator, whenever he was able to make himself heard, put in protesting "buts." Mr. Daunt, riding his grievance wildly, hurdled every "but" and kept right on. "Confound it, Corson, I accepted him as your friend, as your guest, as a gentleman under the roof of a mutual friend. Most of all, I accepted him as a safe and sane business man. I talked to him as I would to the gentlemen who put their feet under my table. I know how to be cautious in the case of men I meet in places of business. But you bring this man to your house and you put me next to him with the assurance that he is all right—and I go ahead with him on that basis. I was perfectly and entirely honest with him. I disregarded all the rules that govern me in ordinary business offices," the banker added, too excited to appreciate the grim humor flashed by the flint and the steel of his last juxtaposed sentences.

"You say you told him all your plans in full?" suggested Corson, referring to the outburst with which Daunt began his arraignment of the situation.

"Of course I told him! You gave me no warning. I dealt with him, gentleman with gentleman, under your roof!"

"I didn't think it was necessary to counsel a man like you about the ordinary prudence required in all business matters."

"I had his word in his own office that he was heartily with me. You told me he was as square as a brick when it came to his word. I went on that basis, Corson!"

"I'm sorry," admitted the senator. "I thought I knew Stewart, through and through. But I haven't been keeping in touch as closely as I ought. I have heard things this evening ——" He hesitated.

"You have heard things—and still you allowed me to go on and empty my basket in front of him?"

"I heard 'em only after you were closeted here with him, Daunt. And I can't believe it's as bad as it has been represented to me. And even as it stands, I think I know how to handle him. I have already taken steps to that end."

"How?"

"Please accept my say-so for the time being, Daunt! It isn't a matter to be canvassed between us."

"I suppose you learn that sort of reticence in politics, even in the case of a friend, Corson," growled the banker. "I wish I had taken a few lessons from you before talking with one of your friends this evening."

"Was it necessary for you to do so much talking before you got a line on his opinions?"

"Confound it, Corson, with that face of his—with that candor in his countenance—he looks as good and reliable as a certified check; and in addition I had your indorsement of him."

"I felt that I had a right to indorse him." The senator showed spirit. "Daunt, I don't like to hear you condemn Stewart Morrison so utterly."

"Not utterly. He has qualities of excellence. For instance, he's a damnation fine listener," stated the disgusted banker.

"But he couldn't have thrown down your whole proposition—he couldn't have done that, after the prospects you held out to him, as you outlined them to me when we first discussed the matter," Corson insisted. "Morrison has a good business head on him. He comes of business stock. He has made a big success of his mill. He must be on the watch for more opportunities. All of us are."

"Well, here was the offer I made to him, seeing that he is a friend of yours," said Banker Daunt, dilating his nostrils when he dwelt on the word "friend." "I offered to double his own appraisal of his properties when we pay him in the preferred stock of the consolidation. I told him that he would receive, like the others, an equal amount of common stock for a bonus. I assured him that we would be able to pay dividends on the common. And he asked me particularly if I was certain that dividends would be paid on the common. I gave him that assurance as a financier who knows his card." Daunt had been attempting to curb his passion and to talk in a business man's tone while on the matter of figures. But he abandoned the struggle to keep calm. He cracked his knuckles on the table and shouted, "But do you know—can you imagine—what he said after I had twice assured him as to those dividends on common, replying to his repeated questions? Can you?"

"No," admitted Corson, having reason to be considerably uncertain in regard to Stewart Morrison's newly developed notions about affairs in general.

"He told me I ought to be ashamed of myself; then he pulled out his watch and apologized for monopolizing me so long on a gay evening, hoped I was enjoying it, and said he must hurry away and dance with Miss Corson. What did he mean by saying that I ought to be ashamed of myself? What did he mean by that gratuitous insult to a man who had made him a generous proposition in straight business—to a guest under your roof, Senator Corson?"

"By gad, I'll find out what it means!" snapped the senator, pricked in his pride and in his sense of responsibility as a go-between. He pushed a button in the row on his study table. "This new job as mayor seems to be playing some sort of a devil's trick with Stewart. I'll admit, Daunt, that I didn't relish some of the truepenny preachment on politics mouthed by him in his office when we were there. But I didn't pay much attention—any more than I did to his exaggerated flourish in the way he attended to city business. The new brooms. You know."

"Yes, I know!" The banker was sardonic. "I could overlook his display of importance when he neglected gentlemen in order to parade his tuppenny mayor's business. I paid no attention to his vaporings on the water question. I've heard plenty of franchise owners talk that way for effect. He's an especially avaricious Scot, isn't he? Confound him, how much more shall I offer him?"

"I'll admit that Stewart seems to be different these days in some respects, but unless he has made a clean change of all his nature in this shift of some of his ideas you'd better not offer him any more," warned the senator. "I've known him many years, but I never detected any For Sale sign on him!"

The senator's secretary stepped into the study.

"Find Mayor Morrison in the ballroom and tell him I want to see him here."

"Corson, you're a United States senator," proceeded the banker when the man had departed, "and your position enables you to take a broad view of business in general, but naturally you're for your own state first of all."

"Certainly! Loyally so!"

"I think you thoroughly understand my plan for consolidated development of the water power here. Every single unit should be put at work for the good of the country. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, decidedly."

"To set up such arbitrary boundaries as state lines in these matters of development is a narrow and selfish policy," insisted Daunt. "It would be like the coal states' refusing to sell their surplus to the country at large. If this Morrison proposes to play the bigoted demagogue in the matter, exciting the people to attempt impractical control that will paralyze the whole proposition, he must be stepped on. You can show due regard for the honor and the prosperity of your own state, but as a statesman working for the general welfare of the country at large you've got to take a broader view than his."

"I do. I can make Stewart understand."

Daunt paced up and down the room, easing his turgid neck against a damp collar.

The senator pondered.

The secretary after a time tapped and entered.

"Mayor Morrison is not in the ballroom, sir. And I could not find him."

"You should have inquired of Miss Corson."

"I could not find Miss Corson."

The senator started for the door. He turned and went back to Daunt.

"It's all right. I gave her a bit of a commission. It's in regard to Morrison. She seems to be attending to it faithfully. Be easy. I'll bring him."

The father went straight to the library. He knew the resources of his own mansion in the matter of nooks for a tête-à-tête interview; now he was particularly assisted by remembrance of Stewart's habits in the old days. He found his daughter and the mayor of Marion cozily ensconced among the cushions of a deep window seat.

Stewart was listening intently to the girl, his chin on his knuckles, his elbow propped on his knee. His forehead was puckered; he was gazing at her with intent seriousness.

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Have Sent Explicit Orders to Mayor Morrison to Tend to That Mob That He Has Been Coddling. He's Letting 'Em Get Away From Him if What You Say Is So"

"Senator Corson," warned the girl, "we are in executive session."

"I see! I understand! But I need Stewart urgently for a few moments."

"I surrendered him willingly a little while ago. But this conference must not be interrupted, sir!"

"Certainly not, Senator Corson!" asserted Stewart with a decisive snap in his tone. "We have a great deal of ground to go over."

"I'll allow you plenty of time—but a little later. There is a small matter to be set straight. 'Twill take but a few moments."

"It's undoubtedly either business or politics, sir," declared Lana with a fine assumption of parliamentary dignity. "But I have the floor for concerns of my own, and I'll not cede any of my time."

"It is hardly business or politics," returned the senator gravely. "It concerns a matter of courtesy between guests in my home, and I'm anxious to have the thing straightened out at once. I beg of you, Stewart!"

The mayor rose promptly.

"I suppose I must consider it a question of privilege, and yield," consented Lana, still carrying on her little play of procedure. "But do I have your solemn promise, Senator Corson, that this gentleman will be returned to me by you at the earliest possible moment?"

"I promise."

"And I want your promise that you will hurry back," said the girl, addressing Stewart. "I'll wait right here!"

"But, Lana, remember your duties to our guests," protested her father.

"I have been fulfilling them ever since the reception line was formed." She waved her hand to draw their attention to the distant music. "The guests are having a gorgeous time all by themselves. I'll be waiting here," she warned. "Remember, please, both of you, that I am waiting. That ought to hurry your settlement of that other matter you speak of."

"I'll waste no time!" Morrison assured her.

He marched away with the senator. In the study Corson took his stand between his two guests. Daunt was bristling; Morrison displayed no emotion of any sort.

"Mr. Daunt, I think you'd better state your grievance, as you feel it, so that Mr. Morrison can assure both of us that it rises from a misunderstanding."

The banker took advantage of that opportunity with great alacrity.

"Now that Senator Corson is present—now that we have a broad-minded referee, Mr. Morrison—I propose to go over that matter of business."

"Exactly on the same lines?" inquired Stewart mildly.

"Exactly! And for obvious reasons—so that Corson may understand just how much your attitude hurt my feelings."

"Pardon me, Mr. Daunt. I have no time to listen to the repetition. It will gain you nothing from me. My mind remains the same. And Miss Corson is waiting for me in the library. I have promised to return to her as soon as possible."

"But it will take only a little while to go over the matter," pleaded Corson.

"It will be time wasted on a repetition, sir. I have no right to keep Miss Corson waiting on such an excuse."

"You give me a confoundedly poor excuse for unmannerly treatment of my business, Morrison," Daunt stated with increasing ire.

"I really must agree in that," chided the senator.

"Sir, you gave your daughter the same promise for yourself," declared Stewart.

"Now let's not be silly, Stewart. Lana was playing! You can go right on with her from where you left off."

"Perhaps," admitted the mayor. "I hope so, at any rate. But I don't propose to break my promise."

He added in his own mind that he did not intend to allow a certain topic between him and Lana Corson to get cold while he was being bullyragged by two elderly gentlemen in that study.

"By the gods, you'll have to talk turkey to me on one point!" asserted Daunt, his veneer of dignity cracking wide and showing his coarser grain. "I made you a square business proposition and you insulted me—under the roof of a gentleman who had vouched for both of us."

"Thank you. Now we are not retracing our steps, as you threatened to do. We go on from where we left off. Therefore I can give you a few moments, sir. What insult did I offer you?"

"You told me that I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"That was not an insult, Mr. Daunt. I intended it to be merely a frank expression of opinion. Just a moment, please!" he urged, breaking in on violent language. He brought his thumb and forefinger together to make a circle and poised his hand over his head. "I don't wear one of these. I have no right to wear one. Halo, I mean! I'm no prig or preacher—at least, I don't mean to be. But when I talk business I intend to talk it straight and use few words—and those words may sound rather blunt sometimes. Just a moment, I say!"

He leaned over the table and struck a resounding blow on it with his knuckles. "This is a nutshell proposition and we'll keep it in small compass. You gave me a layout of your proposed stock issue. No matter what has been done by the best of big financiers, no matter what is being done or what is proposed to be done—in this particular case your consolidation means that you've got to mulct the people to pay unreasonably high charges on stock. It isn't a square deal. My property was developed on real money. I know what it pays and ought to pay. I won't put it into a scheme that will oblige every consumer of electricity to help pay dividends on imaginary money. And if you're seriously attempting to put over any consolidation of that sort, Mr. Daunt, I repeat that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And now you have heard him with your own ears," clamored the banker. "What do you say to that, Corson?"

"All capitalization entails a fair compromise—values to be considered in the light of new development," said the senator. "Let's discuss the proposition, Stewart."

"Discussion will only snarl us up. I'm stating the principle. You can't compromise a principle! I refuse to discuss."

"Have you gone crazy

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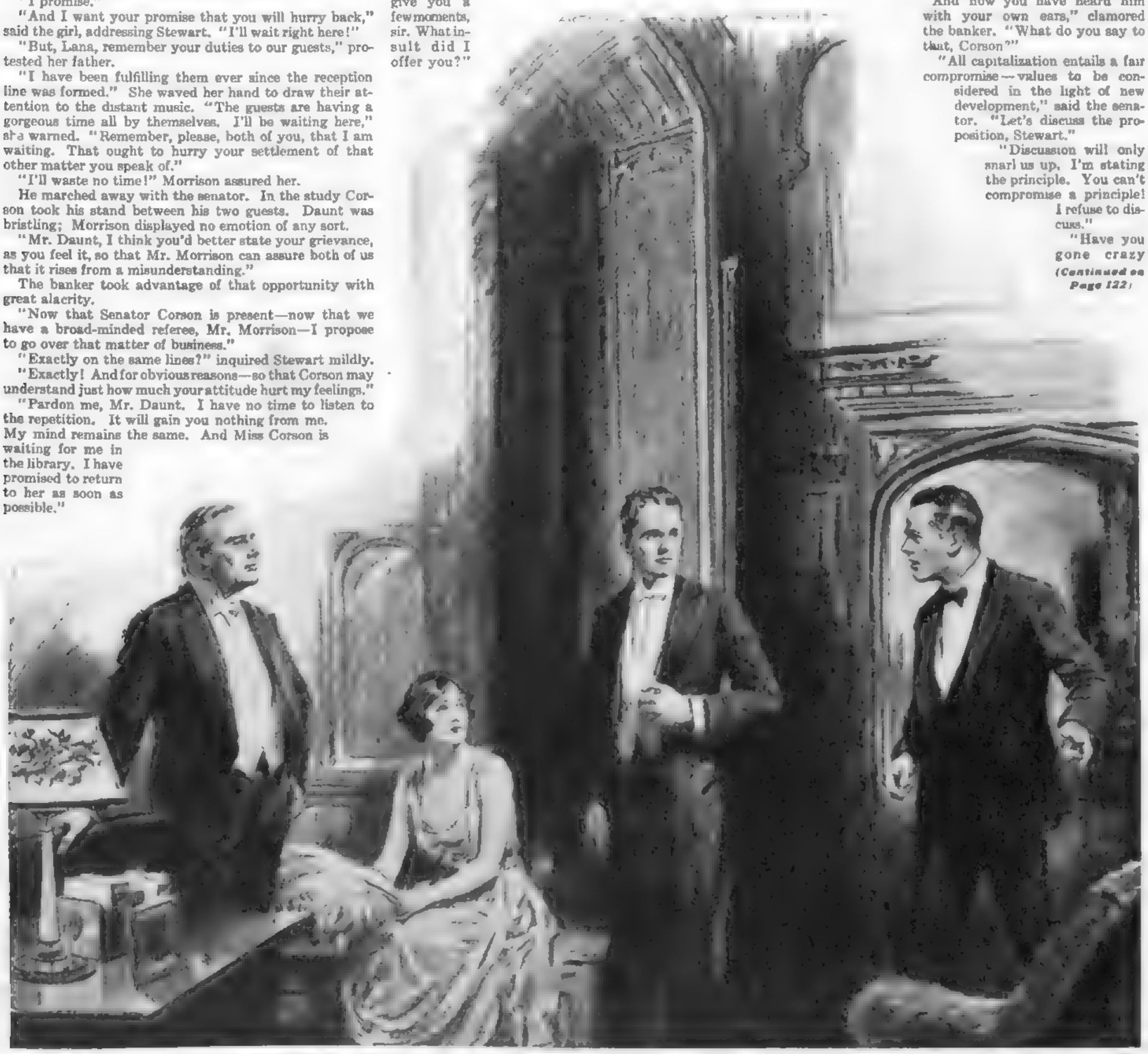

"There's a Mob Outside, Sir! They are Yelling: 'Down With the Capitalists! Down With the Aristocrats!'"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 17, 1920

Guard the Sea Gates!

THE last bill signed by the President before Congress adjourned was an amendment framed to stiffen and to give direction to the law of October 16, 1918, providing for the exclusion and the expulsion from the United States of aliens who are members of the anarchistic and similar classes.

There is nothing extreme or sensational about this amendment. It does not contain a single clause that need give uneasiness to any law-abiding or well-disposed alien. It may, however, be of material assistance to hair-splitting officials who have often bungled so hopelessly in their extraordinary attempts to draw the line between academic socialists and trouble-making, bomb-throwing members of the "no God, no law, no work" fraternity.

In such times as these it is reassuring to note the apparent aliveness of the House Committee on Immigration to the responsibilities that devolve upon it. There has never been a time when the wise and firm control of immigration has loomed so large in national importance. Our immigration laws are far from perfect. They strain at gnats, swallow camels and work many hardships.

There are cheering indications that at no very distant date we may improve our selective methods in dealing with incoming aliens. In the past we have looked into an immigrant's eyes to see if he had trachoma. If experience has taught us anything we shall in future make more earnest endeavors to look into his head and heart to see whether he is of the stuff of which Americans can be made or whether he is merely a migratory pest spot. In Mr. Roosevelt's telling phrase, we should "intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house."

Love of a square deal is so much a part of American thought and so great a factor in the formation of our public opinion that many well-disposed but ill-informed persons with eyes fixed upon the technic of justice rather than upon ideas of national self-defense have wasted much unwarranted sympathy upon deported aliens. They sometimes assume that an alien has all the rights of a citizen; that deportation proceedings are criminal causes in which our fundamental law guarantees trial by jury and the benefit of reasonable doubt. These suppositions are erroneous. Aliens who domicile themselves in this country do so in the exercise of a privilege, usually conferred by treaty, but they do so upon sufferance and upon probation. They have no constitutional right to remain here, nor can they vindicate any such assumed right by appealing for a trial by jury.

There has been some talk of introducing a bill into Congress transferring the entire activities of the Immigration and Naturalization Bureau to the State Department, where it can be operated in connection with the passport service. Whether or not this would be a wise move is a matter for careful consideration. It is, however, an incontrovertible fact that the Department of Labor as now constituted and with its present personnel does not, in its handling of alien radicals, receive the indorsement of a large part of the American people.

Killed by Kindness

FOR more years than we can remember, friends of good government, regardless of party affiliation, have been striving to do away with our wasteful, decentralized appropriation procedure and to build up in its place a sound, carefully considered budgetary system. Both parties are on record as favoring this great fiscal reform.

After months of the fullest discussion a bill providing for a budget system passed both houses of Congress and just before the adjournment went to the President for his signature. Mr. Wilson vetoed the bill. He gave as his reason the opinion that a paragraph denying to the President the power to remove appointees who by the terms of the bill would be named by him was an unconstitutional abridgment of the power of the executive. At the same time he expressed hearty sympathy with the general purposes of the measure and suggested that it be amended and resubmitted. In the few hours that remained before adjournment a hurried effort was made so to alter the bill as to make it conformable with Mr. Wilson's interpretation of the Constitution; but champions of congressional prerogative succeeded in killing the measure.

Without reflection upon the real friends of the budget bill, one cannot refrain from observing that an assemblage of average business men would have exercised a little more foresight and far better management. They would not have put off until the last moment their action in a matter so important. They would have taken very good care to see to it that there could be no room for eleventh-hour objection unless they were prepared to override a veto. Had a great executive in the business world been the wielder of the veto power he would have discovered the soft spots in the measure before it officially came to him, and if he sincerely desired its adoption he would have found suitable and tactful means to insure such alterations as to make his official approbation possible.

The demand for a budget bill is insistent and nation-wide, and it is not unlikely that the new bill which will be introduced at an early day may prove a stronger piece of legislation than the one Mr. Wilson has lately vetoed.

The Doctrine of Sweat

THE world is full of strange doctrines. On every corner is a dreamer or a hypocrite full of words, using a grievance as a text, preaching folly to the foolish, seeking converts who may be persuaded to grind his ax. There is but one wholesome doctrine. It is the doctrine of salvation by sweat, and sweat without work availeth nothing.

Wealth is not a product of printing presses. Making coins of metal will not make men rich. All wealth, howsoever far removed from toil, is the product of sweat. By sweat men live and prosper and know happiness, and there can be no life, prosperity or happiness without it.

One who dreams of a soft-handed way to universal prosperity is utterly mad. There is no short cut. In so much as men relax their muscles and lighten the burden on their shoulders, by so much do they lessen the world's prosperity and their own.

Because man is fully cognizant of his own troubles and burdens, and almost wholly ignorant concerning the troubles and burdens that oppress his fellows, and because he is by nature a little suspicious and a little envious, he nurses an uncomfortable conviction that the lot of other men is easier than his own. The farmer dreams of becoming a banker, the desk man dreams of becoming a farmer; the clerk would go adventuring, and the seaman would have a job ashore; the laborer envies the soft hands of the financier, and the financier envies the digestion and sound sleep of the laborer.

If the salaried man who wears a white collar thinks himself unjustly treated because his monthly check does not increase as fast as the price of food, why doesn't he quit paved streets and follow a plow? There are many idle acres. If one who works with his hands thinks himself unjustly treated because other men work at desks, why doesn't he study at night and equip himself for a white-collar job? There is an unfailing demand for men who can handle big jobs well.

The truth is that nearly all men are satisfied with their present employment. It has become a habit with them. They are bound to it by the friendship of fellow workers. It is more than meat and bread. It is social life, a creed, a horizon. They complain because it is man's nature to complain, but the fact that they do not break established ties and venture in new fields is sufficient proof that their grievance is more imaginary than real.

Pretty theories and wild promises may for a time wean men away from their common sense, but no preachment of folly can long survive the assault of facts, and no promise can long suffice in place of food.

Any effort to curtail production—any willingness to ease the strain—any plan to lay down the hammer and close the desk—will in some degree lessen the world's prosperity and work hardship on the whole people.

One may wish for a return of Eden. Wishing will not change the scheme of the universe. Men must sweat or die. One may, at his pleasure, change the nature of his task. This is a free country. But toil he must if he would live. In sweat is salvation from all economic ills. There is no other.

Shallow Mysteries

WHEN college students took the places of striking railroad men the ease with which they mastered strange duties drew attention to an industrial fact that is always overlooked until an emergency dangles it before our eyes. Soft-handed lads, who scarcely knew the difference between a drawbar and a fishplate, readily absorbed many of the fundamentals of railroad operation, and more than a few, after a week of practice and instruction, were able to fire locomotives with reasonable efficiency.

Specialists of all sorts like us to believe that their crafts are so difficult to learn, except with years of practice, that we must either employ them upon their own terms or go unserved. We are apt to accept this belief; yet when circumstances throw us upon our own unaided resources we usually find that the mysteries of many common trades are not nearly so intricate as their practitioners have led us to suppose.

The high cost of plumbing has made many a thrifty housewife take a new and personal interest in her household waterworks; and thousands of such practical women, with no more formidable tools than a tack hammer, a hairpin and the screw driver out of the sewing-machine drawer, have taught themselves to put on spigot washers bought at the ten-cent store and to adjust balky float valves quite as well as the usual doer of such jobs and his young helper. The same good wives keep a few fuse plugs in a pantry drawer; and when the lights go out they do not call in an electrician. Neither do they send for a plasterer when a tile comes off the bathroom wall. They have learned that five cents' worth of plaster of Paris and an old caseknife will anchor that loose tile just a little more firmly than the Rock of Gibraltar.

If these random examples have any significance at all they hint that most of us are not nearly so indispensable to our communities as we suppose ourselves to be. If we will not do our work on fair terms someone else will. We may cause inconvenience or even suffering by quitting in a body without notice; but in the long run there will always be someone to do the world's work. When trained men lay down their tools amateurs will pick them up, and in time they will learn to use them just as effectively.

Is Foreign Trade a Threat to Peace?

By THOMAS WALKER PAGE

THE great war has left in its wake so many things to disturb our hope for permanent peace that the feeling of insecurity remains little less anxious than it was a year ago. Each nation has its own domestic troubles that press for settlement. Some were caused by the strain of war; others equally serious were exposed when their ancient coverings of tradition and convention had to be cast away.

Since the armistice many a long-closeted skeleton has been clanking indecently in public places. To give these honorable burial and to relieve the nerves they set on edge have absorbed much of the attention of governments, so that the readjustment of each nation's relations with others has been postponed. The most important of these relations, partly because they intimately affect our daily life and partly because they deeply concern the future peace of the world, are the relations of trade and commerce. In 1914 commercial relations were thrown into chaos, and almost chaotic they still remain.

The war disclosed with startling clearness the degree in which nations had come to depend on each other. Germany more than any other country had aimed at self-sufficiency, and yet it was the blockade that like a python crushed her into impotence. The growth of trade among nations has been one of the most impressive phenomena of the last half century. Its huge value in terms of money ran so far into the thousands of millions of dollars as almost to escape our mental grasp. Its intangible worth is quite beyond the possibility of estimate.

What we commonly call civilization has always followed the routes of trade, and the merchant in the long run has proved more powerful than the missionary in imparting religions. The Christian religion itself was propagated in its early history in the trade centers, and it is not without significance that the dwellers on the heath and the country people, known respectively as heathen and pagans, were the last to be reached by the gospel.

Because of its great value, both tangible and intangible, nations have sought to regulate the terms on which foreign trade should be conducted, and in the course of centuries a great body of law was built up, partly in the form of legislation but mainly in the form of commercial treaties, conventions and agreements. The purpose of the regulations differed of course from country to country and from generation to generation. In its final form it was not without selfishness and narrowness, but on the whole it worked, and under it commerce grew and prospered.

In 1914 the laboriously built structure of commercial regulations was shattered. Scores of treaties and conventions were ended by the war, and additional scores have since been ended by denunciation. The terms of commercial intercourse will have to be rewritten; the nations of the world must readjust their business relations with each other. In view of the importance of the work it would seem that eighteen months after the end of hostilities would find it well under way. But two things have forced its postponement.

One cause of the delay has been the fact that urgent political and social adjustments have absorbed the attention of governments. A meaning had to be given to such expressions as "self-determination" or "the safety of democracy." To that end boundaries had to be drawn; new governments had to be organized; the relative political weight of social classes had to be determined; mandates had to be arranged for regions as yet not qualified for self-protection and self-government; the form and functions of a League of Nations had to be agreed upon. It is these and similar things that have absorbed the energies of governments. The second cause of delay lay in the necessity of enabling the people of many parts of Europe to get back to work in order to produce the necessities of life. Starvation and dire want have continued in many places. The demoralization caused by the war was almost indescribable; habits of industry and thrift were broken; a large part of the productive labor of the world was dead; the workers that survived found it difficult to get back into the old quiet state of mind that is indispensable for steady production.

In addition to widespread demoralization, there have been lacking many

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The Pied Piper of 1920

THE CIRCUS GIRL

By L. B. YATES

AWAY back in the good old days when the annual visit of the circus press agent was an event in newspaper circles and when most editors found time to turn from arduous professional labors so that they might personally conduct the pilgrim to various places of interest in their bailiwick, the regular *pièce de résistance* in the showman's literary repertoire was usually a pretty little romance setting forth how Miss Lucy Lightfoot, the *première equestrienne* of his attraction, was really the scion of an aristocratic and wealthy family.

If the editor gave him space enough—and he usually did—he could dilate at length about the girl who had been reared in the lap of luxury, educated in the best schools of the Continent, wooed by crowned heads, pursued by millionaires, petted and pampered by society at large and, would you believe it—she up and left it all for the glory of the tanbark and the scintillating seduction of sawdust and spangles!

It was really a joy forever to hear this modern Munchausen unbosom himself regarding the personality of his star.

"Ah, my dear sir," he would breathe confidentially, "Lightfoot is only a nom de circus, if you know what I mean. Her honest-to-goodness family name is Fasterbilt. Yes, indeed, first cousin to Bulkley J. Fasterbilt. No, no, she never visits her family now. I understand they have cast her off entirely; but the empress of equine equitation should worry. Oh, yes, she should repine! The story, however, my dear sir, is surcharged with human interest. I think your readers would enjoy it."

Like as not in the very next town he would forget all about how Miss Lucy Lightfoot left Nob Hill for the sawdust ring and plant a tearful little tale which had for its central figure a poor little waif, rescued in childhood from the slums of a big city and adopted by the kind-hearted circus people. In time, of course, she became "the bright particular star of all stars, Miss Lucy Lightfoot. Watch her."

But on one occasion they do say that the agent got his stories mixed, because he forgot to post the lady who was most interested as to the character she was to assume in that particular town, and when a grouchy old editor went to interview her, intent upon enlarging upon the waif narrative, the girl told him that the family name was Fasterbilt, with all the trimmings about kings and emperors and profiteers and parvenues, a daily diet of pink teas; incidentally scrambled the omelet so badly that the promoter of publicity eliminated the name of that town from his subsequent itinerary. In other words, it was one time that the Cinderella yarn had the reverse English on it.

Celebrated Circus Families

BUT through it all the real story of the actual beginnings and the why of the circus girl has scarcely even percolated through the public prints so that it might reach a curious if not indeed skeptical public.

The life of the woman of the circus is bounded on the east by a professional trunk, on the west by a Pullman sleeping car; at the north of her is a frowning rampart of hard, muscle-racking work, at the south an embattlement of endless practice so that that work may be efficiently accomplished. In the middle of it all stands the girl herself—happy, cheerful, healthy, optimistic and, above all, with not an ounce of what people are pleased to call temperament in her whole composition. She is normal every way you take her, with an abiding faith in the future and supremely contented to be just exactly what she is, proud of the fact that she is a trouper.

You see, the circus girl divides people into two classes. There are the troupers, which means the people who travel with the tents, and the towners, designating everybody who doesn't. Their lives are as wide apart as the poles, because the real circus girl has always remained a mystery to those of the outside world, and honors are easy, because Carrie of the circus knows or cares very little about the sayings or doings of those beyond the zone of the wandering foot.

The popular and prevailing idea seems to be that she leads a somewhat vagabondish life and is a little Ishmaelitish person, who, like Topsy, just growed. It is true that on one or two occasions she has been exploited as the heroine of hectic melodrama, but here again the would-be recorder of circus happenings has followed more along the lines of time-honored dramatic convention and cheap sentimental appeal than a pathway paved with facts.

Out of the hundred girls you see in the circus it is safe to say that seventy per cent of them are born into the profession. Many of them go five or six generations back, as families like the Nelsons, Davenports, Wirths, Hannefords, Rooneys, Costellos, O'Briens, Hobsons, McCrees, Henglers, Julians, Mears, Bedinis, Clarks, Segrists, Silbons, Stickneys, Guices and a host of others whose names I cannot now recall, all of which are in the fourth, fifth, sixth or even seventh generation of notable circus stars.

And when you come to think of it, very few of our most important and best-advertised social queens can point to a long line of distinguished ancestors which, from father to son and mother to daughter, has so preserved the ancient traditions of their house.

The circus girl's day usually commences at sunup. The sleeper on which she passes her nights arrives in town when day is just breaking or a short time afterward, the exact time, of course, barring accidents or delays en route, depending upon the length of the run from the point at which the circus played on the previous day.

By seven o'clock she is up and dressed and on her way to the lot for breakfast. Sometimes the tents are pitched close to the siding on which the cars are parked, but in most cases nowadays, when nearly all the big towns are built up solidly round the centers of transportation, it is, in the parlance of the circus, "a long haul" to the place where the big top may be located; more often than not, two or three miles away. The circus girl makes her way out there as best she can. As a usual thing she comes in little groups, because, as in other walks of life, she has her own little circle of chums.

Hearty Food and Plenty of It

WHEN she arrives on the ground she finds that the cook tent has already been erected and a good wholesome breakfast awaits her. There is nothing cheap about a circus menu, though it is true it may be divested of the little frills and furbelows attendant upon the more-polite conventions of the stay-at-home people. But what she gets is good and appetizing and she is not finicky. She knows that the best of its kind is always purchased by the contracting agent.

Perhaps you may ask how it is possible to have a meal ready to serve a small army of people at such an early hour and on such short notice. But when you know the *modus operandi* of the circus this is not so hard to understand.

The moment that supper is over the cook tent is dismantled and loaded on the wagons which transport it to the circus train. It is put aboard the first section—the circus travels in three or four sections, according to its size—and long before the audience has assembled for the night performance it is rattling over the rails to the next town. Accompanying the train go a certain number of the baggage horses and a flying brigade of workingmen, who lay out the circus lot in advance of the arrival of the big canvases and help to erect the cook tent. Half an hour after the canvas top is in place the tables are laid, seats put down and breakfast is ready. It is the world's last word in cooking celerity.

And the meal is not what you would call a pick-me-up one, because hot rolls or cakes of various kinds usually form part of the menu. Bacon and eggs, nice juicy steaks and fruit in season. Good enough for anybody, you will say? Well, it is!

(Continued on Page 32)

May Wirth, a Famous Australian Rider Above—A Circus Baby, With Her Pets

"Old Mr. Thermo your gait
Just brings you a little too late
You hustle and race
Till you're blue in the face
But you never touch me at the plate"

"Safe!"

Hot weather doesn't "put you out" when your physical condition is right.

Sensible living and nourishing, easily digested food are the best possible protection against the enervating effects of these sultry summer days.

The remarkable thing about Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the high percentage of nourishment it yields with almost no tax on digestion and requiring the least possible kitchen heat and labor.

With a supply of this tempting soup on your pantry shelf you are never without a wholesome and satisfying meal-course ready to serve in three minutes without worry or discomfort.

Get the full benefit of this ideal food for summer. Enjoy it often. Keep it on hand.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

And if you don't mind drinking out of a cup without a handle and perhaps an eighth of an inch thicker than the one with which a guest at Delmonico's might round out his morning meal, you can enjoy as good a cup of tea or coffee as is brewed anywhere upon the face of the globe.

In the circus world the dining apartment is called the cook tent. Here several long tables are laid out in parallel lines, each being capable of seating about fifty people. Here, as in other departments of the circus, there is no bustle or disorder. Everybody has his or her own regular seat. The tables are laid out in the same order in every town, so the circus girl has no trouble in finding her own particular corner. There are just so many people and just so many places. Nobody ever ventures to preëmpt that belonging to anyone else. The circus stays on the road thirty to thirty-five weeks and the circus girl eats her last meal where she did her first at the beginning of the season.

Breakfast finished, the circus girl hurries over to the dressing tent, because by nine o'clock she will have to be ready for the parade and the costumes worn the day before possibly need a little touching up. Like everything else about the show, there is no confusion in the dressing tent. This latter is divided into two sections by a canvas curtain which reaches halfway up to the top of the tent. On one side the men dress and the other side is dedicated to the women. As before stated, there is no confusion. The circus girl walks to her trunk as she did to her seat in the cook tent. There is nothing chaotic about the arrangement. Day in, day out, her trunk is placed exactly in the same place. The trunks are laid out in two long rows, stretching the full length of the tent and against the curtains, with just a few feet between. The territory is limited, because perhaps two hundred or more girls are using the tent at one and the same time.

The circus girl's trunk is built of a standard size, just so long, so high and so broad. Nothing of the dimensions of the popular Saratoga or wardrobe trunk was ever seen round a circus tent. And the best part of the circus trunk lies in the fact that you can't break it. It defies blowdowns and cyclones, wagon wheels and railroad wrecks. The iconoclastic baggage-smasher can hurl it at will from the topmost pinnacle to the hardest platform and he can't make a dent in it.

PHOTO, BY CAMPBELL STUDIO, NEW YORK

Bird Millman, on the Rope

Hard Work and Strict Discipline

BESIDE or before her trunk the circus girl has a folding chair, and on this she sits while she makes her toilet. Strange as it may appear, she does not move about gossiping, as any other group of women might do. She sticks to her own little reservation, which embraces the trunk, the chair, a few feet of rubber matting underfoot and that's all.

When the lid of that trunk is opened one discovers a veritable *multum in parvo*, because it contains her professional costumes, her street clothes, not to mention a carefully arranged toilet table together with many of the odds and ends found in the home-staying woman's workbox. Added to this, of course, are the natural adjuncts to adornment, such as make-up boxes, pincushions and the smaller articles of apparel. Her mirror is limited to a twelve-by-eighteen-inch affair generally hooked up to the inside cover of her trunk. If she wants to view herself at different angles, she simply takes it off and props it up either on the ground or in some other position until she gets the desired angle.

The circus girl from force of circumstances is generally her own laundress. It isn't hard to get a bucket of hot water from the cook tent, and every circus woman carries a doll's washboard in the bottom of her trunk. Silk tights are expensive; they must needs be laundered carefully. Be it said also that they need judicious supervision, so that rips or runs may be headed off in time.

Few women in professional life are more deft with their needles than those of the circus. Most of them design and make their own professional costumes, many of which, as you may have noticed, are as chic and attractive as any that you will see on the stage. Indeed their skill in embroidery and other womanly arts is proverbial.

But hardly has the girl taken a hasty inventory of her belongings when a bugle call rings out and she knows that it is time to get ready for the parade. She dons hastily whatever costume has been designated for her, mounts her horse and takes her place in line. Sometimes the parade covers a distance of four or five miles through the city streets and consumes an hour and a half or two hours.

Everyone makes the parade, except some few of the stars who have special dispensation under their contracts.

Back from the parade, the girl changes her costume to her street clothes and goes over to the cook tent for lunch. By one o'clock she is back in the dressing room beside her trunk again, making up for the afternoon performance. First of all, of course, she arranges her hair and facial make-up, then dons the costume that she must wear in the grand entrée, because everyone takes part in this time-honored spectacle, too, with the exception of those whose acts are programmed immediately after it is over.

Miss Costello, Equestrienne

Like as not Carrie of the circus will have to make four or five changes of costume during the progress of the performance. She may be billed at once for an acrobatic stunt besides riding in a ménage act or as a Wild West girl, winding up, perhaps, standing astride two flying horses in the Roman race on the hippodrome track.

When the afternoon performance is over she again visits the cook tent, where supper is ready to be served, and the remaining hours of the afternoon are devoted possibly to rehearsing a new act or perfecting an old one. Then comes the evening performance, when the whole program is gone through again.

So you see the life of the circus girl is fairly full of action and happening. Perhaps from this you will realize how little time she has for the frivolities of the outer world, of which she naturally knows so little. Before the tents are struck she is on her way to the sleeping cars. Then under the yellow moon Carrie of the circus passes on and we don't see her for another year.

There is no stricter discipline in the world as regards the conduct of the attachés than that of the circus. If you stop to think a moment perhaps you will realize the reason for these stringent rules and the necessity for enforcing them to the letter.

Since the earliest times military leaders have recognized the necessity of the absolute domination of their forces. They know that the movement of large bodies of men cannot be accomplished without it. So it is with the circus. The young, unmarried women of the big traveling show have sleeping cars to themselves. Each of these is chaperoned by an elderly woman, who is responsible to the management for the behavior of those under her. There is no such thing as running from car to car and visiting. A male member of the company who set foot inside the sleepers reserved for the girls would probably be immediately discharged, no matter what his importance was, and in any event he would be very heavily fined.

But to her credit be it said that the circus girl rarely transgresses any of the rules. She has been brought up from earliest childhood to respect them and she is prouder than anything else of the fact that she is a good trouper.

Frequently children of performers travel with the show. They receive their dual education as they go along; in acrobatics, of course, but the scholastic side of it is not neglected. Nearly every big show has some girl who has ambitions to be the school-teacher, and upon her devolve the duties of the circus kindergarten.

The Nelson Children Surprise Teacher

SOMETIMES on sunny afternoons you will come across her little school pursuing its studies on the shady side of one of the big wagons—or if the weather is wet the kids and their mentor adjourn to the grand-stand seats in the main tent. So it is that when wintertime comes and the circus has been put away in moth balls, the little ones are not so far behind in their studies as you would suppose when they attend the educational institutions near their permanent homes.

Circus people often tell a pretty little story about the famous Nelson children, whose people own a good deal of valuable property at Mount Clemens, Michigan. When first the little ones made their appearance in a regular schoolhouse, the schoolma'am in charge knew nothing about their ancestry or their fame as acrobats. I believe there were six or seven of them, running up like steps of stairs from a baby just able to toddle to a girl of thirteen. This teacher, it appears, was drilling a class in calisthenics when the Nelson children put in an appearance. She lined them up with the rest of the pupils and gave the order that the children should extend their arms and bend backward. Much to her amazement, her new pupils tilted over until they were doubled up like so many human jackknives. Needless to say, they made the hit of the season and became great favorites with their teacher, with whom they kept up an animated correspondence during the summer season.

The Pullmans are so arranged that the married people have sleepers to themselves. Many of them, of course, travel in families, of which, perhaps, there may be five or six members. The great majority of circus people of mature years are married. It is the exception rather than the rule for them to enter wedlock outside the profession. The rider nearly always marries an acrobat, or vice versa. So it is that the whole circus world might be called one large family.

(Continued on Page 34)

STYLEPLUS *Summer Clothes*

Extra-cool for hot weather

Styleplus Summer Clothes are extra-cool, but they have style—lots of it. They're splendidly tailored, too, and they wear well. We guarantee them. There is a large variety of these special fabrics, light and dark shades, made up in our cool skeleton-lined models. You owe it to your personal comfort to have one always ready to slip on when the mercury hits the high spots. The prices are moderate and known—printed on the sleeve ticket.

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America's known-priced clothes

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The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

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I have often heard people ask what becomes of circus people in the wintertime. For the most part they go to some little outlying town where he or she has a home. They are a home-loving people. They don't squander their money in expensive hotels or midnight frolics as do many of those belonging to other amusement enterprises. They are frugal without being stingy and they are charitable to a degree. The close of the season invariably finds Carrie of the circus with a neat little sum saved up. Then she either goes home or perhaps takes an engagement in vaudeville and keeps on working until another circus season rolls round.

If she does not pursue this latter course, she takes her horses home and does not let a day pass without practicing for an hour or two. She knows that loss of condition means loss of an engagement.

To the writing man a circus lot teems with atmosphere and wide human interest.

Take Mlle. Lillian Leitzel, one of the stars of the big show, and the story of her life is somewhat remarkable. Twenty-five years ago she was born in Prague, coming of a circus family. Her mother was and is today one of the most finished acrobats on the Continent. Under the awning of her private tent on the circus grounds the other day Mlle. Leitzel talked about her childish beginnings and discussed in a general way her viewpoint of life. Through it all I could not catch a single expression that savored of egotism or self-laudation.

Be it said, too, that few women I have had the pleasure of meeting possessed a better way of expressing themselves or a more cultivated command of pure English. Added to this, Mlle. Leitzel speaks five languages fluently.

"I began practicing in one of the big gymnasiums when I was three years old," she said; "and I suppose there must be a good deal in heredity, because most of the simple feats I attempted at the outset came comparatively easily. Of course I do not mean to say that it was not hard work. Anything connected with acrobatics is; but I think perhaps that I was a more apt pupil than some of the other children. All the little ones, you know, in my country are sent to the gymnasiums."

A Philosopher in Spangles

"AS I GREW up I had plenty of time to go to school. My mother, like a good many professional people over there, was very anxious that I should be educated along the most liberal lines, and I loved to study, myself. When I was nine years old I joined my mother's troupe. We visited the various cities of the Continent. There were several other girls belonging to our company, and the strictest discipline was maintained. One of the rules was that we should not speak to any outsider. If we went into a public café to dine we had to sit with our faces to the wall, and the moment the evening performance was over we were sent to bed. I often wonder how a strict régime of this kind would appeal to some of the pampered youngsters I meet nowadays in my travels.

"The people among whom I was brought up had two standard rules for children—the first being obedience, the second work. I do not mean to say that we were not treated kindly and had not a good many of the privileges that other children had; but just the same the rules as laid down had to be obeyed implicitly, and when I look back now I can realize how much wisdom was contained in my people's ideas of how best to promote real achievement. I think among circus people we realize that very little can be accomplished without constant application.

"At an early age I developed some little talent for music. Like most young girls, I had daydreams; I wanted to be a pianist and had visions of rivaling some of the great masters. My mother consented to my taking a course at the conservatory, and I made rapid progress up to a certain point, then ——"

The little gymnast stretched her hand toward the visitor. "I couldn't go any further," she added in a half-regretful tone. "My early activities on the rings and bars had developed the muscles of my fingers and hands in a manner not conducive to deft manipulation of the keys. So—oh, well, I'm a philosopher, you know! I realized that I could never be a star in the musical world, so I went back to original principles. And here I am! I'm glad I'm a real trouper. I wouldn't be anything else.

"My amusements? Well, I read a great deal. I don't care for milk-and-water love stories. I like history and adventure and humor. I want to laugh and to look on the sunny side of everything, if possible. Life is serious enough. We don't need to be assisted to a conclusion on that point. I detest people who are always dispensing gloom. You might say, perhaps, that I am a good deal of a fatalist in as much as I realize we can't change the order of things to any appreciable extent, so we might as well accept them as they are.

"Accidents? Oh, well, they're liable to happen any time. But I never think of that. Whenever a performer gets to studying about the chances he or she is bound to take, he has outlived his usefulness. An acrobat must have hundred per cent nerves.

"I have lots of pleasant things to look forward to. For instance, I have great hopes of a brilliant career for my brother. He is now teaching in a Western college. He was the one member of our family who never wanted to be a performer. He was always an omnivorous reader from earliest childhood and has a very pronounced talent for drawing. Next year he is going to France to study art. I build wonderful castles in my mind about how eventually he will become a distinguished painter. Then my mother is coming over to this country soon. She is fifty-three years old, but is still ranked as one of the best performers in Europe. Here is her picture; doesn't she look sweet and young? I think, of course, that she should retire and I often tell her so, but there's something about the lure of the circus—I don't know what it is and I can't explain—except that none of us makes our final bow until age and stiffening muscles force us to do so."

Mrs. Hartzell, the Circus Mother
Above—Mlle. Ella Bradna

Pet Aversions

"YOU ask me if I have any pet aversions or dislikes. Of course I have. I'm a woman. For instance, I resent having people come to my tent, stare at me as though I were a freak and then turn away laughing, as if they'd seen some wild animal. I detest people who haven't brains enough to understand and who don't seem to know anything beyond the bounds of their own little limited world. I abhor a certain brand of alleged society women who come here in an endeavor to patronize me. They seem to think they are privileged to ask any rude or personal question that may strike their fancy. Some of them seem surprised beyond words because I read good, wholesome, standard literature and am not a slangy, hard-featured slattern. They seem to assume that circus people have not got beyond the primitive stage of the cave man and are an aggregation of unlettered louts wholly devoid of the commonest sense of social amenities.

"I like best to sit off in some quiet corner and watch the crowds go by. I love to study them as they pass and pick out characters and weave stories in my imagination about who they are and where they came from and what they do for a living. One of the jokes of life, I think, is that nearly all large gatherings are made up of people who simply come to see other people.

"You don't have to go any farther than Broadway or Fifth Avenue to see them strolling aimlessly up and down. Poof! And just think—people call that life and flatter themselves that they are getting the most out of it."

But despite all the hurry and bustle attendant upon moving from place to place, the circus is not without its romances, and sometimes when troupers forgather and gossip about past happenings one can hear some thrilling tales concerning that sly little gentleman Dan Cupid and how he played hob with all the circus rules and scored a notable victory.

You might hear, perhaps, how a famous rider fell in love with one of the musicians attached to the show of which her mother was proprietor. The course of true love did not run so smoothly as it might have done in ordinary cases, because to the real people of the circus the lover in the case was not regarded as anything but an outlander and the girl's mother, being wised up to the situation, was watching them as a hen does a chicken hawk.

But in the dead of one summer's night the lovers hitched an old ring horse to a ramshackle buggy and took it on a run across the mountains of North Carolina. They just started out haphazard to find a justice of the peace or preacher who qualified to tie the nuptial knot. About an hour after they had started on this adventure the old lady missed the girl and she hooked up the fastest horse of the outfit and started after them, breathing maledictions and swearing vengeance.

It would have gone hard with the impresario of the trombone had she caught up with them, because she was a militant old soul in the most practical sense and knew or cared very little about the doctrine of moral suasion. And so the runaway couple sped up hill and down dale—the

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What Makes the Cadillac a Great Car

Ask those who have sat in Cadillac councils for seventeen years, what has made the Cadillac a good and a great car, and they will answer:

Seventeen years of working together and never being satisfied that the point of perfection has been reached.

Ask them who made and are still making the Cadillac the great and the good car it is, and they will reply:

All of us, and no one of us. All of us, because we think the same thoughts, and believe in the same things—but no one of us, because no man's mind can hold the complex harmonies the Cadillac comprehends.

They will tell you that, as nearly as a commercial enterprise can be, the Cadillac Company is a brotherhood in which each man pools his brains with the brains of every other.

They will tell you that here is an organization in which stubborn pride of opinion cannot prevail—an organization in which all things must work to the common end that the Cadillac shall steadily be made a better car.

We are only repeating what the whole world concedes when we say that there is not another car in all the world like the Cadillac.

And the reason there is not another car in the world like the Cadillac is that in all the world there is not another organization like the Cadillac organization.

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Selfish—
why not cool your home too?
It isn't fair, that's all!
Suppose your desk were gas-heated. Suppose you had the perfume of soup and onions instead of Havana!
How would you feel about a G-E Oscillating Fan? How do you feel about the one you have at the office?
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Look for the whole G-E Fan Family wherever you see the rainbow in the window. That's the place to get your electric fan.
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Silk

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

FOR several thousand years the human mind has been engaged in an effort to perfect artificial or man-made methods for imitating the processes and products of Nature. But with all of our centuries of accumulated wisdom we have never been able to build a food-producing machine as efficient as the barnyard hen that gives us eggs or the patient cow that supplies the greater part of the human race with milk. Circumstances have forced man to adopt many substitutes for the gifts of Nature. Some of these products have greatly pleased our senses, and not a few of them have served useful purposes. However, the experience of life has shown that though we may refine and change and mix the materials produced in Nature's workshop, the old, reliable, genuine articles have remained the standards of worth and quality.

One of the oldest industries in the world is the manufacture of silk. The Creator of the universe, foreseeing the needs of man, built a little machine in the form of an interesting worm that has gone on for ages converting the leaves of trees into wonderful threads for use in the manufacture of garments of rare texture. Noting that this worm got its raw material from trees, the mind of man attempted to imitate the process, and to-day a considerable quantity of beautiful textiles are made from artificial silk produced from wood pulp. Though man has been ingenious in the perfecting of his methods, the worm has him beaten, and Nature's silk possesses virtues that human skill cannot duplicate in the competing product. Therefore, let me devote some words to real silk and the conditions that surround its production throughout the world before I discuss the comparatively new and rapidly growing artificial-silk industry in this country.

An ancient emperor of China conceived the idea that thread from the cocoons of silkworms might be put to practical use in the making of clothes. This ruler charged his wife, the queen, with the task of investigating the problem. In carrying on the examination she collected large numbers of the worms, fed them herself and invented methods for reeling the silk and converting the delicate threads into a strong fiber suitable for manufacture into beautiful fabrics. As a reward for her remarkable discovery the Chinese queen was deified, and is still known as the Goddess of Silkworms.

The Chinese kept their method of reeling silk a profound secret for upward of 2000 years. Other nations purchased silk from China for many centuries without knowing how the material was made. Aristotle was the first European to learn the true origin of silk, but for nearly 1000 years after this discovery silk garments continued to be the apparel of royalty and people of great wealth. One writer states that the Emperor Aurelian refused his empress a silken robe on the ground of its great costliness.

It was not until the sixth century A. D. that the Emperor Justinian engaged two monks whom he sent to China for the purpose of securing and bringing back with them a quantity of silkworm eggs. This was not an easy commission to perform, for the government of China had issued an edict forbidding anyone on pain of death to export the eggs from the country. But notwithstanding the difficulties and threatened penalties, the monks returned with their booty concealed in the hollows of their pilgrims' staffs. Following this exploit, the silk industry spread rapidly over Greece, and from there to Spain, where it was started early in the eighth century. But it was 800 years later before the industry took hold in Italy, and another century before the French developed a silk business of their own.

About this same time—1622—silkworm eggs and mulberry trees were brought to the United States and an attempt was made to start a silk industry in Virginia. This effort failed, and it was not until 1734 that silk culture was successfully started in Georgia, where the industry grew until 10,000 pounds of silk were being shipped annually from Georgia in 1760. In this same year Connecticut began to grow silkworms, and for three-quarters of a century this state led all other sections of America in the quantity of silk produced. In the early part of the nineteenth century the silk industry in the United States became a center of speculation, and through a ridiculous advance in the prices of all stocks and lands the industry was seriously injured by the inevitable crash that this inflation brought on in 1839. Thousands of people were ruined, and mulberry trees and cuttings, which had been advanced to unheard-of prices, could not be disposed of for as many cents as they had brought dollars before. Shortly after this silk culture in America was wholly abandoned, and the United States ever since has been dependent upon foreign sources for its supplies of raw silk.

The silkworm, as most people know, is a species of caterpillar that feeds upon the leaves of trees. During long centuries of investigation the worm has been domesticated and has been taught many useful habits. Through intensive cultivation the silk-producing power of the worm has been greatly increased, which is shown by comparing the size of the cocoon of the tame worm with that of the wild worm. It is generally conceded that the white color of the present moth into which the silkworm develops, and the loss of power of flight of the insect, are due to the centuries of domestication to which the worm has been subjected.

After the small worms are hatched they are kept on trays made of matting, and are fed the small and tender leaves of the white mulberry tree or of the osage orange. These leaves are placed beside the worms on the tray or upon a perforated tray placed just above them. The worms that gain sufficient strength in feeding to crawl off are retained and used, while the weaker ones are removed with the remnants of eaten leaves. The worms have no eyes, but are very sensitive to a jar, which is shown by the fact that when you strike the rack or tray on which they lie they stop eating and throw their heads to one side.

The worm has four molting seasons, during each of which it sheds its old skin. After the last molt it is a little more than an inch long. From this time on the growth of the worm is extremely rapid, and in nine days it reaches a length of about three inches.

After the silkworm has attained its full growth it practically stops eating, shrinks at least one-third in length, and after selecting a suitable place for its next transformation, starts in to spin its cocoon. The

Child Labor Employed in a Chinese Steam Filature, or Silk Mill. Above—The First Process of Reeling Silk Thread From the Cocoon

silk is contained in the worm's body in a semifluid condition, and this gummy liquid is forced out through an orifice located just below the worm's mouth by the contraction of its body. After the first day of spinning the worm is nearly hidden from view, but the cocoon that it weaves round itself is not wholly completed before the end of the third day.

That the silkworm is an efficient worker is indicated by the fact that at the commencement of its cocoon spinning the silk flows from it at the rate of about ten inches a minute. Later, after the spinning work is well under way, the thread is forced out at the rate of about five inches a minute.

The cocoon of the silkworm is provided by Nature to protect it from the elements while it is being transformed first into a chrysalis and later into a moth. After the transformation within the cocoon has taken place the job remains for the moth to escape from its prison, which is not an easy task, in view of the fact that the moth has no mouth or jaws to aid it in getting out. Nature comes to the rescue, however, and the moth ejects against the end of the cocoon a strongly alkaline liquid which tends to dissolve the hard lining of the cocoon and thus enables the moth to push its way through the silken threads. In commercial practice this is not permitted, for when the moth escapes in this way, by effecting an opening in the end of the cocoon, the silk from the cocoon is ruined for reeling. For this reason the cocoons, after being completed, are treated to a steam bath which kills the chrysalis inside.

The silkworm has a mouth and a voracious appetite for leaves, but no eyes. The moth has eyes but no mouth, and consequently eats nothing during its short life of two or three days. It is the moth, however, that lays the eggs from which the silkworms are hatched, so it happens that when the silk producer desires to accumulate a supply of eggs for a future crop of silk he must permit the moth to develop and emerge from the cocoon, after which it mates and the female lays three or four hundred eggs on some near-by smooth surface. The sphere of life of the female moth is rather circumscribed, since it does not move more than ten or twelve inches away from the place of its birth.

A Cocoon Shed in a Chinese Silk Mill

The process of getting raw silk from the cocoon is a tedious task. First the outside loose silk is removed and the cocoon is plunged into warm water to soften the gum which holds the threads together. Then the operator takes a specially designed brush, and by lightly touching the cocoon unwinds the loose silk until the end of a continuous thread is found. Following this, four or five cocoons are placed in a basin of warm water below a reel, and the threads from these cocoons are gathered together to make one strong silk fiber.

Silk reeled by hand or foot power is known as re-reel silk, while silk reeled by power machinery is called filature. About 2600 cocoons are required to make a pound of reeled silk. When a silk thread breaks or the end of one cocoon is reached, the operator takes a fresh cocoon and quickly twists the end of the new fiber round the running thread, of which it now becomes a constituent part.

Japan is the greatest producer of raw silk in the world, while China produces the next largest quantity. The United States produces more manufactured silk articles than any other country, but is entirely dependent on foreign nations for its raw-silk supply. During 1919 the United States imported 44,816,918 pounds of raw silk, of which total Japan furnished 33,726,581 pounds, China about 9,000,000 pounds and European countries the remainder. In other words, Japan is now furnishing us nearly eighty per cent of our raw silk, and China about twenty per cent. The total value of the raw silk we imported last year was $329,338,872, of which amount Japan received $256,113,971. For many years silk has been the chief staple exported from Japan.

The question is often asked, Why has America no raw-silk industry of its own? The answer is easy to understand. The workers in Japan who reel the silk from the cocoons work for a wage of from fifty cents to one dollar for a day that varies in length from ten to fourteen hours. In China the wages are even less, seldom amounting to more than thirty cents for a twelve or fourteen hour day. It is also true that in China child labor is employed, and these juvenile workers, though they become quite dextrous, usually receive no more than two or three cents a day.

It is easily possible to grow mulberry trees here in the United States, and it is the leaves of these trees that are used to feed the silkworms. Efforts are being made in this country at the present time to establish a raw-silk industry, and no difficulty has been encountered except in the matter of getting cheap enough labor.

Early this year raw silk had risen to the record price of $16.80 a pound. At such a price many people believed that America could successfully enter the raw-silk business. But several months ago the panic that occurred in Japan broke the price of raw silk until on June first it could be obtained for about $10.20 a pound. At this latter price it is generally agreed that America cannot compete with Japan and China. It is therefore a fact that just now, even if we were to go into the business, grow mulberry trees, cultivate silkworms and produce cocoons, we would have to send these cocoons to China or Japan in order to get the silk threads from them.

The silk industry of Japan employs about 400,000 women; in China more than twice this number are employed.

The several companies that have recently engaged in silk culture in the United States have set out several thousand white mulberry trees, principally in California. The trees grow fine, but it remains to be seen what can be done with the cocoons. Perhaps science will point the way, though an investigation shows that the Japanese silk experts to-day are better informed in all phases of this subject than any other people.

The present silk situation in America is not without disturbing conditions. Here in this country we have built up a great manufacturing industry that is now turning out $500,000,000 worth of silk products a year, as against $100,000,000 of products in 1900 and $250,000,000 at the commencement of the war. Not only are we using more silk ourselves, but we are rapidly extending our market overseas. Twenty years ago our exports of silk goods totaled less than $250,000 annually; in 1918 we exported $20,000,000 worth of such goods. As already stated, this entire industry now depends on Japan for the greater part of the raw product used in American mills. The question has been asked, What would happen to us if our supplies were cut off?

Travelers back from Japan tell me that the Japanese are not content to raise the raw silk and then let us produce finished articles from it which net American manufacturers a larger profit than the Japs get themselves. The recent talk in Japan has tended to encourage the extension of the silk manufacturing business in that country. The Japanese are hoping to produce not only the raw silk but a much larger part of the manufactured goods that are now used throughout the world. Such an ambition is not unnatural, for here in America in many of our industries we frankly express similar hopes.

One solution of the problem seems to be the encouragement of the raw-silk industry in China. The Chinese are particularly anxious for Americans to coöperate with them. Chinese cocoons are produced under conditions so unfavorable, when compared to the Japanese system, that it is easy to understand why the Chinese raw-silk industry has failed to advance as rapidly as has the industry in Japan during recent years. With American capital to modernize the methods and introduce the latest ideas in silk culture, China will be able to produce a much larger quantity of silk, and of an improved grade suitable for use in American mills. The Chinese are perhaps more friendly toward America than toward any other nation, so it does appear that our silk people have an unusual opportunity in China to protect themselves in the way of a future supply of raw silk.

I have so far touched on silk produced by domesticated worms. There is also what is known as wild silk, obtained from the cocoons of worms that have not been cultivated. Pongee is made out of wild silk, and gets its characteristic color because of the fact that the wild worms usually feed on the leaves of oak trees instead of the mulberry leaves. The food that the worm consumes determines the color of the thread it spins. The mulberry leaf produces a white thread, while the oak leaf changes the thread to a buff color. This doesn't mean that all goods called pongee are made of wild silk. Some of it contains very little silk of any kind, and gets its color from the clever application of dyes.

One of the interesting products that bears a slight relationship to the silk industry is artificial silk. Few textile fibers at the present time are receiving as much attention as this comparatively new grade of goods. Though there are several methods of manufacturing artificial silk, the most successful plan seems to be its production from wood pulp. At first the pulp of the mulberry tree was used, but it was found later that any soft wood, or even cotton, might be used in one of the processes employed. The greater part of the artificial silk now produced in the United States is made from the pulp of the spruce tree.

The wood pulp is first treated with caustic soda and then with disulphide of carbon, and the resulting mass is dissolved in a solution of caustic soda. The mixture thus produced resembles molasses in color and consistency. The threads from the solution are formed by forcing the liquid through minute holes less than one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. These jets of the siruplike liquid, as they emerge from the holes, pass into another liquid which sets them to a firm jelly, strong enough to be drawn through the bath and wound up by some convenient form of collector.

After certain chemical treatments the gelatinous thread of cellulose hydrate is wound into skeins and is washed

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GERMANY'S GIANT SUPERTRUST OF ALL BRANCHES OF INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 22)

will be face to face with the destruction or enslaving of her whole economic life."

Therewith Moellendorff produced his plan-economy, and urged as its central and indispensable feature the fusion of all branches of production into all-German trusts. The chief functions of these trusts he laid down as follows:

The regulation and distribution of raw materials in their respective branches.

The regulation of production.

The furthering of productive efficiency by means of organization, standardization and economy, with the aim of increasing and cheapening output and lowering prices.

The organization of sale, with the elimination of unnecessary competition and of unnecessary middlemen.

The reduction of capital and labor oppositions by means of all-German wage agreements and allied measures of conciliation.

The promotion of applied scientific and technical inquiry, and the provision of special training for workmen.

The supertrust as described in Moellendorff's memorandum has never as a single measure been submitted to the National Assembly. Even the enthusiastic creator does not consider it possible to organize rapidly on a uniform plan the innumerable trusts controlling production and the innumerable representative councils regulating social oppositions, of which the plan-economy is composed. But during the whole of last year and the first months of this the vast edifice has been growing, brick by brick and wall by wall.

The state of its construction in May, 1920, was this: The supertrust's supreme governing assembly, the Federal Council of Economy, is before the National Assembly in bill form, and it will soon become law. Of the subordinate chains of organization the branch—industrial and commercial—side has been so far completed that the three all-German coal, potash and iron trusts exist and are in full operation. An all-German paper trust has been planned and will be submitted to the Reichstag after the elections in June. The chemicals, textile, pottery and thirteen other proposed all-German trusts exist in their lower organization in shape of private syndicates; but the intended fusion of the syndicates into master trusts is so far represented only by minute squares on Moellendorff's plan-economy diagrams. Many months—probably half a dozen years—will elapse before the whole twenty master trusts are in existence and at work. Of the subordinate organizations which are to be appended to these trusts for special aims, some are created, even though the trusts themselves are lacking.

Thus for every trust which is, or is to be, exists already its foreign-trade department; and all these twenty foreign-trade departments are ready to fit into their places when their trusts come into being.

The Iron Industry Union

That is the state of the branch side of the supertrust, the side which is concerned only with increasing the efficiency of industry and trade. The other side of the supertrust, the social side, is likewise only partly created; and here also it is the lowest organizations which are most complete. The lowest understructure of the social organization is made up of councils of employers and of factory councils of employed. The latter are organizations in the individual factories and shops which represent the workmen's collective views and which have a certain joint right, together with the employers, to influence wage and work conditions. The plan-economy proposes to build up similar social—capital and labor—bodies in larger districts; until finally the chain of social councils meets the representatives of the trusts proper in the Council of Economy, which is ultimate authority over the whole double construction.

The all-German iron trust held its first meeting at Düsseldorf, in Western Germany, on the twenty-sixth of April, this year. It is the general type of all German trust; and I describe it in preference to the coal or the potash trust because it is the most complicated and complete. The trust has its headquarters at Düsseldorf because it is a principle of the plan-economy that trusts shall be directed from near the center of production by the men and interests directly concerned. The trust is called The Iron Industry Union—the *Eisenwirtschaftsbund*. It consists of two bodies—the trust proper and the parliament governing the trust, which is officially The Iron Plenary Assembly. The trust proper is in turn organized in two departments, one of which handles only pig iron, ferromanganese and ferrosilicon, while the other handles half-finished steel, bar iron, sheet iron, plates, wire, steel rails, railroad rolling stock, and the other products controlled by the big private steel syndicate which came to an end when the all-German iron trust was born. The trust is compulsory, and every German corporation producing any of the forms of iron listed in its constitution is obliged by law to join it. In legal sense it is a private corporation which can carry on any business operation and can sue and be sued. It is based entirely on private ownership; the stock in its constituent corporations continues to belong to the stockholders; its profits are not limited; and in them neither state nor municipality has any share.

The Iron Parliament

The six functions of the all-German iron trust which I have quoted from Moellendorff are fulfilled by the trust only as executor. The principles and general rules governing these functions are laid down by the plenary assembly. The assembly is entirely independent of the trust; it is, in fact, a governing legislature; and already its popular name is the Iron Parliament. The Iron Parliament is composed of seventy members elected by the classes and corporations interested in iron production, trade and consumption. This embodies the principle of self-government in industry, on which, in opposition to official or public control, Moellendorff insists. Thirty-four members represent iron production, twelve the iron trade and twenty-four the iron consumer. The consumer here is not the general public, which will be separately represented in the Federal Council of Economy—the all-Trust parliament—but the finishing manufacturer in his capacity of immediate consumer. In plan-economy is embodied a third principle, the principle of compulsory collaboration between capital and labor, which may be called mutualism. "Mutualism" is a word invented by the French Socialist, Proudhon, to describe industry based on private ownership, but so organized in the interests of both employers and employed as to insure efficiency. Two years before he became secretary of state, Moellendorff published his remarkable book, German Mutualism. On this principle the Düsseldorf Parliament includes in the production, trade and consumption groups an equal number of delegates of employers and employed. The seventeen representatives of employers in production are elected by the existing pig-iron syndicate, by the rolling mill corporations and by other producing interests; the six representatives of employers in trade are elected by existing private associations of dealers; and the twelve representatives of employers in consumption are elected by the state railroad and other state iron-using departments, by private railroad-material producers, by shipbuilders, boiler makers, motor-car and cycle manufacturers, and by finishing manufacturers who use much iron. The thirty-five representatives of the workmen in production, trade and consumption are elected by their special labor unions. With that the Iron Parliament is complete.

In principle the Iron Parliament is subject to supervision by the government, which means in the end by the National Assembly or the Reichstag. Its link with the government is a state commissioner who resides at Düsseldorf. With that limitation, the parliament directs, uninterfered with, the whole of the German Republic's iron and steel production, home sale and foreign trade; it can require the iron trust to give information and figures; it determines for all products maximum prices, which count as compulsory under the wartime price laws; and it lays down conditions of delivery. Agreements conflicting with its regulations are void. It insures that the home consumer is adequately supplied with iron goods before any export is allowed; and it determines the maximum permissible export. It can order the seizure of iron or steel from any of the trust's component corporations which neglect to deliver their quota for the home consumer. It can compel corporations that export iron and steel to spend the foreign currency so received in payment for imported iron ore, food or other necessaries; and it can divert part of the extra profits which exporting firms reap, owing to the higher foreign price level, to equalizing the production costs of corporations which use dear foreign ore with the costs of those which use cheap native ore. To cover its expenditure it levies taxes on the constituent corporations and charges fees for granting export licenses. Finally, it has a certain judicial authority in that it can impose heavy fines on, and even imprison, the responsible heads of corporations which violate its decrees.

That is, in rough, the model type of Moellendorff's other all-German trusts. The coal and potash trusts differ in detail, because both are mere raw-material trusts, producing practically a uniform commodity. The coal trust consists of a mining and selling trust proper, known as the Federal Coal Union, and of a governing assembly known as the Federal Coal Council. All Germany is divided into eleven coal districts, each of which has its compulsorily formed syndicate of all local coal producers, and the trust unites the syndicates into one. The trust directs mining, controls the consumption of coal by the mines themselves, regulates sale conditions and fixes prices. Here it differs from the iron trust, whose prices are fixed by the parliament. If the coal trust's prices are too high the state, after conferring with the coal council, can reduce them. All mining corporations must deliver their output to their local syndicate, which sells for their separate account. The assembly, the Coal Parliament, contains sixty members—eleven representing the mine-owning states, fifteen the private employers, fifteen the employees, and the rest representing coal-using industries, private consumers and railroads and shipping. The parliament is completed with three expert members, one for mining, one for fuel science and the other for steam power. The trust is non-socialistic. It recognizes fully the property rights of the mining corporations; it leaves profits free, except so far as these are limited by maximum prices; and it rejects public control by constituting the coal parliament as a representative assembly of only the interests affected.

The Potash Trust

The all-German potash trust is similar. It is compulsory; embraces every potash corporation; and is governed by a Federal Potash Council representing only the potash interests, employers and employed. The potash trust is in law a limited-liability company of ordinary German type, the aim here being to insure the efficient commercial management which has become necessary since France acquired the potash fields of Alsace, making severe selling competition probable in the coming years. The potash trust's statutes also do not limit profits; in fact, in the year in which the trust has operated the important Aschersleben and Adler corporations largely increased the profits which they had made in preceding years.

Germany's seventeen other national trusts will resemble more the iron-trust model, because they will embrace differentiated products and will develop their spheres of authority from the simplest processes down to the most complicated. Herein they will follow the lines of the pre-war private syndicates and cartels. When first founded these combines aimed at spreading horizontally, taking in ever more and more corporations producing a single commodity. The big pig-iron syndicates' ambition was to fuse only all smelting works. Later, the syndicates began to develop also vertically, so as to embrace first, the raw-material corporations; second, corporations producing half-finished goods; and third, the finishing manufacturers. Krupps, of Essen, who have in the last year absorbed about a dozen different corporations, are a type of the vertical syndicate; they produce their own ores, pig iron, half-finished steel, and so on, down to complete machines.

The plan-economy aims at expanding the all-German trusts to the extreme limit, both horizontally and vertically. The ultimate type of trust will produce or import raw materials, turn these, through the agency of subordinate trusts, into half-finished goods, and distribute these for completion into finished goods to manufacturing corporations organized as subordinate finishing trusts. The Düsseldorf iron trust is at present a sovereign unit, subject directly to the Federal Council of Economy, which is to rule the whole organization; but in Moellendorff's blue-print diagrams it appears merely as a secondary combine, the master trust being an all-German all-metals trust, with three limbs: The iron trust, a trust for metals other than iron, and a trust for finished-metal manufacturers. All three will ramify down. The iron trust will have subordinate trusts for plates, sheet iron, bar iron, wire and other products of the now-abolished private steel syndicate; the other-metals trust will branch into separate lead, copper, tin, zinc, nickel, gold and silver trusts; and the finishing trust will branch into separate trusts for locomotives, ships, motor cars, flying machines, electrical machines, machine tools, and so on.

The vastness of the all-German all-metals trust is best shown by the fact that an industry so great as shipbuilding occupies only a third-rate place in the scale of importance. In the end the plan-economy will consist of hundreds if not thousands of small specialized industrial combines, each embracing every corporation in its particular branch, each linked and subordinated in a symmetrical scheme of parent and sister organizations, and all leading ultimately to the all-German supertrust of all industry which is to combine and regulate the whole.

Foreign-Trade Departments

The branch—industrial and commercial—side of the supertrust has one other group of organizations. These are the foreign-trade departments, created mostly in advance of their trusts because they were indispensable even without the trusts. Their functions are:

To regulate foreign trade in the commodity in question in such a way as to prevent depletion of the home market, which would otherwise result, owing to the higher prices paid for goods abroad.

To insure that Germany gets a full return for her exports. In 1919 Germans exported at prices which were usually far below those of the world market; and as she paid for imports at full world-market prices the result was a national loss.

To prevent smuggling out of capital by selling goods to foreigners and leaving the proceeds abroad.

Last October were in existence fourteen foreign-trade departments, covering iron, chemicals, textiles, coal and all other important export and import branches. Originally these were mere bureaucratic appendages to the wartime compulsory industry. They have now been re-formed on representative lines and increased to the number of twenty, with the aim of tacking them on to their corresponding master trusts; and in their new form they embody the Moellendorffian principles of self-government and mutualism. They are governed, that is, by boards in which only the interests—and in each interest both capital and labor—sit. The re-formed foreign-trade departments have mostly been in operation since January, and they are doing good work. With the foreign-trade departments, plan-economy, as far as it concerns production and trade proper and as far as it differentiates between the different branches of industry, is complete. The parallel social control organization comes next. Part of this organization is planned, part of it is provided by the one hundred and sixty-fifth article of Germany's new constitution and part of it is already law. The part which is already law is the chain of factory councils established in February, 1920. The law provides that every industrial concern employing more than twenty workmen shall have a workmen's council to represent the employees' interests and to collaborate with the employers in the interest of general efficiency. The factory council is not

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a socialistic institution; it can put forward the employees' wishes, but it cannot enforce them without the employers' consent; and it is the employer who carries out any measures on which he and his employees jointly agree.

Moellendorff's memorandum stands firmly for the factory councils. The factory councils, standing on a par with local councils of employers, which at present exist only unofficially, are the lowest substructure of the social branch of the supertrust. Both classes of councils will send delegates to a joint council of economy for their county—*Bezirk*. These county organizations are provided for by the constitution; they will deal with local industrial conditions, labor supply, wages, housing and health; and they are on the basis of mutualism, being pledged to work neither for employer nor employed, but for general harmony and efficiency. They are entitled to submit plans for social legislation to the Federal Council of Economy. Above them are an all-German chamber of employers and an all-German chamber of employees; and these two councils ultimately embouch as representation of the social factor in the Federal Council of Economy, and there meet the parallel branch organization of the master trusts. With that the whole organization of the supertrust is complete.

The system of plan-economy so constituted is not a geometrical puzzle with no higher aim than proving the founder's organizing ingenuity. It is a well-thought-out scheme which aims at harmonizing and turning into allies the two antagonistic elements in modern industrial life. Germany can be saved only by ruthless hard work. Her condition requires that the technical and commercial side of production must be perfected remorselessly, with unshrinking zeal for efficiency. The function of the supertrust is to push production on the hard, egoistic lines which are supposed to be capitalistic. That was Rathenau's argument. But Moellendorff, in developing the scheme, found that the modern social movement is too deep, the revolutionary ferment is too strong, to make practicable any form of industrial organization based on efficiency alone.

Having been refused socialism, having on second thoughts refused it to himself, the German workman wants some substitute with social aims. His demand is met by giving him an equal place with capital, though no ownership rights, in the councils which direct the great trusts, and in the territorial social councils. Labor's duties as well as rights are here insisted on. All laws and projects of the plan-economy so far published insist that the employees' delegates shall work for efficiency of production—the factory-councils law even specially requires the councils to help toward the introduction of improved machines and methods. But in the whole scheme, except in ownership respect, labor has practically the same power as capital. And that also is the rule in the highest organization of all, the Federal Council of Economy, which is to fuse the twenty projected master trusts comprising the whole national production and trade into a coherent whole.

According to the bill now before the National Assembly, the Federal Council of Economy will sit at Berlin. It will have three hundred and twenty members, organized in separate groups, each representing some dominant industrial, commercial or financial interest. The greatest national interests are industry and agriculture. Each of these will have sixty-eight delegates. The next largest group, comprising forty-four members, will represent trade, banking and insurance. Communications will send thirty-four members; handwork, thirty-six; the consumers in all classes, thirty; and officialdom and the liberal professions, sixteen.

All these will be elected by existing private organizations, always on the mutualist principle of equal representation for employers and employed. There will further be twelve delegates familiar with the special industrial and commercial requirements of different German provinces, who will be nominated by the Reichstag—that is, the upper chamber of the political legislature, which is itself constituted on territorial lines. Finally, the central government will nominate twelve delegates, all of whom must be persons who have rendered real services to business life.

The Federal Council of Economy is in full sense a parliament of business. Its members enjoy parliamentary immunity; its sessions are public; and members of the government have a right to appear before it. It will govern the whole industrial, trading, banking, and—as far as they concern industry—also social affairs of the German Republic; and it will be the final authority over the chain of trusts. No bill concerning any of these matters will be submitted to the political Reichstag until it has first been submitted to the council; and the council will draw up its own bills and recommend them to the Reichstag. The council will appoint a committee or cabinet of its own, which must be heard by ministers of state before they issue administrative degrees concerning the execution of any law already in force. In practice these provisions mean that industry, trade, finance and labor questions are removed from the authority of the political Reichstag. The Reichstag organ of the whole nation can in theory overrule the council; but in practice it will hesitate before going counter on a matter of business to a body which has been elected specially to express the views of the business classes and individuals. In effect an independent economical parliament will be set up beside the political parliament. This is not so revolutionary a step as it seems. It is a measure often urged by European reformers, and elaborated long ago by the Austrian politician, Pernerstorfer, as the sole means for remedying the congestion and simplifying the perpetual cross-purposes of parliamentary government.

The Council of Economy, as at present proposed, does not exactly fit the trust organizations now existing or planned. Its scope is greater. This is because the plan-economy has not yet, even on paper, been developed to its ultimate possibilities. The Council of Economy contains representatives of banking, agriculture and communications; and in these connections I have made no mention of possible trusts. In fact, the notion of a state banking trust was rejected by the socialization commission. But for agriculture and communications, the government last month foreshadowed organizations embodying both the notion of the trust and the notion of self-government. The plan of an agricultural chamber—*Landwirtschaftskammer*—has been issued. Under this chamber agriculture will be organized into a number of local syndicates, whose first function will be to guarantee the delivery of fixed quotas of produce for the industrial population. The coming railroad trust will inevitably be a state trust, because the railroads have all along been the property of the separate states of the republic. On the first of April the roads of Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg and the other minor states were taken over and fused into one by the central republican government; and immediately afterward it was announced that the united railroad system would be governed not bureaucratically and not publicly, but on the lines of the master trusts—that is, by a council representing the interests only. So that ultimately a railroad and an agricultural trust will take their places beside the other master trusts under the Council of Economy; and it needs only the trusting of the banks to make the scheme perfect and to realize Rathenau's vision of an organization such as would be created if a single multi-billionaire came into possession of the whole national mechanism of production, distribution and private finance.

The plan-economy is undoubtedly the biggest and most elaborate work of economic organization ever attempted. The questions open are: Will it ever be completed? and Will it work? Will the innumerable missing wheels, levers and couplings be turned out in time and set in place; or will the present vast but largely skeleton mechanism break down and prove its impracticability before it has had a chance to operate as a whole? These are vital questions not only for Germany, but also for the non-German world. If success is met, German industry and trade, through the magic of trust efficiency and economy, may be rapidly restored to the dominant position which they enjoyed before the war. If failure results, Germany will probably revert to the illusions of state or communistic Socialism; and either bureaucratic tutelage or plain labor despotism will be the system that will succeed.

OUR FUTURE TRADE WITH ITALY

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for the past year—1919. This exhibits imports at sixteen and one-half billion lire, and exports at five and one-half billion. In the first six months of the year the ratio of exports to imports was one to five; in the last half of the year the ratio was one to two and a quarter. The normal ratio before the war was one to one and a half.

In the old days Italy's relatively small unfavorable trade balance was redressed by the foreign-tourist trade and the cash remittances sent back to Italy by emigrants in foreign lands. In this respect Italy has been compared to certain of our American mining communities of which it has been justly said, "The outside money makes the camp."

At the moment Italy is woefully unprepared to buy our goods for cash. One's mind reverts to the idea of barter, and one asks what goods Italy has to give in exchange for American products. Here are some of them: Beautiful yellow silk, Carrara marble, hemp, sulphur, quicksilver, citric acid, lemons, preserved cherries, sumac, licorice, talc, laces, embroideries, automobiles, cork, gloves, majolica, Murano glass, carved furniture and other art objects innumerable. There is not, however, an article on the list that is necessary for our sustenance or security, and scarcely anything that ministers to our comfort and convenience.

There is no mention in this list, however, of Italy's most valuable exportable product. Labor, like anything else, is a commodity when it comes to swapping goods. Labor is the most valuable thing Italy has to give in exchange for our goods. In normal times a stream of young, strong, frugal labor flows in a heavy tide westward from Southern Italy to the United States and South America. In years gone by the fruitful labor of the Italian peasant, bred to toil and frugal living, has served to enrich us. These are the men who have dug our sewers, mined our coal, built our bridges and surfaced our railroads. These, too, are the men who have served to make strap and buckle meet in their native land. It is estimated that out of every three dollars earned in manual toil by the Italian emigrant abroad two dollars are returned to the home country in cash remittances.

This is direct exportation of labor. As an explanation of the phenomenon of indirect exportation of labor, let an illustration be taken from the Italian cotton trade. Italy purchases raw cotton from us to the amount of round two hundred million dollars a year. This cotton pours in a white stream through the spinning and weaving mills about Milan, and having been wrought upon by willing hands is transformed into higher values and sold throughout the world.

Here we have the indirect exchange of an Italian product, labor, for an American product, cotton. American cotton, in the form of Italian spun yarns, can now be reshipped across the Atlantic and sold in competition with the product of American cotton mills located in sight of growing cotton. In this case, where both the raw material and the finished product are financed through the same market, currency inequalities are wiped out. The cheaper Italian labor more than pays the cost of two transatlantic freights.

Italy must perforce look to us in increasing measure for the basic materials of her industrial life. If her teeming population is to have something to work upon, Italy must continue to buy our copper, cotton, lumber, steel and petroleum. It goes without saying that Italy must have certain of our machines which command a market throughout the civilized world, such as cash registers, adding machines, sewing machines, typewriters and shoe machinery.

What I would dwell upon, however, is the latent and undeveloped market that awaits our goods in Italy. Let us take some illustrations from the trade in foodstuffs. The war has turned this trade topsy-turvy. Before the war Italy sent us wines, macaroni, cheese and olive oil in abundance. This food export trade is now all shot to pieces. National prohibition has killed our importation of Italian wine. Russian hard wheat has not for some years been available for macaroni making, and Italy has become in consequence an importer rather than an exporter of flour pastes. The loss of livestock through the Austrian invasion and the cattle plague has cut down the cheese industry to such an extent that Italy no longer produces enough cheese to go round the home table, and for every pound of cheese sent out of the country two pounds are now brought in. As to olive oil, it is a safe estimate that Italy now consumes more vegetable oil of American origin than we consume of Italian origin. The thing works out this way: What formerly passed as pure Lucca oil was not for the most part an Italian oil at all, but olive oil of Spanish or Greek origin that had come into Italy for blending or refining. The war broke up this three-cornered trade and our chief imports of olive oil during and since the war have come direct from Greece and Spain. Italy does not produce enough genuine olive oil to meet home requirements and has actually been eking out meager supplies by heavy imports of cottonseed oil from the United States and soy-bean oil from China. These exotic vegetable oils are strained through olive pulp that has once been pressed, and reach the Italian consumer as native olive oil. Things are turned round completely when we ship back to Italy substitutes for her own food specialties.

Of the transformations wrought in the life of the Italian people by the war none is more important than the shifting in dietary standards. New and unaccustomed American foods have come into favor that were practically unknown in Italy five years ago. I may mention, in passing, canned salmon, corned beef, refrigerated meats, cured hams, condensed milk and salt pork. A marked tendency is noted to shift from a vegetarian to a meat diet, which favors the future markets for our meat products in Italy. It is said that the Italian cities made the war but that the peasants fought it. At any rate the war found upward of two million peasants under arms. These men seldom saw meat at home, but soon acquired a liking for it as part of the regular army ration. Having once acquired the taste they will be slow to give it up. The shortage of olive oil has also stimulated meat consumption. The Italian has little relish for vegetables unless they are served with a dressing of oil.

Refrigerated beef, imported in great quantities during the war, has never been popular in Italy, chiefly because the product got to the consumer in poor condition. There will be little call for our beef in future, but a permanent market may be looked for in ham, bacon, lard, cottonseed oil, dried fish and preserved salmon. A dish of canned salmon may be had cheaper in Italy to-day than a like bulk of the cheapest native fish. Fresh fish is almost a misnomer in Italy—the takings from native waters are relatively small and owing to poor refrigeration facilities the fish get to market in bad condition.

There is no hope of selling American mutton in Italy. The ancient Romans did not regard mutton as fit for human consumption, and to this day it is held by the Italians in low esteem as an article of food. Mutton is in about the same request as horse meat, and sells at substantially the same price.

Dried ham, known as *prosciuto*, when cut in thin slices and eaten raw, is considered a great dainty in Italy, and our exporters would do well to work up dried ham as a specialty for the Italian market.

The central fact in the economic life of Italy is the pressure of population upon food. Italy consumes more grain per capita than any other European country and produces only about sixty per cent of her requirements. The Italian can make a shift to live without meat but cannot get along without a plentiful bread allowance and the various kinds of macaroni known generally as *pasta*.

Wheat is the pivotal cereal, but wheat and gold are interchangeable in their relations to the currency. Italy can increase the value of the lira just as effectively by raising wheat as she could by digging gold.

(Continued on Page 44)

PERFECTION SPRINGS

Resilient *as a* Lancewood Bow

Fashioned in finest steel and tempered with practiced skill, a Perfection Spring is resilient as a lancewood bow.

Purposefully patterned and accurately suspended, these springs are carefully engineered to the individual road and load exactions of each vehicle they serve.

Aware of their unmatched quality, many of America's foremost manufacturers of passenger cars, trucks, trailers and tractors have chosen Perfection Springs for factory equipment.

THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
THE SPRING DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY
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THESE MANUFACTURERS EQUIP ALL OR PART OF THEIR PRODUCTS WITH PERFECTION SPRINGS

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Anderson Motor Co.
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[illegible]
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Brockway Motor Truck Co.
[illegible]
Brown & Stahl Motor Corporation
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[illegible]
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Chevrolet Motors Co.
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Cleveland Trailer Mfg. Co.
Clydesdale Motor Truck Co.
Cole Motor Car Co.
Columbia Motor Truck & Trailer Co.
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Cook Motors Corp'n
Crock Motor Car Company
Crow-Elkhart Motor Corp'n
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Defiance Motor Truck Co.
Dependable Truck & Tractor Co.
Dort Motor Car Co.
Dunham Company
Elkhart Carriage & M. C. Co.
Elwell Parker Elec. Co.
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Essex Motors Company
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Highway Trailer Co.
Hi-Speed Trailer-car Co.
Holmes Automobile Co.
Hudson Motor Car Co.
Huffman Bros.
International Purchasing & Eng. Co.
Jackson Motor Corp'n
Jordan Motor Car Company
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Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co.
Kenworthy Motors Corp'n
Kline Cars Company
Kurtz Motor Car Co.
LaFayette Motors Co.
Leach-Biltwell Motor Car Company
Lewis-Hall Motors Corp'n
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Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.
[illegible]
Mercer Motors Co.
Mercer Motor Car Co.
[illegible]
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Miller Trailer Co.
Moon Mfg. Company
A. J. Miller & Co.
Moon Motor Co.
Moreland Motor Car Co.
Norwalk Motor Car Company
Nelson Motor Truck Co.
New England Truck Co.
Nonpareil Motors Corp'n
Northway Motors Corp'n
Ohio Motor Vehicle Co.
Olds Motor Works
Owen Magnetic Motor Car Corp'n
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Pan Motors Company
Paragon Motor Car Company
H. W. Peabody Co.
Piedmont Motor Car Co.
Premier Motor Corp'n
Rail Welding & Bonding Co.
Rainier Motor Corp'n
Regal Motor Car Co.
[illegible]
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Sayers & Scovill Company
Seagrave Company
Selden Truck Corp'n
Severin Motor Co.
F. M. Sheehan
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Thomas Jefferson Truck Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
J. T. Wilson Company
Winton Co.
Yellow Taxicab Co.

Up
Down
This Stropper strops Diagonally
Blade moves "up" and "down" as strop moves back and forth
THE SPIRAL CYLINDER, THE SECRET OF THE DIAGONAL STROKE

This is the stropper that strops diagonally and the spiral cylinder the secret of the diagonal stroke. As you pull the strop back and forth it turns this cylinder. The circular bands attached to the blade holder travel along the spiral track and move the blade crosswise while the strop is moving lengthwise. The exact diagonal stroke results

KANNER'S *Slyde-Stroke* STROPPER
makes perfect stropping easy

Here's a device every self-shaver has been looking for. It strops both regular razors and all kinds of safety blades with the *diagonal* stroke, the correct way to strop.

It's easy—you don't have to "know how." All you do is to hang up the stropper, insert your old-fashioned razor or any kind of safety blade, grab the two handles and pull first one, then the other. A few strokes and the job is done, and done right.

As the strop moves back and forth lengthwise, the blade moves crosswise and automatically presses first one side of the edge and then the other against the strop—three distinct motions from one operation. The result is perfect *diagonal* stropping, with the same pressure and at the same angle every time—better than the barber can, for he works by hand.

All the microscopic teeth of the shaving edge are perfectly lined up and your razor is ready for the quick, clean, comfortable shave you want every time.

Men, it's a winner—the best stropper I've made in 20 years. All parts are high-grade steel, heavily nickel-plated. The strop leather is the finest. I guarantee it against any defect any time.

Your drug-, hardware- or department-store probably has this latest model. If not, send me $5 and your dealer's name and I'll mail you one. Either way, you can test it for 60 days, then get your money back if you want it.

Don't wait any longer for shaving satisfaction. Get Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper today.

If you want more information, write for my free book, "How to Keep Your Razor Sharp."

Samuel Kanner, 556 Broadway, New York

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Canada: Hale Bros., Montreal, and C. C. Craig Co., Winnipeg. England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, France, Spain and Italy: Seaton McLennan, main office, Barrowfield St., Glasgow, Scotland. Australia: Partridge Agencies, Sydney, N. S. W. New Zealand: H. E. Partridge & Co., Ltd., Auckland.

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There are no known gold deposits in the kingdom, but there are thousands of acres of unproductive land that might be turned to wheat-raising account through the employment of scientific American agricultural methods. I have had frequent discussions with Italian officials in the Ministries of Agriculture and of Commerce on this point, and it can be stated that the time is ripe for the introduction on a broad scale of American farming methods.

The Demand for Tillage Tools

What we have been at pains to point out is this: That economic waste may be avoided by cutting down the purchases of foodstuffs in the United States and the substitution therefor of fabricated steel, machine tools, fertilizers, agricultural implements, or things that would serve the permanent development of the country rather than the satisfaction of casual and temporary needs. The culture of our cow pea and velvet bean as leguminous cover crops would be a help. Our South Carolina rock, brought over as ballast in outgoing cotton cargoes, in union with relatively cheap Italian sulphuric acid, would provide an important chemical fertilizer.

Italian farmers are fairly well provided with American harvesting machinery. I happen to know that seven hundred of our harvesting machines were distributed in a single season from the comparatively unimportant town of Foggia, in the region of Apulia. A striking deficiency, however, is noted in improved tillage tools. There are broad areas in Southern Italy and the island of Sardinia where farming methods have apparently undergone no change in upward of two thousand years. A yoke of oxen and a wooden plow comprise the entire outfit of thousands of Italian farmers. Such an implement as our American disk harrow would revolutionize agriculture in broad stretches of Italian soil. Five years ago this particular implement was unknown in France. An enterprising American agent went into France with a lot of these harrows and demonstrated what this simple tillage tool could do. This pioneer work took some time and money, but to-day this same agent is selling five thousand disk harrows a year in France and has now come down into Italy to do exactly the same pioneer work. There is no question about the deep underlying though unconscious demand for our tillage tools. Let it once be demonstrated what the implement will do and the tool sells itself.

I visited not long ago a farm of something over a thousand acres in the near-by Roman Campagna. Under the stimulus of record high prices, and with the aid of American agricultural implements, wide stretches of meager grazing lands were being transformed into highly productive farmland. Thirty American farm tractors drawing heavy double-bottomed plows had been employed to break up the hard surface soil. Hillsides that had been barren except for scrub oak since the days of the early Cæsars had been cleaned up, terraced and planted to olive trees. What had been a malarious swamp had been drained by dynamiting the hard subsoil after American methods, and converted into a fertile truck garden. It was a pleasure to see this constructive work going on and to recognize the rôle which American methods and machinery are playing in the reclamation and development of a region that was old in civilization before Christ came on earth or the first Saxon set foot in Britain.

Malaria and Tuberculosis

Mention was made of malarious swamps. In the southern provinces of Italy and in the islands malaria lays a heavy discount on farm production. Malaria breeds in the lowlands, where plant life also best thrives. In an effort to escape the plague the farmer lives upon the heights and uses up a great amount of time and effort in making the daily trip to his fields. Where malaria prevails in the valleys tuberculosis plays havoc among the dwellers on the heights. The explanation is this: The towns built upon the heights are, as a rule, ancient communes constructed in feudal times for defensive purposes. The standards of ventilation and sanitation remain unchanged since the Dark Ages. The highest death rate from tuberculosis recorded of any city

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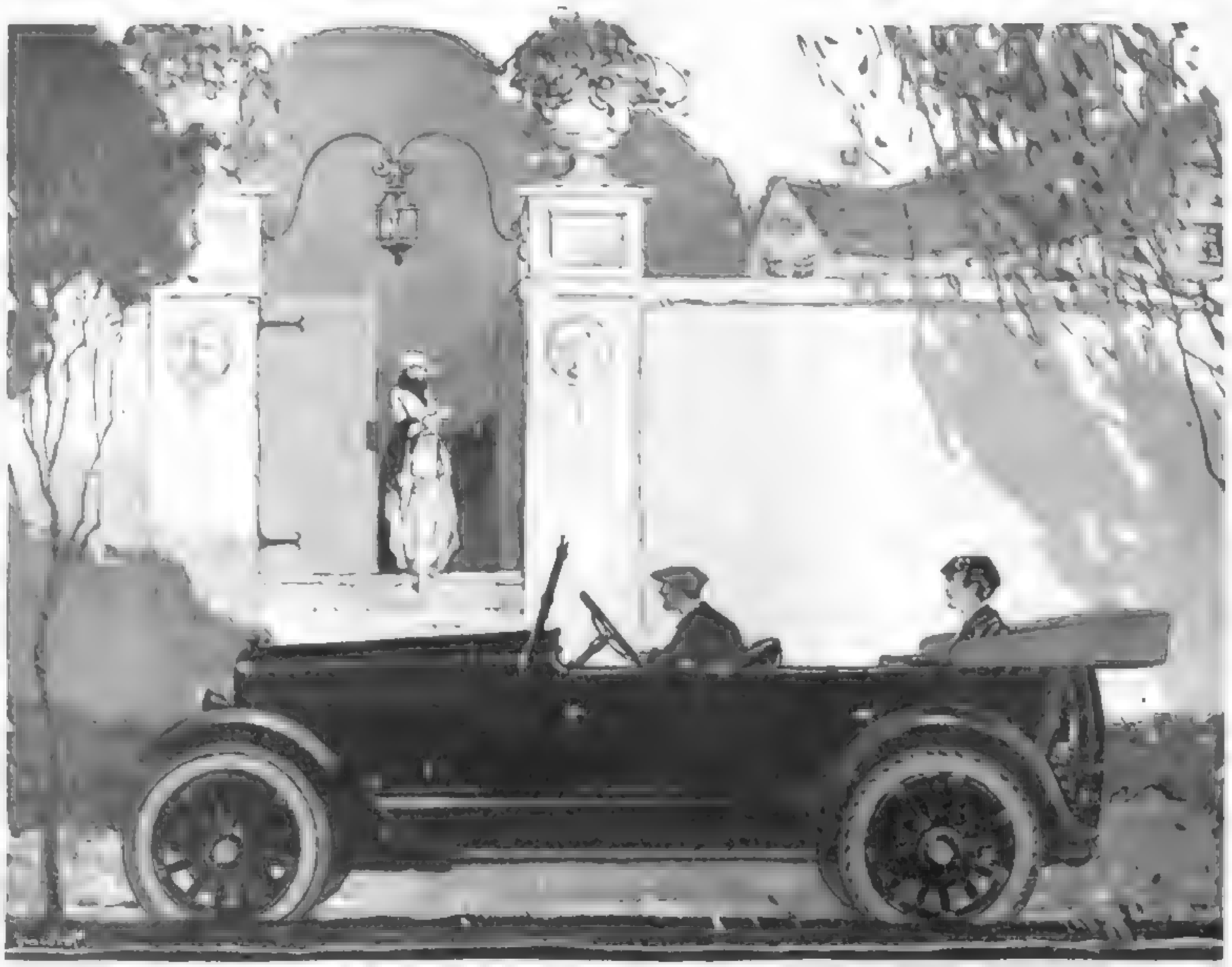
Sardinian Lace Maker in Native Costume



FOR THREE YEARS CHALMERS HAS LED ALL MOTOR CAR DESIGN WITH ITS HOT SPOT AND RAM'S-HORN

THE public the country over now accepts Hot Spot and Ram's-horn, and in accepting them the public pays Chalmers a nation-wide tribute. For when the great American jury endorses a principle it means other makers must follow that principle. In this way Chalmers has been awarded an engineering leadership.

Just what Hot Spot and Ram's-horn accomplish and how they do it has been told many times, but no other maker has yet found a way to improve upon them.

Hot Spot vaporizes the raw, heavy, inferior gasoline of the day into a "fine cloud." Ram's-horn rushes it at a velocity of 100 miles an hour through "easy air bends" to each cylinder, equidistant from Hot Spot.

One without the other would be ineffective. Playing together they lift Chalmers to a high peak of efficiency. The reward has been the ever growing opinion of the public that Chalmers is one of the few great cars of the world.

Quality First

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO — MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORP., EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CHALMERS

With HOT SPOT & RAM'S-HORN

A mind at ease does better work

A man's best thoughts often come to him in the hour of quiet enjoyment with his evening cigar.

Great soldiers—Foch at the Marne, Grant in the Wilderness, the great industrial chiefs, the philosophers, the poets from Byron to Kipling—all attest the comfort and inspiration of the "friendly weed."

Let the fragrant and satisfying Girard lend its helpful influence to your thinking and your work.

With its mild richness, its genuine Havana flavor and quality—mellowed by age alone—the Girard is indeed a source of pleasure without regret.

America's foremost cigar, it is sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Try the Benefactor size, today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 46 years

GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

(Continued from Page 44)

under the Italian flag is in the picturesque mountain town of Osilo, in the island of Sardinia. I found Osilo a perfect gem of a medieval city perched upon a summit twenty-five hundred feet above sea level. One would naturally select this place as an ideal site for a tuberculosis sanitarium. The air is sweet and bracing, and the climate dry. With every natural advantage for combating the plague, the little city is singularly cursed by it. The thing is largely a matter of architecture and prejudice against fresh air. The Sardinian seals himself up in his cavelike medieval dwelling at night and patiently accepts the blight of tuberculosis as a thing inseparable from the common lot of humanity.

The American Red Cross has established a dispensary at Osilo and in thirty other localities in Sardinia, and a systematic fight against tuberculosis is being made. There may be no great diminution in the death rate for some years to come, but the leaven is there and the Sardinians will eventually learn to take better care of themselves. The methods employed by our sanitary engineers in Cuba and the Canal Zone against yellow fever and malaria would accomplish much to rid Southern Italy of malaria. The happiness and prosperity of a teeming population are concerned. The thing is of no small economic importance reckoned from the standpoint of what we can give Italy and what Italy can give us.

Nitrates From Waterfalls

Before leaving the subject of the development of Italian agriculture through the employment of American farming methods, it is of interest to note that Italy possesses a fair prospect of adding to her resources through the utilization of water power for the production of synthetic ammonia. Fertilizer from waterfalls! The thing sounds fantastic. A hard-headed American has secured from the Italian Government a concession for the utilization of eight hundred horse power of falling water at Terni, within sixty miles of Rome, and proposes to turn out nitrates for the Italian farmer at a cost as low as one lira per kilogram. This plant is already producing hydrogen gas with success for employment in the Italian dirigible airships. The union of hydrogen with atmospheric nitrogen is a far more difficult thing, but it has been accomplished at the Terni plant for experimental purposes, and the American projector now talks of establishing a chain of synthetic-ammonia plants at points where adequate reserves of falling water may be utilized.

The production of cheap synthetic ammonia through the utilization of mountain torrents that are now running to waste would prove an economic coup of the first magnitude. It is the difference between freighting nitrates many thousands of miles from Chile and making something just as good at one-third the price at home. One must beware of artificial cuts to quick prosperity. I set down the project more as a hope than a realization. I happen to know that my American friend has one million dollars' worth of confidence in the project, for he has put this amount of his own private fortune in the enterprise.

Abundant Water Power

The most attractive proposition in Italy to-day from the standpoint of the American capitalist is the water power of the country. Nature has denied the country elemental wealth in the form of coal, but as a compensation has lavishly bestowed energy in the form of falling water. Hydroelectric concessions that have actually been granted approach three million horse power. The annexation of the former Austrian provinces—the Trentino, Upper Adige and Venezia Giulia—have added enormously to Italy's potential wealth in water power. Italy now possesses enough hydroelectric energy, latent and applied, to furnish power for all her street railways, lighting plants and factories in the great industrial regions of Piedmont and Lombardy, with a surplus sufficient to electrify the entire railway system of the country. The entire northern frontier of Italy is bounded by the continuous chain of the Alps. The Alpine streams rushing down into the Italian plains are fed by melting snow. As a consequence their volume is least in winter and greatest in summer. It is just the reverse with the lower ranges of the Apennines, which traverse the entire peninsula from north to south. The Apennine torrents are at their maximum in winter and their minimum in summer.

The dominating industrial position of Northern Italy is in part accounted for by the more steady and abundant resources of

(Continued on Page 49)

The Unit of Cultivation in Italy—Oxen Yoked to Wooden Plow. Olive Trees in the Background

A Council of War against waste

IN a fire box under a cold boiler may seem a queer place for a salesman to be, until you get his viewpoint, which is first to sell an idea, the prevention of waste—the basic aim of the institution he represents. The materials he recommends are the tools by which he effects a saving—serves in conservation.

So he doesn't talk his line. He talks the other man's problems, proving as he speaks, that he knows his own materials in their relation to the other's need, whether to be involved in the more economical burning of coal, the reduction of heat losses, or the reduction of plant maintenance.

His business creed is helpfulness—an ideal, if you please, that makes the dingiest cranny in a plant as important as the mahogany office, and puts the grimy hands of the doer one notch above the kid-gloved ones of the talker.

So you usually find the Johns-Manville Waste Killer right where the trouble is. He may be up on a roof deck, in a pump room or a machine shop, down a mine shaft or a boat hold.

But wherever he is, you'll find a Johns-Manville customer who has learned the value of the kind of service this Company offers through its men. This customer confidence is an asset we value above all else because our own men have built it.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
Madison Avenue at 41st St., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
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COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that make boiler walls leak proof
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that cut down fire risks
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that save power waste
LININGS
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Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-Up Roofing for flat roofs
Asbestos Ready to Lay Roofings in roll form
Asbestos Shingles
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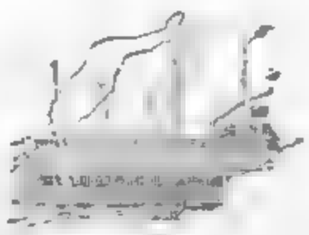
Asbestos Corrugated Roofing
Keystone Hair Insulator
Mastic Flooring
Transite Asbestos Wood
Waterproofing Materials
Radiator Traps



Power Specialties

Asbesto-Sponge Felted, pipe sheet and block insulation
85% Magnesia Insulation
Insulation for cold water, hot water, brine and ammonia
Rod Plunger and Sheet Packings
Sea Ring Packing
Manhole and Handhole Gaskets
Steam Traps
Refractory Cements
Boiler Wall Coating
Monolithic Baffle Walls
Stack Linings

Electric Protective Devices

Noark Renewable Fuses
Noark Factory Sealed Fuses
Noark Underground Distribution Devices
Noark Service Boxes
Ebony Asbestos Wood
Fibre Conduit
Tapes, Friction, Rubber and Asbestos Textiles
Moulded Insulations
Pole Line Materials

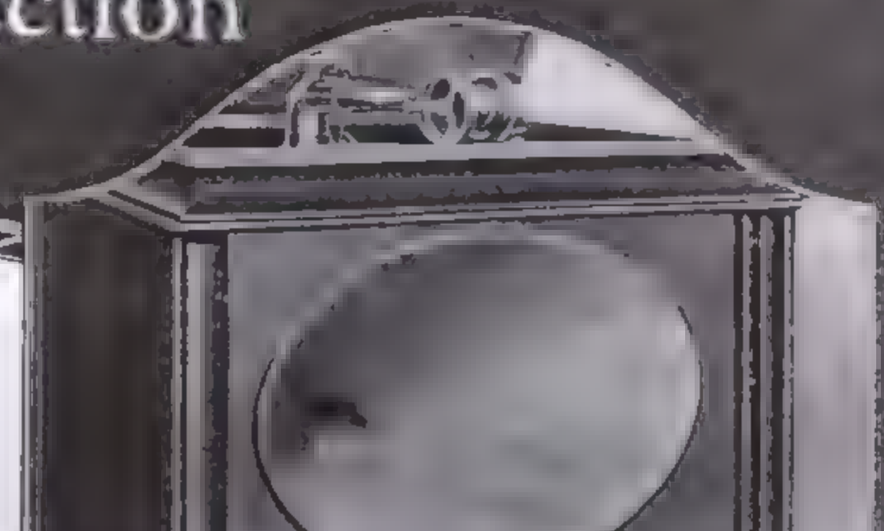
Automotive Equipment

Brake Lining
Clutch Facings
Speedometers
Automotive Packing
Automotive Lighting Fuses
Recorders
Hub Odometers
Tachometers

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The ULTONA
PLAYING A BRUNSWICK RECORD



The TONE AMPLIFIER
WITH GRILL REMOVED

"Certainly Different! Certainly Better!"

People marvel daily at the advancements offered by the Brunswick Method of Reproduction—a constant sensation

A CHANGE has come about in the music world. People no longer are satisfied with just "a" phonograph—they know how to make comparisons and to judge.

They know that old-time standards have been supplanted, and that the Brunswick has brought innovations and superiorities.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction changes one's ideas of what a phonograph should be. This new Method, although we picture above but two of its features, is a unified and scientific development of all that is best in reproducing and amplification.

Note that one feature is the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. This is an exclusive idea, giving to The Brunswick owner the whole realm of record music, unrestricted.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona presents to each type of record the proper needle and the proper diaphragm. Each type of record is played exactly as intended, but with a finer reproducer—one that brings out hitherto hidden tonal values. No makeshift attachment is necessary. The Ultona is inbuilt.

Note another feature of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction—the Tone Amplifier. It is vastly different. The moulded, wooden amplifying chamber is *all* wood and oval in shape. There is no cast-metal connection, or throat.

This development is in accord with acoustic laws. Tone waves can expand and contract properly. Vibration is not cramped.

These are but two of the many features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. But they are obvious and measure the importance of the others.

If you seek the utmost in tone quality, if you want the new-day phonograph, if old standards are unsatisfying, then you must hear The Brunswick. You will detect the superiority at once. Comparison is simple.

WE ask you, as we ask all others, to let merit decide. Count all other arguments as secondary. For it is *tone* that you buy primarily. So see if you do agree that Brunswick tone is incomparable. Visit a Brunswick Dealer before you make a choice.

Ask also to hear Brunswick Records—the latest popular "hits" and the finest operatic numbers. Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623–633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago
Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada
Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Company,
819 Yonge Street, Toronto

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

(Continued from Page 46)

falling water. There exist, however, great undeveloped water resources in the south; the progressive utilization of these resources will tend to the conversion of poor farming centers into prosperous industrial communities. This in turn will exert a repressive effect upon the stream of emigration that has been flowing to us from southern Italy. Hitherto this rural population, having no concern but agriculture, has been forced to throw off the outer ring of superfluous population in the form of emigration."

With the price of coal fifteen times what it was before the war, the Italian metallurgical industries are under a very serious handicap. The day will come when our production of steel will again exceed our home needs. Under reasonable exchange conditions we could undersell the Italians in their own market and flood the country with our steel products. The utilization of water power as a substitute for coal is a very practical question for the Italian steel master of to-day. One of the great Italian steel companies has already put the matter to a working test by establishing at Cogne, near the Swiss frontier, electric furnaces for smelting iron ore. The water power is there, and iron deposits equal in quality to the best Swedish ore are found hard by.

A Market for Shoes and Stockings

It is a question whether these advantages would allow Italy to turn out iron and steel in electric furnaces as cheaply as the finished product may be had from the United States. The cheapest hydroelectric plant in the world is at Trondhjem, Norway, with an annual horse-power cost of six dollars. It is estimated that hydroelectric energy in the form of a continuous current working twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year must be held down to nine dollars a horse-power year to assure commercial success in electric smelting. Italian hydroelectric undertakings run considerably above this cost. The matter is of interest to our iron and steel exporters.

The government will no doubt have to come to the rescue of the Italian steel makers. Bitter resistance would be made to a tariff import duty sufficiently high to protect the makers of pig iron and raw steel. It has been suggested that direct subsidies be granted the steel makers or that coal may be delivered to them by the government at exceptionally favorable rates. It looks as if the future held abundant promise for the sales of raw steel and semi-finished steel products in Italian markets.

In the matter of fully manufactured goods I should say that American shoes will become the premier item in our future sales to Italy. The country needs at least thirty million pairs of shoes every year and is turning out only about half this number. Qualitatively the showing is even less satisfactory. It is strange that the Italian with his talent for artistic workmanship has never been able to approach us in building a shoe. The Italian factories turn out a flimsy contrivance that possesses neither good looks nor good wearing qualities. Our own shoes are held in such high esteem that the name "American shoe" has become a generic term for excellence in footwear. We have flourishing American shoe stores in Milan, Naples and Rome, with a practically unlimited demand under normal exchange conditions.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that American footwear can be dumped into Italy and sold without regard to prevailing national tastes. American shoe exporters must pattern their goods to the styles that happen to be in vogue. The Italian women of all classes to-day demand excessively high heels and stubby toes and will wear no other style in shoes. What is true of Italy applies broadly to all the Mediterranean countries. The type of shoe that will sell in Italy will also sell in Greece, Turkey, Spain and Southern France. A commercial agent would have no chance at all to sell women's fashionable sport or tramping shoes to the Italian trade. An Italian woman of the better class never walks if she can possibly ride, and she would never dream of taking a cross-country tramp for pleasure. All through the rainy season both men and women slop about with no attempt to keep the feet dry. Rubber shoes are practically unknown in the country.

In passing from the subject of shoes to stockings, it may be noted that American hosiery has been in strong demand in Italy for years. Until the rising exchange automatically shut off importations, the bulk of the silk hosiery found in Italian shops bore American trade-marks. The present epidemic of extravagance and carelessness as a reflex from the war has ushered in an era which one may for convenience denominate the silk-stocking age. It seems queer that Italy, with an abundance of raw silk and ingenious labor, should depend upon us in any way for silk stockings. What is wanted is the machines and know-how organization. What is suggested is that branch American hosiery plants might be established in Italy, linking up American machinery, capital and experience with Italian labor and raw material.

One is often asked why more of the beautiful Italian yellow silk is not exported to the United States. The answer is found in the fact that Oriental raw silk undersells Italian silk in the New York market. Where the Oriental gets two or three crops of mulberry shoots a year and as many crops of silk, the Italian secures but one crop. The Italian can take no more than one stripping of leaves from the mulberry tree each season. Despite this handicap of Oriental competition Italian silks are sold throughout the world.

Unhappily, the Italians are unable to conduct their silk operations through the entire economic cycle. The country exports silk in the raw state and buys back finished fabrics from France, England, Switzerland and the United States. The Swiss have a genius for converting raw Italian silks into highly artistic finished fabrics which sell throughout the world. Nobody in Italy gets rich planting mulberry trees for silk culture, but thousands of peasant families eke out a fair living by growing mulberry trees as a side line along their hedgerows and irrigation ditches and as trellises for the support of grapevines.

Growing silk in Italy is much like chicken raising in the United States—it is largely a women's and children's industry.

Raw Italian silk sells in lire to-day for about twelve times what it did before the war, and Italy's silk exportations amount to at least one-third of the total sales of Italian commodities in foreign countries.

The Cork Trade Booming

Cork is a minor item as a source of Italian national wealth, but one of increasing importance from the American standpoint. While the production of cork in the Mediterranean regions is falling off, the demand for cork products, particularly in the United States, is rapidly increasing. Outside of Spain and a limited region in southern France there is very little high-grade cork to be procured at the present time. Probably the most richly endowed country for the production of cork of fair grade is the island of Sardinia. With American, British and German agents competing actively for the Sardinian output it is small wonder that prices have jumped to record figures.

Our automobile trade takes a considerable amount of cork for gaskets and for floats in carburetors. Cork is also an important component in the manufacture of linoleum. Apparently the prohibition of the manufacture of beer, wines and spirits has not had the slightest effect upon the demand for cork in the United States. Good money is now being paid for stuff which a few years ago could not be sold at any price. Formerly only the fine close-grained inner bark suitable for manufacture into bottle stoppers was considered to have a merchantable value. Now the rough, deeply seamed outer bark is turned to useful purposes and commands a fancy price in the markets of the world. This inferior stuff is ground up and converted into a conglomerate which finds a thousand uses in building construction and processes of refrigeration. The world has been late in appraising at its proper value the utility of cork as a nonconductor of heat and sound.

Before the war Germany was at once Italy's best customer and chief purveyor. We have the opportunity to step into fields from which Germany has temporarily retired. If we do so successfully it must be through the adoption of German methods. Germany's system of peaceful penetration not only supplied Italy with capital but with what was just as badly needed—organization. With abundant uses for capital at home I doubt if we shall need Italian markets badly enough to put up both credits and organization.

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You'll say so!

You "hop to it" with a smile, and finish up the same way, when the Durham-Duplex is on the job. Good-bye to scraping and "pulling". Good-bye to face-burning and skin irritation.

The famous two-edged detachable Durham-Duplex Blades are the longest, strongest, keenest blades on earth, oil-tempered, hollow-ground and scientifically stropped to an edge of surpassing sharpness—and guarded to prevent cutting.

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Standard Set One Dollar Complete. Razor with attractive American ivory handle, safety guard and package of three Durham-Duplex Blades (6 shaving edges). All in handsome American ivory case.

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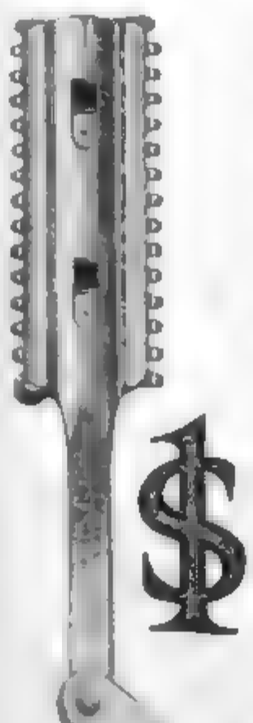

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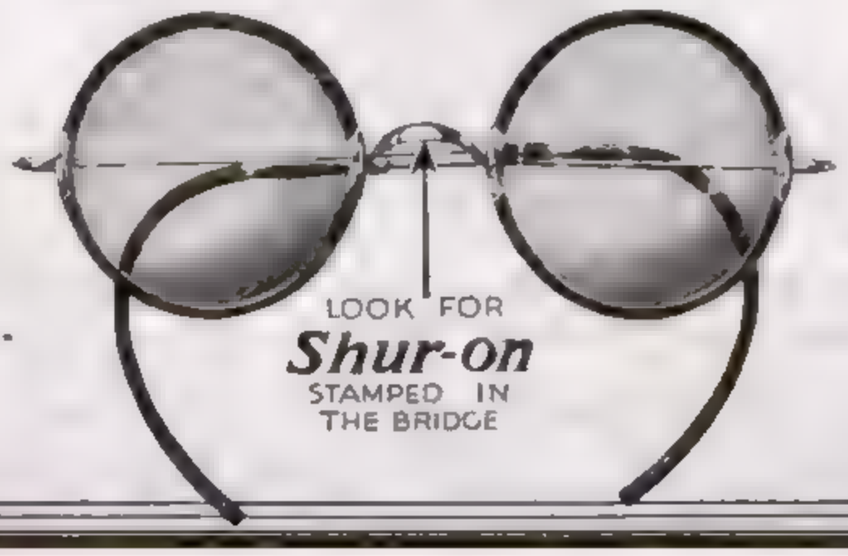

One hears the theory expounded that the hatreds engendered by the war will tend to hold Italy and Germany apart commercially for many years to come. The facts are a little heavier than the theory. It is easy to overestimate the effects of national animosities upon international trade. Nations throw down the gage of battle and bring out their heaviest battalions to decide the issue, but nations as such do not trade—individuals trade. The Italian who wants dyes and chemicals cares nothing about their German origin so long as he gets what he wants at a satisfactory price. The semi-tropical fruits of Southern Italy will continue to find convenient markets in the north, with exchanges finding their old natural economic channels. As a rule, a man buys where he can buy best and cheapest. The sons of Israel go to Egypt for grain whether they like Pharaoh or not. The war has transformed Europe politically but has not altered climatic conditions or changed materially the earth's surface or the location of mineral deposits beneath the surface. Under the scepter of Nature no changes of sovereignty have been brought about by the war. Trade will have a tendency to drift back to former channels. It is well to remember, however, that abundant coal deposits were the foundation upon which Germany built up her great steel, electrical and chemical industries and that a good part of these coal deposits, notably in the Saar Valley and in Silesia, have now passed to other hands. Furthermore, Germany no longer stands in a favorable position to furnish either cash or credits to support her foreign trade. As Carlyle puts it, cash payment is the sole universal nexus between man and man. It is the long pole that knocks down the persimmon.

The point I am making is that, though it would not pay to work counter to the natural currents of trade, we stand in a position to take over much of Germany's former commerce with Italy if we think this business is worth the price. It is vain to argue, though, with a man to put his capital into an enterprise four thousand miles away that promises a return of ten per cent if he can get the same return for his money on a home investment round the corner. Italy at present is not a good investment for the man who demands a quick return. Years of struggle, of pinching poverty lie ahead. In a way the problems of peace are harder than the problems of war. War is directed by a common aim—business by diverse aims. War means waste, business means saving. It is easier to waste than it is to save. Italy is passing through a painful period of adjustment, and the end is not yet. The country faces lower standards of living and diminished purchasing power. The situation would appall the average American, but one must remember that the poverty of Italy finds its complement in the frugality and industry of the people. An old Italian proverb runs, *"L'Inglese crepa di fame dove l'Italiano fa fortuna"*—the Englishman would starve where the Italian waxes fat.

In the language of the salesman, Italy is slow pay but a good prospect. The man who sows intelligently over here will reap abundantly later on. Foresight and patience are the conditions of successful business pioneering. The trade of forty million people is a prize worth working and waiting for. Action very nearly equals reaction in human affairs, and the lean years follow the fat years through the cycles of industrial flux and change.

Sound and farseeing business is not built upon taking only the cash and letting the credit go.

Because we do not need the Italian market to-day is no reason why we may not need it very badly to-morrow.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit sure—
Bad is our bargain!

The Tracks of the Trades

By Lewis R. Freeman

TAKE me back, take me back to the Tracks of the Trade!
Let me wander again in the cocopalms' shade,
Where the drums of the ocean, in pulsating roar,
Beat time for the waltz of the waves on the shore;
Where sunlight and starlight and moonlight conspire
To speed the gay hours on the wings of desire;
Let me clamber again through the orchid-bright glade—
Take me back, take me back to the Tracks of the Trade!

Oh, the hot flame of sunset, the tremulous light
When the afterglow fades to the velvet of night;
The star-stenciled headland in blank silhouette
Where the moonbeams are meshed in the flamboyant's net!
Oh, the purple of midnight, the gray mists of dawn
And the amber flood after the darkness has gone!
The slow-heaving ocean of gold-spangled jade,
When the sun wakes the day in the Tracks of the Trade!

Let my heart thrill again as the tom-tom's dull boom
Floats out from the bush in the flower-fragrant gloom,
And the shriek of the conches, the hi-mi-ne's swell,
Brings word of the feast in the depths of the dell.

Lead my footsteps again to that forest crypt dim,
Where firelight throws shadows on bosom and limb
Of the billowing forms of the trim tropic maids,
When the song wakes the dance in the Tracks of the Trades!

Let my hands close again on the hard-kicking wheel
As the schooner romps off on a rollicking reel
To the humming of backstay and sharp-slatting sail
And the hiss of the comber that smothers the rail.
Oh, the cadenced lament of the chorusing shroud,
As the spindrift sweeps aft in a feathery cloud!
Oh, the storm-tumbled seaways traversed unafraid
As the squalls spin the spume down the Tracks of the Trade!

Take me back, take me back to the Tracks of the Trade!
For 'tis weary I am of the city's parade,
Of the dust of the traffic, the gray cheerless skies
And the long lines of people with spiritless eyes.
Take me back to my green sunny islands again,
Away from this treadmill of sorrow and pain,
Away from this tinsel and gilt masquerade—
Let me live, let me die in the Tracks of the Trade!

Sunshine Biscuits

*Every*meal – *Every*day

Make Every Meal a Feast

If you want to make your meals more tempting, serve Sunshine Biscuits *every*meal *every*day. No matter whether it's Per-fet-to Wafers, served with the dessert, or some other zestful Sunshine Biscuit, each has a fitting place to make every meal a feast.

Sunshine Biscuits save you time, for they are always ready to serve. Keep a varied supply on your pantry shelf for emergencies as well as for every-day use. And with such a wide variety to choose from, you're sure of pleasing even the most whimsical appetite.

Ask for Sunshine Biscuits at your grocer's today.

Sunshine Veronique with Dixie Frappe

Half fill parfait glasses with grape juice. Fill up glass with whipped cream flavored with orange. Top with candied cherry and serve with Sunshine Veronique (sugar wafer sticks)

Sunshine Clover Leaves with Orange Juice

Make sirup by boiling 1 cup of sugar and 1 pint of water 12 minutes. Cool. Add orange juice. Dilute by pouring over crushed ice. Serve with Sunshine Clover Leaves.

Sunshine Tan-San Wafers With Peach Lydia

Prepare part of ice cream. Warm heavy [illegible], add 1 cup mixed peaches, 1 tablespoon of chopped candied orange peel, and 1 cup whipped cream. Pack in freezer. Serve in glasses with half of peach mixture with whipped cream on top. Serve with Sunshine Tan-Sans. (Recipe of Orange Blossoms)

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Automobile building has reached a state where quiet, smooth and reliable mechanical action is not the private possession of any one manufacturer.

The accustomed motorist will, however, find in LaFayette certain superiorities of behavior that he has not enjoyed in other cars he has owned.

He will find, for example, a surety and effortlessness of operation, a resistance to depreciation and fatigue, such as are new to his experience.

Driving the car, he will feel an uncommon security as he takes the corners and abrupt curves, even at great speed, without sway, pitch or roll.

He will note that the wheels follow the undulations of the road without bouncing, while the body rides poised as in flight above the sensitive springs.

On hill or level he will enjoy, in every duty to which he puts the car, an instant, invariable and strainless response to his commands.

Braking hard or softly, he will feel the car float to a gentle stop without chattering of brake-bands or the familiar drum of rear wheels on the earth.

Every element in the competent action of LaFayette is a natural consequent of the expert engineering that produced the car.

Howagreeably this engineering translates itself into actual performance, you will know when first your LaFayette moves forward under your control.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE

OUT-OF-DOORS

Regarding Jean Baptiste Guidros

LAST winter in company with a friend, a Southern lawyer, I sat in the lounging room of one of the better known Arkansas ducking clubs. In the yard between the window and the edge of the near-by lake there waddled and squawked a flock of a hundred tame mallards, shooting decoys bred from wild stock captured thereabout. Circling over the tops of the timber we could see the wild birds dropping in to feed in the lagoons. This was in a part of the famous overflowed lands of Arkansas. The club regulates the stage of the water partially at least by a series of dams. Between the original and permanent overflowed tracts rise high ridges of ground practically always above water at any stage, and regularly farmed to corn and cotton by the club tenants.

Lumping such a tract of land, wet and dry, one acre with another, the price per acre to the club has run from two to twenty dollars; probably less than six dollars an acre on the average. To-day the list of membership of this club is closed. The club is very wealthy and has become so by reason of the swift enhancement of value of such of its lands as can be farmed. High-priced cotton raised on these dry ridges annually pays all the club expense of every sort and has created a large sinking fund. Whenever a membership comes on the market the club buys it.

It is by no means the only ducking club in the Mississippi Valley which started out in sport and ended in real estate as well. For instance, a membership in yet another of these old-time clubs in the Arkansas overflowed lands is held at $6500 to-day. The timber values of the club property have established that price. The South is very rich to-day and is getting richer.

We were alone at the club, because this was after the close of the shooting season; so that as we sat in front of the big log fire in the clubroom, looking out of the window now and then, we could bear no malice to the wild mallards. We had come from the near-by city in order to get a certain amount of seclusion for the prosecution of our labors. My friend's work consisted in the examination of a set of abstracts of title involved in the sale of a tract of some 24,000 acres of delta land in the state of Louisiana—a transaction running round three-quarters of a million dollars and requiring care. His table was covered with maps and memoranda, with pages of close-set figures and with a heavy series of bound folios describing tract after tract. The checking through of so long an abstract as this is a complex proposition, even when the abstracts have been made out by a good firm.

Old-Fashioned Surveys

"I am still a trifle of 5000 acres shy," said my friend that evening as we sat in front of the fireplace. "There is that amount of acreage in difference between the lump sale and what all these several tracts amount to when you add them up. This is one of the hardest abstracts I ever handled."

He showed me the figures which he had gotten together during the week of hard work, also a map displaying the tracts of land conveyed. The page looked like a side of shoe leather after the machine has stepped on it.

"This section, for instance," he said, "covers 900 acres; but it doesn't figure out."

"You mean that that tract runs 900 acres," said I; "not that section."

"I could tell that you were born on the prairies," said he, grinning. "Like most Northerners, you think a section of land is 640 acres."

"Well, isn't it?" I asked him.

That was where this story began. We went into the study of the ownership of land in America to-day. I found that sport and abstracts of title are very intimately connected. As my friend is a recognized authority in such matters, I do not know that I can do better than quote him:

"You think a section of land is always a mile square, but such is not always the case. You very properly consider the mile-square section as the universal land unit of the United States Government. It is and it is not. In Louisiana a section may have 900 acres in it or 9000, or nine acres, or less than that. It may be a square and ragged like a coonskin, or it may be long and slim like a fishworm. Here is where I make my daily bread and sometimes butter.

"I presume you have thought that the United States Government at one time or another surveyed all the land in the United States under this so-called rectangular form of survey—township six miles square, section one mile square, and so down to the quarter sections. Now as a matter of fact the land survey is still going on and probably always will be going on. But it never will cover more than a part of the United States.

"This rectangular system of survey never applied at all to the original thirteen states. The Government never surveyed those states at all, and when you buy land there you buy it under metes and bounds such as grandpa used to make. The field notes begin at a black-jack stump and run 100 chains, six links on a course northeast by east to a red-gum tree. Thence you may set off the course to a white oak, and then run to a hickory and possibly hit a creek and follow down that to a walnut tree. Now someone comes along and cuts down all the trees and saws them into boards. You are left to guess where your land ran. Of course it may mention the land of John Smith, your neighbor on the west or east; but as John Smith died long ago and all his trees were also cut down and probably the course of the creek has changed, you can't tell where the original tract of land actually was."

Tomahawk Titles

"The field notes of the old colonial surveyors are obliged to take the place of the patent under the great seal of the United States which perhaps gave you your title to a tree claim out in Kansas, where you got a quarter section of fat land for planting two trees and a gooseberry bush.

"It's no wonder that Daniel Boone left Kentucky without an acre to his name, out of all those thousands of acres which he had brought to the notice of the Kentucky pioneers. The land was good, and they all wanted land. There was no such thing as a government survey known. The blazed trail and the tomahawk tree made the proofs of title. Hence rose the ancient shingle titles, the overlapping claims which meant generations of litigation in these old states. It was too complicated for poor old Daniel Boone. He did not always beat the other fellow to the land office to get his tomahawk title recorded.

"Of course there never was any United States land office in Kentucky, nor any United States survey office in Kentucky, more than there was in Maine or Massachusetts. There never was any government land there to be surveyed—it belonged to the states themselves. So far as I know there isn't a square section of land in one of the original thirteen states. That may be a rather large proposition to prove, but it is a fair bet, in view of the fact that the United States Government never owned and never surveyed any of the land of its original thirteen states. So much for part of your Northern country as well as some of the Southern States.

"In the treaty of Versailles—I don't mean this last treaty of Versailles, which is not very much a treaty at this date—in the year of 1783, after we had seceded from Great Britain, the western boundaries of the United States were fixed at the Mississippi River. We then had Massachusetts, which included Maine, and New Hampshire, which included Vermont. It may surprise you to know that Connecticut once, under the loose ideas of royalty located in Europe, ran all the way west to the Pacific Ocean. So did Massachusetts—a good many people living there still think it runs to the Pacific Ocean. Then there were Rhode Island, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—which last dear old William Penn had figured out of the Indians. Virginia ran west to the Mississippi River, and there was no Kentucky and no Tennessee. There was a North Carolina and a South Carolina

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True Shape SOCKS

THERE is more silk in *TRUE SHAPE* Socks. The threads are woven closer; that means greater resistance against wear—it means built-in shapeliness—lasting appearance.

If we put a few less threads in each sock and ran the cotton toe up a little higher, you'd probably never notice it, but you wouldn't get the wear and the appearance that the *extra silk* gives you.

It's the best Japanese silk money can buy—that, with the reinforced toe, heel, and double-duty sole, makes *TRUE SHAPE* Socks the *best* buy in the hosiery market today.

So when you go to your dealer's just tell him—*TRUE SHAPE* Socks—he'll know.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

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When it's hot and sticky and—

when it's humid and uncomfortable, when honest perspiration interferes with the day's work—how naturally your thoughts turn to cool, refreshing water.

Then it is that a "facial plunge" is most invigorating. Wash frequently, but never rub your face in drying. Rubbing creates friction and heat, and is unnecessary with ScotTissue Towels. They are softer and more absorbent. They *dry* because they *absorb*.

Increased summer efficiency makes ScotTissue Towels an investment—not an expense. Only one ScotTissue Towel is needed to dry either the hands or face.

Write on business letterhead for trial test offer.

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but there was no Alabama and no Mississippi. If you can remember some of these things you will understand why a section of land in Mississippi is a mile square, whereas in Georgia there is no such thing as a square section so far as I know.

"North of the Ohio River, clean up to the Lake of the Woods, ran the Northwest Territory, which most of us have forgotten long ago. We did not have Florida at the end of the Revolutionary War. We did not own a foot of land west of the Mississippi River. As to what we did have between the Atlantic and the Mississippi River, our ideas were vague—we didn't know where our land was, didn't know how much there was, and had established no means of locating or measuring it. It was then that we began with the fool notion that we had land enough for all the world. Ah, if only we had known the truth!

"The long war over the rights of ducking clubs in the sunk lands of Arkansas, carried on until at last it was settled by the United States Government, brings into review the entire system of the acquisition, disposition and measurement of all the public lands of the United States. If you know the story of these ducking clubs here in Arkansas you can set up in business as a land lawyer and make good. Also, you could set up in business as a professor in history in any university and teach American history a lot better than a good many of them do, if you had some of these old land maps of mine.

"It is all curious and rather thrilling when you go back to the very beginning. Away back in 1606, 1609 and 1620, King James gave to the Plymouth Company and to the London Company the territory between the degrees of latitude marking the French possessions on the north and the Spanish on the south. You might say that the Plymouth Company owned all the Northern States to be, and that the London Company, under the old Virginia Charter, owned all the Southern States not then born. The two of them owned about everything there was, for their charters ran from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The fortieth parallel was at last set as their dividing line, as up till 1609 the two grants overlapped between the thirty-eighth and forty-first parallels.

"Along in 1622 His Britannic Majesty across the water must have felt good after a stiff horn of liquor, for he granted to Gorges and Mason the Province of Maine, 'running back from the sea sixty miles.' Round 1629 these two landowners split up, and Mason called his state New Hampshire. That left Massachusetts and Connecticut still running to the South Sea—Connecticut at that time owning California in her mind—as she still does."

Forgotten Facts of History

"In 1635, Sir W. Alexander, whoever he was, was granted the rest of the summer-resort country of New England, including the coastwise islands and such-like odd corners; but in 1664 the Duke of York came into these lands and also the New Netherlands. Delaware was inside the grant made to Lord Baltimore—it was a fine time for lords in those days—but she was annexed to New York in 1664, and in 1682 the obliging King of England granted it to William Penn, while the granting was good.

"Great Britain was not overlooking any bets. But meantime Spain and France were just as busy granting to their favorites also everything there was out of doors in the lower part of what we now call the United States.

"It was sheer lack of transportation which in time made Connecticut, Massachusetts and Virginia cede all their unknown western lands to the Government of the United States. The western lands could not be administered under any system of government, no one knew what they were nor where they were, and it was simpler to pass the buck to the new central form of government—which was done.

"Now we had some new states. In 1792 Kentucky came in; Tennessee in 1796. Alabama came in as a state in 1819; but two years before that Mississippi had come in as a separate state in 1817. You will have to watch close here to see about the land titles. Up to 1802 Georgia owned Mississippi, then for forty years the United States owned it. The lower half of Alabama was owned by Georgia up to 1798 and by Mississippi from 1798 to 1817—it makes your head swim, but you ought to know these things.

"The southern people were the ones who did most of the expanding in the earlier times; but all the time lying north of the Ohio River was the great unorganized district known as the Northwest Territory. It may be news to some people to know that some of the land they own in that country has been owned at different times by King James or King George, the Plymouth Company, the United States, Missouri Territory, Michigan and Wisconsin. People in Minnesota may not all of them know that Missouri once ran up as far as Canada, and that part of what is now Minnesota once was owned by Missouri Territory, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa. In case Wisconsin should feel jealous, she may reflect that at different times she has been Northwest Territory, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. Indiana at different stages of the game has been Northwest Territory, and Illinois has been both Northwest Territory and Indiana. Just a few of these facts are forgotten in the schools."

The Louisiana Purchase

"After the first treaty of Versailles, which had no Fourteen Points or Article X in it, we owned only as far west as the Mississippi River. Soon after that we began to take in land in hunks and chunks, in gobs and slices. We had wiped out Great Britain as far west as the big river, but farther to the west France and Spain had a great deal of land left. In the very far northwest Great Britain still claimed a big bunch of land known as the Oregon Country. We ran that country fifty-fifty with Great Britain as late as 1846. Then we sliced off for ourselves all the land from the Pacific Ocean eastward along parallel 49 to the big watershed between the Atlantic and Pacific waters. That tied up with the Louisiana Purchase. Of course our biggest land trade was when Napoleon sold us that immense realm, the Louisiana Purchase. Note clearly the difference between the transaction and that covering the original thirteen states. The Louisiana Purchase all belonged to the United States as a nation. It was our first public land—our first public domain. We owned that land as a nation, and none of the old states had any individual title in it.

"This explains why you prairie people came to think that a section of land was always a mile square. It was only public-domain land that the United States Government ever surveyed. The prairie states, which were public-land states, came out of the Louisiana Purchase and other lands we got as a nation.

"But besides all this we had hogged a lot of other land while the hogging was good. We bought Florida from Spain in 1819 for $5,000,000. We paid only $15,000,000 for the whole Louisiana Purchase. Not everybody knows that $1,000,000 of that consideration is still in the United States Treasury, never yet having been paid over. Nor does everyone know that one hole in the ground in Calcasieu Parish in Louisiana produces in one year, in sulphur, as much as we paid for all the Louisiana Purchase. We took a fall out of Mexico in the Mexican War, and then, after our amiable military fashion, in 1853 gave Mexico $10,000,000 more for what we called the Gadsden Purchase, on top of the $15,000,000 we paid her for the Mexican Cession of 1848. It was from Spain we got Florida, and from Mexico we got California, Arizona and a lot more country which we made into states later on.

"We now owned everything pretty much all the way across. For a time between our middle and our western boundaries lay what is now Texas. Texas licked Mexico alone in 1836 and set up housekeeping for herself, just as we had done after licking our present ally, Great Britain. Texas also wanted to come into the Union, and by this time the question of slave or free states was agitating Congress. She did come into the Union as a separate state in 1845, but perhaps you never knew that Texas never surrendered any of her lands to the United States—she always has sold her own land, and there never has been any United States survey of Texas, because the United States land office never had any control over her lands as any part of the public domain so called. You could take that state and about cover up all the original thirteen states on the map. So a lot of the United States never was laid out on the square.

"We now had all our land as we now recognize the United States boundaries.

(Continued on Page 57)

FEDERAL

Double Cable Base Tires

FEDERAL TIRES
"Rugged" white tread (extra-ply [illegible] and "Cord" [illegible] treads have this exclusive construction.

Notable Development

SOME people have a convincing way of *saying* things—Federal has an exceptional way of *doing* things.

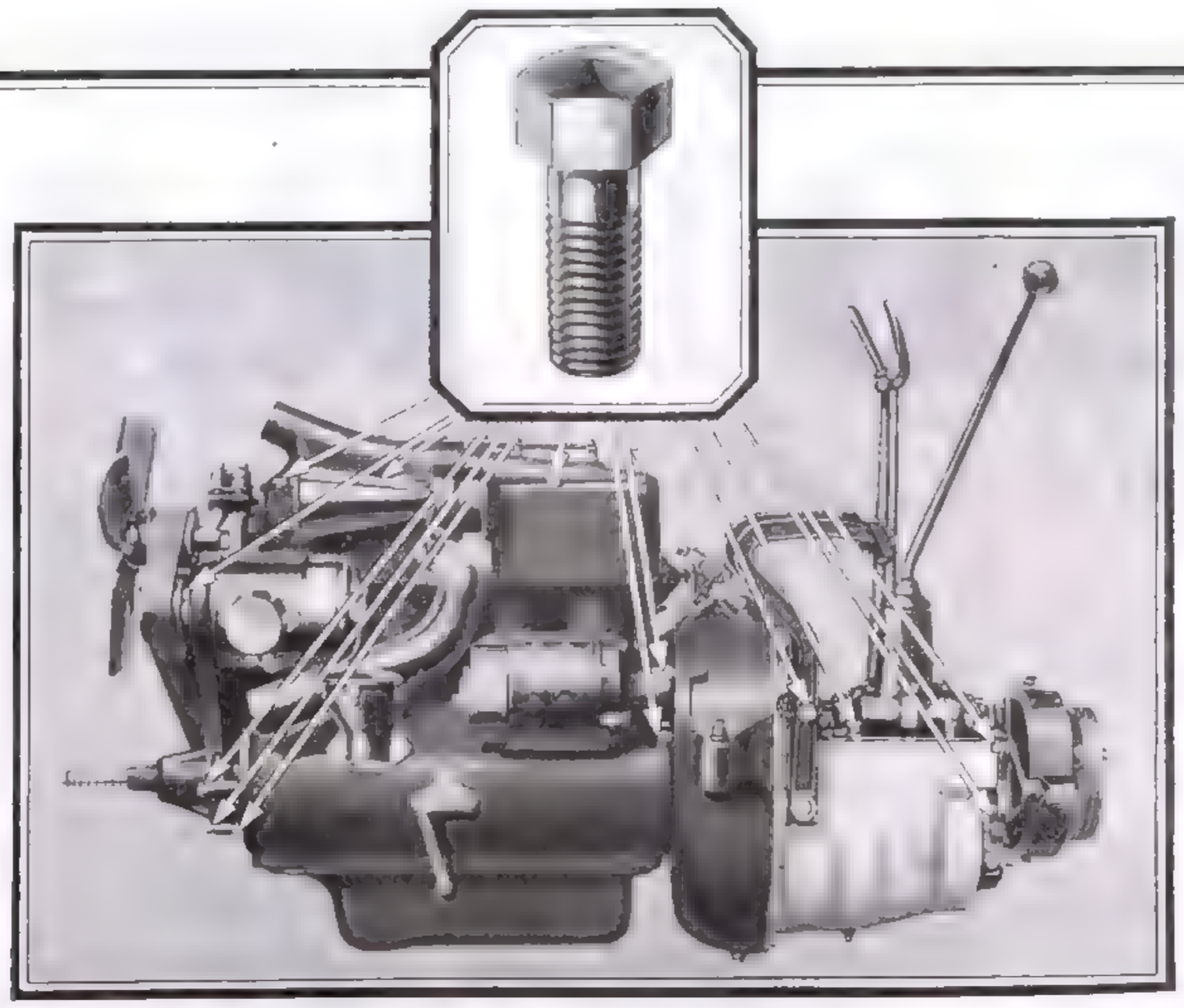
With Federal, tire building has been made an exact science.

There is a universal feeling among motorists that when their cars are Federal equipped, they are shod for long, satisfactory service.

The Federal exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction makes certain of excess service by giving ample protection from all forms of rim troubles.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes & Sund., Motorcycle, Bicycle & Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting & Mechanical Rubber Goods



How Ferry quality is proved in Maxwell engines

FOR ten years Ferry Process Screws have been an essential unit in the construction of Maxwell motors.

Throughout this time they have demonstrated their quality under the most rigid factory tests. They have met the exacting demands of long, hard usage over every kind of road. They have earned their right to be known as the screws of superlative value. In proof of this, instance the following letter from E. J. Miles, Chief Engineer of the Maxwell Motor Company:

> "Ferry products have been used by the Maxwell Motor Company for a number of years, and the uniformly high quality of their workmanship has always given satisfaction."

There are now 300,000 Maxwells on the highways of the world, says a recent Maxwell announcement. And this means—that the satisfaction of 300,000 Maxwell owners is based in no small measure upon the quality of Ferry Process Screws.

* * *

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Maxwell have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

This new principle in screw-making completely reverses the old method. Instead of taking a steel bar the *size of the head* and tediously milling it to the right size, the Ferry Process *begins* with a bar of steel the *size of the shank*, thus avoiding a great waste of both time and raw material.

The Old Way *The Ferry Way*

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut it to size and shape, would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Out of this problem came Thomas Ferry's ingenious invention—a matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.

The Ferry heat treatment insures uniformity in strength. The head is finished, the end pointed, the shank threaded to micrometer exactness, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as standard. These steps are performed by patented Ferry equipment—high speed automatic machines and special tools. The result is the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it.

* * *

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough tests and comparisons. Among these important users, besides Maxwell, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Co
Buick Motor Car Co
Buffalo Forge Co
Chain Belt Co
Chandler Motor Car Compar
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Truck C
Gendron Wheel Co
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Holt Manufacturing C
[illegible] Motor Car Co
A. J. McDonnell Mfg. C
Oakland Motor Car Co
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Packard Motor Car Co
Studebaker Corporation
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Studebaker Corporation
Timken-Detroit Axle Company
The White Company

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

(Continued from Page 54)

We bought Alaska from Russia in 1867 for $7,200,000, always taking any odd job lots of land which anybody had to sell. So now the Government at Washington realized that it had a lot of real estate which ought to be located and measured.

"Our first public-land law as a nation dates back to 1784. That was when the Continental Congress passed a bill called 'An Ordinance ascertaining the mode of locating and disposing of lands in the western territory.' This bill was passed in 1786. It was the father of the rectangular system of surveying, and the father of all our system of United States patents of land to individuals.

"The system of survey finally adopted provided for townships of land six miles square, each containing thirty-six sections. Number One Section, as perhaps not everyone knows, is always that in the northeast corner. Section Twelve is right under it on the map, and Section Thirty-six is in the southeast corner. The school section—which most people believe is granted for every township, though such really is not the case—is usually Section Sixteen—one near the center of the township, so that the children can walk to a central location with their little dinner pails. In course of our examination of abstracts of title, land maps, and so on, we shall see that there are a good many exceptions which were found necessary in the working out of the rectangular survey. But the school section was always meant to be full measure, 640 acres. We were square with the kids. In some Western States we gave them two school sections—sixteen and thirty-six.

"In 1796 Congress appointed a surveyor-general and ordered a survey of all of the lands northwest of the Ohio River and north of the mouth of the Kentucky River in which the Indian title had been extinguished; for a long while after that there was a strip of land just east of Lake Michigan which the Indians still owned. In 1812 the first form of the general land office was established as a part of the Treasury Department. Since then, by various land acts, well intended to develop the country but in millions of cases fraudulently used for the advantage of dishonest individuals, we have sold out that splendid country, whose real wealth no man in the world even today can understand. That was our land once, and even in this hurried review you can see something of the splendor of its story, and the romantic interest of its continuing changes.

"But you and I are examining abstracts of title to-day. Therefore we are to look on all this country west of the Mississippi, except as specified, as under the vast checkerboard of the rectangular survey made by the United States Government for the purpose of retailing its public domain. Well, it was retailed. Go out now and try to get a piece of homestead land and see where you come out. Let's not talk about that—it all happened too sadly and too swiftly."

More Early History

"There were only twenty-nine states under the survey of the United States land office. If you can stand it I might give you the list of those.

"Alabama was one of the original thirteen states, as part of Georgia, but came in as a state in 1819. Arizona was partly from the Gadsden Purchase, Arkansas a part of the Louisiana Purchase. California came from Mexico in 1848; Colorado in part from the Louisiana Purchase, pieced out by lands ceded by Spain under the treaty of 1819, and by land annexed with Texas. Texas came in during the year 1845 as above mentioned, and her boundaries were later adjusted. No Man's Land, for forty years a land without law, was that part of Texas north of the line of the Missouri Compromise, or no-slavery limit. Florida was ceded by Spain in 1819. Idaho came from the Oregon Country. Illinois and Indiana were a part of the original thirteen states. Iowa came from the Louisiana Purchase; and so did Kansas, which was pieced out with lands annexed with Texas. Louisiana was included in the Louisiana Purchase, including also land taken under treaty from Spain in 1819.

"There are three states whose names begin with M which I would fix in the mind of any student of land-title law—Michigan, Minnesota and Mississippi. They all come in as part of the original thirteen states, though you ordinarily would not think of Mississippi in that category. Yet now you can see the reason why Mississippi has the rectangular survey, while Georgia has not.

"Missouri was a part of the Louisiana Purchase and so was Montana, though Montana also took some of the Oregon Country. Nebraska was all Louisiana Purchase, Nevada was all Mexican land, and New Mexico was made up from the Texas annexation, part of Mexico and part of the Gadsden Purchase.

"North and South Dakota, as perhaps you would not think, came in from the Louisiana Purchase in part and in part as portions of the original thirteen states. We commonly do not think of those states reaching as far west as the Dakotas, but there is a rich overlapping of Northwestern Territory, Iowa Territory, Missouri Territory, Dakota Territory—enough to make your head swim.

"Oklahoma was part of the Louisiana Purchase and part of the Texas Annexation. Ohio was original-thirteen-states land. Oregon all came from the Oregon Country.

"Utah came from the Mexican Cession, Washington from the Oregon Country. Wisconsin was made up from the original thirteen states. Wyoming was made out of the Louisiana Purchase, Texas Annexation lands, and some land out of the old Oregon Country, as well as a hunk of the Mexican Cession; that is one of the most complicated state titles we have, and Wyoming ought to be proud of it. Alaska is being surveyed—it always will be being surveyed."

Meandered Lands

"Now there you have our twenty-nine public-land states, to which alone the rectangular survey applies—as far as possible. You think that covers all the question of title to our lands? On the contrary.

"You will remember that after the states were admitted into the Union the United States continued to hold title to the 'unappropriated lands.' The act covering this specifies that the lands in the territories not appropriated by competent authority before they were acquired are in the first instance the exclusive property of the United States, to be disposed of as the Government finds desirable, to individuals, Congress alone having power to regulate this disposal.

"This brings us, at last, up to the question of the swamp lands—a very important part of our public domain, especially to us shooters. Under our laws the navigable waters forever remain open and public highways and are not subject to survey below mean high-water line. This includes a good many permanent bodies of water whose normal condition at the time the state was admitted to the Union would classify as navigable waters.

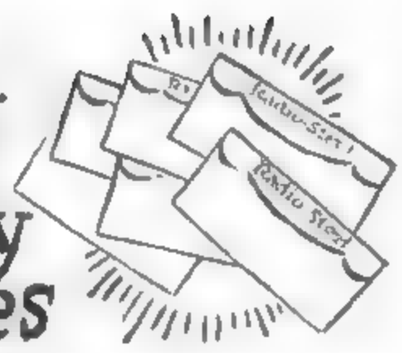
"In 1849 Congress granted to the state of Louisiana all her swamp and overflowed lands for the purpose of aid in reclamation. In 1850 that swamp-land grant was extended to 'all the public-land states then in the Union'—you can check back on your list of states then in the Union. Again, in 1860, this same swamp-land grant was extended also to Minnesota and Oregon, these grants applying to the land 'unappropriated at the dates of the acts of Congress whose character at that time would bring them under the provisions of the grants as swamp or overflowed lands.' Note the words 'at that time.'

"Now here we two people are, sitting on some of the richest soil in the whole world, rich as the Delta of the Nile. Part of it is rich farmland, and part of it is shooting land. It all came into the ownership of this club by the curiously devious routes which I have tried to make plain.

"Let us follow it a little further, so far as Arkansas is concerned. In 1898, under what was known as the Arkansas Compromise Act, Arkansas ceded to the United States all her unappropriated swamp and overflowed lands. There you have a very pretty kettle of fish if you have followed land titles down this far. All this, of course, is tied up with this rectangular survey which was laid down on the twenty-nine public-land states. Some states have had swamp lands given to them, others have given their swamp lands back to the United States. Some of the swamp lands have been surveyed and some can never be.

"Perhaps you may have thought that only a navigable stream is surveyed by meandering. Not everyone knows what meandered lands are. To get at that we

The glory of Ever-Ready is its blades



THE fame of the Ever-Ready frame is only a reflected fame. It is the most perfect device available for holding Ever-Ready blades. That's where the frame gets its glory.

The blade is the shave.

The fact is that if you could whittle some sort of contrivance out of wood, with just the right angle and rigidity and balance and everything, you could get the best shaves in this old world—providing your invention would hold Ever-Ready blades just so.

But it wouldn't, and besides—you wouldn't save anything, with Ever-Ready outfits selling at $1.00.

So there is a lot of foolish talk and extravagance in connection with safety razor frames. You put your mind on *blades* and you won't go wrong.

It's our honest belief that Ever-Ready blades of Radio steel are years ahead of all of the rest of the razor blades in creation. Our problem is to get you to test them against your beard.

No matter what safety razor you now swing, we advise you to put just *one* of the many dollars you save monthly, by shaving yourself, into an Ever-Ready outfit which includes a razor and six of these blades we are talking about.

For after all, YOUR problem is to get to the bottom of this safety razor proposition and find the softest and snappiest shaves on earth *as early in life* as possible. Maybe you're missing a dollar's worth every morning.

You are old enough to know that there is a world of difference in steels, in knife blades and in razor blades. Investigate and see how Ever-Ready Radio blades are *different*.

The Ever-Ready Safety Razor Outfit is still $1.00

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York
Brooklyn
Toronto
London
Paris

LAST HALF *of ninth*—

and I'm the batter up. Ouch! Two out—three balls and two strikes! Pitcher knows I'm weak and takes a chance on one right over the plate. *Bing!* Going—going—going! Fielder running—*he trips!* Catcher wrings his mit and sees the three of us come running home.

Well, that's how it feels when you take up with Owl Cigar. *You've won the game!* You've joined the pennant winners—and you'll never lose again—for that $3,000,000 leaf reserve keeps Owl always the same. *Try Owl*—that's my advice.

General Cigar Co., INC.
DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

8c *straight*
Box of 50: $3.75

The OWL Brand
With the Brown Band

must remember that Uncle Sam was in the business of selling land. He had to measure it before he could sell it. How could he measure it when he could not survey it? The meander survey answers that—it runs out the dividing line between wet lands and cultivable lands as closely as the tired surveyor feels himself bound to do.

"Not only a navigable stream but a swamp may be meandered. There may be swamps which never were cross-hatched by the actual survey lines, but whose margins were only meandered for the purpose of setting up certain acreages in cultivable lands which could be entered or sold legally, surely and definitely. According to law a meander line is 'the traverse of the margin of a permanent body of water.' This is taken at the mean high-water line.

"Now we begin to see where Uncle Sam was running into trouble. What is the mean high-water line? What is any high-water line? How long does a mean high-water line remain a mean high-water line? There is a Supreme Court lawsuit under every one of those questions.

"The Supreme Court of Iowa defined high-water mark in the vicinity of the Missouri River as determinable from the river bed, and defined only that as a river bed which the river had occupied long enough to 'wrest it from vegetation.' There is a Pennsylvania case which sets high-water mark as defined at the 'continuous margin where vegetation ceases.' That case calls the shore 'the sandy space between such line and the low-water mark.'

"That seems to be the best the supreme courts could do, but it is loose enough. Add to that the yet looser way of the Father of Waters, pouring down millions of tons of water annually, headstrong and hard to manage. There are plenty of cases in the Supreme Court of the United States which prove that meander lines are not always undisputed boundary lines and do not always define ownership in lands. The general rule is that high-water mark marks the boundary line. When by action of the water the river bed changes, high-water mark changes also—and the ownership of the adjoining lands progresses. This is why there have been shooting scrapes in these parts.

"Meander lines, often the only available ones in swamp-lands survey, fix the traverse at the actual high-water mark of the actual margin of the river or lake, and they are not established as segregation lines between upland and swamp, or overflowed, lands.

"So now we begin to see, lying under our checkerboard rectangular survey, a great many changes going on all the time as to the actual and legal boundaries of lands. That is where we lawyers are useful. It is also where some of us club members get shooting grounds. It is also why some of us get shot."

Arbitrary Meridians

"This is where you have got, thus far, in your proposition that any section of land is a square mile. It is and it isn't by a long way.

"There is a vague general belief that the principal meridians—which you see mentioned in descriptions of lands sold—are laid off at equal distances apart as to degrees of longitude. As a matter of fact longitude has nothing to do with them. There are all sorts of differences in their spacing and they are laid down in a purely arbitrary manner—only a few of them even having numbers to distinguish them. There are thirty-four principal meridians in the United States, and as many base lines which run east and west. Only six of the principal meridians are known by numbers.

"The first principal meridian, as we naturally might guess, dates back to the old Northwest Territory, where the first United States survey was done. It cuts through the eastern edge of Indiana. Sometimes it is thought that the principal meridians were laid off at the mouths of rivers, but that is not the case. They do not even cross the entire United States, north to south, but are broken in all sorts of ways, some short, some long.

"The second principal meridian splits Indiana fairly well, but runs only from the southern to the northern boundary of that state. Almost the same is true about the third principal meridian, which divides Illinois, and the fourth principal meridian is a dinky little thing as to Illinois, though it extends up across Wisconsin to Lake Superior. The fifth principal meridian covers only a part of Missouri and Arkansas, and the sixth principal meridian crosses in the eastern part of Nebraska and Kansas, though it governs land descriptions across Colorado and Wyoming.

"Crosscutting and confusing, there are all sorts of other principal meridians—thirty-four of them in all—but only six go by numbers. We have the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Navajo meridians, a Washington and a Louisiana meridian, a Huntsville and a St. Stephens meridian, a Wind River meridian, a Salt River and a Salt Lake meridian, a Willamette and a Copper River principal meridian; which last, of course, takes us up into Alaska. Our meridians have Indian and Spanish names, and they themselves are long or short as the case may be.

"You think we are getting a long way off from the case of my client, who has bought some 24,000 acres of land in the Louisiana delta? Not at all; what I have said before has essential bearing on the shape of these odd sections of land, like coonskins and angleworms, to which I have referred.

"I must now call your attention to the importance of transportation in every step in the civilization of this country. It will be plain to you that the shape of these land tracts in Louisiana was established by the nature of transportation of that country."

Angleworm Farms

"In the early history of this country we had Indians and we had rivers. Take the old French settlements along the St. Lawrence—they were long and narrow, running back from the water front. The village proper would be on the water front. Why? Because this would bring all the farmers in a close group, so they could quickly get together in case of an Indian attack. Also it gave all these farmers common use of the main means of transportation, which was the river.

"The lines of these old French seigniories were carried south into Louisiana by the early French settlers of that state. Here, too, there were few roads and no railroads. They had the Mississippi River and its large tributaries, and they also had a great series of bayous, which later offered transportation even by steamboats. Following historical customs and using the most practical plan they could, these early French settlers in Louisiana laid out their lands in long strips, endeavoring to give each neighbor a good use of the bayou front.

"When a father died he divided up his farm among half a dozen or a dozen sons, but he wanted each of them to have his share of the bayou front. The slim farms grew still slimmer, though they all came down to the same accessible point of transportation.

"We must remember that that sort of thing went on under Spanish and French domination, before the Louisiana Purchase was made by the United States. As that later was public-land country owned by our nation, it got the rectangular survey laid down on top of it. So here you see townships and sections slapped down on top of the earlier land grants and long, slim arpent tracts, and coonskin tracts which crisscross in every direction. It was the intention of the United States to mark out the land for sale. Yet sometimes a legal Louisiana section of land may fall in more than one United States township; or a section may be larger in net land than two meandered townships. There are sections containing as much as 25,000 acres. Upon the other hand, there may be very small, fractional sections, as first laid out with the purpose of the use of the water front.

"The customary description of these long and narrow cuts is to call them radiating sections. Some of the sections laid out even by the United States surveys also are radiating sections and not rectangular sections, in spite of the rectangular theory of the United States survey. It would not always work, and the land must not be wasted. You will find long and narrow tracts laid back from the Mississippi River or from great bayous, in Louisiana Purchase lands—public-domain lands—as though it had been done by an early French surveyor. Most of these radiating sections were laid out by the early United States surveyors before the war—say, 1828 to 1842. That was found to be the most practical way of determining the lines for the

(Continued on Page 60)

LION HATS

The Right Hat for Real Men

ASK the wearer of a Lion Hat why he prefers it to any other make. He is likely to say: "Because, as soon as I put it on, it ceases to be a Lion Hat and becomes *my* hat." ¶ By this he means that all the Lion qualities of style, of fineness in materials are adapted to his *individuality*. ¶ Perhaps this is why millions of men find satisfaction in the Lion Hats. ¶ If the store in your locality doesn't carry Lion Hats, let us know. You'll find the Lion Sign there next time you drop in.

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Established 1860 Manufacturers of Lion Hats, Caps and Gloves (33A)

There is shelter
In a Pelter;

When the rain comes, helter-skelter
Turn the Gabardine side out.
When it isn't rainy weather
Use the other side—it's leather,
Genuine beyond a doubt.
For a Pelter keeps you warm
Through the Winter's harshest storm;
Sheds the snow, the rain, the dust,
It's a coat that you can trust,
Yet in summer you won't swelter
In a Pelter.
And the Pelter's smart—you said it,
Gives you style, and does you credit;
Comfort, thrift and looks and shelter,
In the many-purpose Pelter!

Buying a Pelter in July is real economy. After giving you all the sport service you want for the rest of the summer, a Pelter will start your fall wardrobe with the most useful garment you could have in it.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

What store near you sells Pelters? If you don't know you ought to. Write and let us tell you.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114–116 Fifth Avenue New York City

(Continued from Page 58)

sale of cultivable lands to as great an extent as possible. The Lord only knows when and where all the lines of the old land grants and old plantations originally were established, but you couldn't have given one of those old-timers a square piece of land. They had to have bayou-front transportation in those days.

"Now you see I have got to check up all these parcels of land mentioned in my sale contract, and they all have got to add up to make the total acreage conveyed in the contract of sale. Is it any wonder that I am out of my reckoning by some 5000 acres? I have examined titles on more than 2,000,000 acres of Southern lands and have lost only one quarter section—though that went to the Supreme Court. It is a case of eternal vigilance when you get down to Spanish grants and radiating sections and swamp lands transfers and meandered lands and French arpent subdivisions.

"Of course all the old land descriptions down in Louisiana run in arpents and not in acres or in chains. A Frenchman conveys so many arpents of bayou front. In the early times he wanted a water front just as a cowman wants water front on the range—the land back from the water might run almost anywhere it liked. So you will see township lines lapping over the old arpent lines, until again you get a nice kettle of fish. But all these old French land descriptions go in as sections. You can set a whole United States township down in many a one of these sections, or lose a township in one of the old Spanish grants. There were no French land grants in the Louisiana Purchase—France did not own that land long enough to make many grants. That may be news to you."

At this point my friend ceased in his land lecture long enough to reach for a certain map which he had been using in his work—a land map of a portion of Louisiana, showing the original lines of grants, original sections, and also the network of the United States rectangular survey laid down upon it all.

"Now look here," said he, "and I will show you something you have never seen—the largest section and the smallest section of land in any one township in the entire United States. They lie side by side. See—here is Township Five South, Ten East, Southeastern District of Louisiana, West of the Mississippi River. It covers 109 sections in all, instead of thirty-six. Number 101 in that township contains 6216.74 acres. I believe that to be one of the largest sections in the United States. And look here—almost adjoining it is a section which is just .07 of one acre! I am sure that is absolutely the smallest section in the United States.

"That large section is owned by Benjamin Farrar, according to the map. It lies on the False River, among many radiating sections, large and small; near it are sections which lie in two or three townships, but of itself it is the largest single section thereabouts, though in Ouachita Parish I know of one section of over 25,000 acres."

The Guidros Farm

"And that little section—that smallest section in the United States? It is owned by Jean Baptiste Guidros. It is a legal subdivision. It must be measured and reckoned in any sale. Just a little over one-tenth of half an acre, not quite one-tenth of three-quarters! But it is a section. Before you can understand all about this tiny little farm of Jean Baptiste Guidros you have got to know something of the picture of the growth of America from the day of the canoe and steamboat to that of the railroad and the motor car and aeroplane! Don't you remember how, last week, when we were hunting ducks along the Mississippi we saw the aeroplane chasing a flock of wild geese? You remember how terrified the geese were, how it hovered over them like a big silver bird? No one could blame us for standing open-mouthed at that sight. It was stranger than the first steamboat on the Mississippi. I presume the plane was running from Memphis to New Orleans, as sometimes has been done. Perhaps it passed over the False River. Perhaps it passed over the little farm of Jean Baptiste Guidros, older than the United States land survey. What changes that little farm has known!

"It is intricate, but very absorbing, the story of our soil. Long before the United States surveys were put down, the French arpent tracts and Spanish land grants were thrown on this country. Sometimes the Spanish Government would reserve 40,000 acres or so of land to the crown, for ship timbers or for sale with the purpose of building roads—the first military roads were provided for out of the sale of such lands. Those grants were especially noticeable in La Fourche and adjoining parishes, in the lower part of the state of Louisiana—the better-known country in early days.

"The old Spanish lines are more important than the French lines in Louisiana, because France did not hold that country long before Napoleon sold it to the United States; so she did not have time to grant it out extensively as Spain had done. But get a picture of all this vast Mississippi country with its double and triple civilization, with the great river rising perhaps forty feet and sweeping out over the old meander landmarks, now and then. You will see that it is somewhat different from the quarter section out in the prairie west of the sixth principal meridian, where, as you supposed was universally the case, a section had 640 acres in it, and where Section Sixteen was always the school section in every township. Out in the sod-house country your children did not have to go to school in a bateau or a bark canoe."

Complicated Titles

"Just to show you that neither a lawyer nor a duck shooter has an easy job if he goes to the bottom of things I will now take you over a few more jumps in regard to swamp and overflowed lands. In 1850 the United States gave back to Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana all the swamp lands within their state limits. That is to say, she ceded to the states the surveyed swamp lands. That was so the states could sell them. Bear in mind that word 'surveyed.' You will at once see that Uncle Sam had kept in his own safe a tremendous amount of mighty good shooting country, which never had been surveyed and never could be. It was regarded as land not cultivable.

"But underneath the shallow water which covered some of these tracts lay countless acres of lands, the richest in the world, entirely too good for any duck shooting if it could ever be brought under cultivation. Of course all that was necessary was drainage.

"Now here was the state of Arkansas owning in her own name hundreds of thousands of acres of land, as rich as any in the world but just a little damp. How could she cash in on that? She figured out a plan. She deeded to the St. Francis Levee Board all those lands commonly called the St. Francis Overflow, extending from the Mississippi River west as far as Crowley's Ridge and south as far as Helena, near the mouth of the St. Francis River. I need not say that some of the finest farming land in the world and some of the finest duck-shooting land in the world thus had passed through Spanish and French and American occupancy—from Arkansas to the United States, from the United States back to Arkansas, and from Arkansas to the St. Francis Levee Board. The latter represented the last step in civilization. Its intent was to put that land under the plow.

"Now here is where some complications of title came in. This St. Francis Levee Board sold land after the water was got off of it, but it would give only a quitclaim deed to any purchaser. This was all that it could do, because no warranty exists under a state grant made by a state legislature; and that, of course, was all the title that the Levee Board itself had ever had. Timber men would buy land with a quitclaim title, because they could slice off the timber and get out. But when it came down to good agricultural values some men wanted better than a quitclaim deed before they put down their money.

"Now in 1898 Congress passed an act confirming title to all the unsurveyed lands that Arkansas had 'sold bona fide.' Then the state of Arkansas passed an act relinquishing all its possible title to the unsurveyed swamp lands. Do you get me? I reckon you do not. Think it over. I had to study these things quite a while before I got them straight myself. But, of course, if you will remember those two interlocking laws, national and state, swapping swamps, you will see that Arkansas was left out of the whole matter of land titles after that.

"You would think that left the slate pretty fairly clear? Not in the least, but just the other way. Now came the Supreme Court of the United States and decreed that this donation of land by the state of Arkansas to the St. Francis Levee Board was not a bona fide sale! It held that therefore the state of Arkansas had relinquished its title to all the Levee Board donations by reason of the two mutual cessions above named. This finally persuaded Arkansas that she could no longer sell land nor give it away. But where did it leave those men who had bought land from the Levee Board? As a lawyer I have always refused to O. K. titles of those sales made by the Levee Board, or have pointed out that they could carry only a quitclaim title, no acts of warranty being possible in the circumstances, because the Levee Board never had nor could have any warranty back of it.

"So now you begin to see something about the reasons for the bullet-holes in our club keeper over at Big Lake and here. The greatest market-hunting combine in the United States finally was broken up, and it is peaceful there to-day.

"Big Lake was held never to have been surveyed, so that title never passed from the United States—in 1850 or at any other time. It was shown that in 1842 an arbitrary meander had been run, but this was held to have been a fraudulent survey. So after the Supreme Court decision above mentioned, a resurvey of that tract was ordered. It was held that it then, under the Arkansas recession, belonged to the United States and was public land, and hence open to settlement under the United States land laws.

"Perhaps you may have heard the rumors that there was a little government land left down in Arkansas somewhere? Well, there was. This is how it was and where it was and what it was.

"The United States concluded that it now owned Big Lake, had it all surveyed, and there is a rectangular survey on it now—it is a shallow lake of no very great depth. In view of the great value of the shooting rights every foot of that lake would be homesteaded now were it not for the fact that meantime the United States has set Big Lake apart as a perpetual bird refuge!

"So at last the Gordian knot was cut. No son of Jean Baptiste Guidros, if he wanted to go duck shooting on Big Lake now, could do so legally. In view of conditions to-day no species of game, wild or preserved, ought to be marketed. It means extinction very soon. The Government has stopped the sale of wild fowl. More than that, it has forbidden the shooting of wild fowl on one of the greatest shooting waters in the South."

The Trembling Prairies

"So you can see some of the complexities in titles of our shooting lands and farming lands, in swamp lands and overflowed lands, in uplands and meandered lands, in granted lands and public lands and surveyed lands. If you would look on my map you would see that considerable lands were once held under Indian title. In this lower country Indian title was recognized at law—not merely lands conveyed by tribal treaties but sold by individual Indians. Let me tell you a little story about that:

"I had much to do in my practice with the examination of titles for a firm of New England investors at that time engaged in lending money on Southern plantations. Thus, I once went out into Southern Louisiana to look into a loan which was proposed on a tract of land in that region. There was involved an old deed which conveyed twenty miles of land, one of the delimitations of which was 'the trembling prairies of the sea.' By the 'trembling prairies' was meant those peculiar half-marsh lands, part *terra firma* and part bog, where the surface of the earth seemed to rest on a subterranean sea. This was in the days antecedent to the great reclamation enterprises.

"There was nothing especially difficult connected with the title to this tract of land, but there did prove to be underneath it a rather interesting incident which had to do with the parties to the original deed. That first and basic deed ran from a certain old Indian chief of the Attacapas, originally accepted as owner of that part of the country, and this deed conveyed this tract of land to a certain white man, a friend of the old Indian, John Nicholson, who had lived adjacent to the latter, and for some time had possessed his confidence.

(Concluded on Page 63)

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

FUDGE

Cream fudge topped with French Drayees

EXTRA PINEAPPLE

Hawaiian pineapple in cream fondant

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, sugar, vanilla

BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nut in cream fondant

RASPBERRY HEART

A tender raspberry in cream fondant

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruit and nuts

MAPLE WALNUT CREAM

Mayette walnut, rich cream, Vermont maple sugar

FILBERT CLUSTERS

Turkish filberts in Liggett's chocolate

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Cream fondant, true orange fruit

ALMOND CARAMEL

Alicante almonds in real cream caramel

ISN'T it a treat to find every chocolate in the box a chocolate that you like? No picking, no choosing—every piece a favorite! And every piece made of the things you love to eat—pure sugar, rich cream, fresh sweet butter, crisp nuts, pure comb honey, etc. This is indeed a box that contains no disappointments.

These "chocolates with the wonderful centers" come to you in a simple inexpensive package. For we have put the money into the candy itself, and not into the box. Get this orange and gold Wonder Box at the nearest Rexall Store today. Price $1.25. Sold exclusively by

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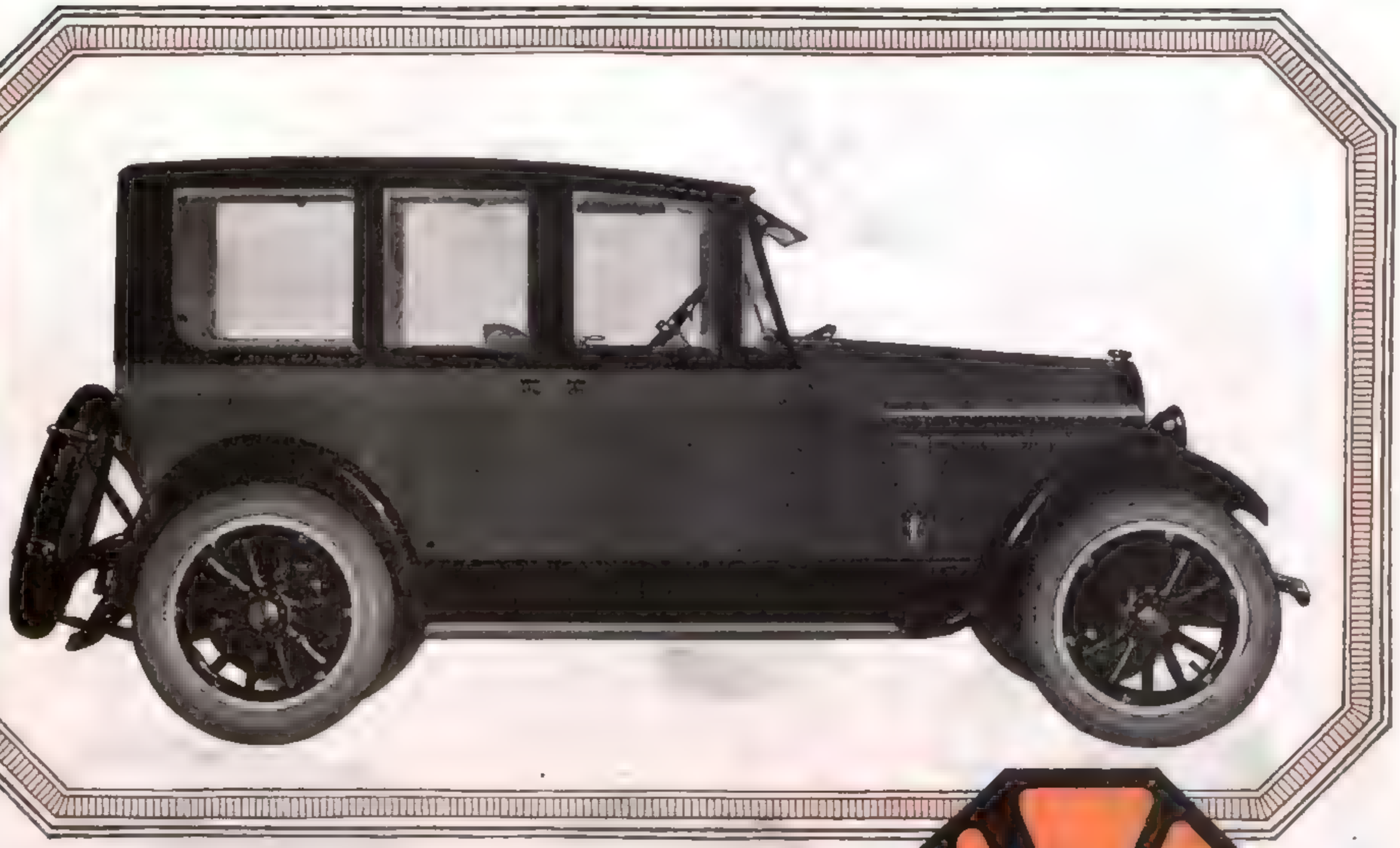

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Of no Westcott is it more truly said, "It is the car with a longer life — the car with less trouble and more genuine satisfaction during all the years of that long life."

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

(Concluded from Page 60)

"One morning the white man was riding across the country with the chief, and he said to him: 'My friend, I had a most peculiar dream last night.'

"'Indeed,' said the old Indian to him, 'and what was it that my white brother dreamed?'

"'I will tell you,' said the white brother. 'I dreamed that I gave to you a horse with a new saddle and a new bridle.'

"'That is well,' said the Indian gravely. 'That seems to me to have been a good dream.'

"'But,' said the white brother, 'I also dreamed that in return for this horse with the new saddle and the new bridle you gave me a deed for all this land from the place where we are now riding, south to the trembling prairies of the sea.'

"The old chief rode on for some time in silence, but he was game. 'My brother,' said he, 'that was a strange sort of dream, but since you dreamed it it shall be as you say. I will make a writing and give you this land from here to the trembling prairies of the sea. It shall be yours forever, for you and your children. But let me tell you one thing'—and here the chief turned upon him a grave eye—'see to it that you do not have any more such dreams as that!'"

Bygone Land Frauds

"Whether or not the white brother followed this advice is not of record. His title to the land, however, is of record, and we thought it good enough security for the advancement of a considerable sum. But only half of that deceitful dream came true. When the United States Government took over the Louisiana Purchase and began the rectangular surveys it was decided by the authorities that the white man had given no legal value for all that land.

"The tract was cut in half; and it was subdivisions of that half on which, many years since the game Indian and the tricky white brother were dust together, I gave an O. K. of title to the New England money lenders.

"There have been land frauds all over the United States. Sometimes I am ready to say that more of our public domain has been stolen than is legally owned to-day. Some of our big getters got theirs while the getting was good, and our land laws helped them nicely. Take the case, say, of a big mineral company—how did it get its acreage? That was simple. A wholly fictitious man would preëmpt or homestead 160 acres and then sell it to the great company or its dummy agent. A fraud-loving local register of the land office saw to the rest. In this way the titles to hundreds of thousands of acres of timber lands, mineral lands and oil lands have passed from the United States—that is to say, from John Smith and Jean Baptiste Guidros—to these big companies. The United States has confirmed title usually in the name of the 'innocent third party' who has put down his money 'on the strength of the records.' Though very often the record was a straight frame-up, covering a straight steal, that title is incontrovertible to-day. Some of our best-known multimillionaires own those lands to-day. You can see how the land of John Smith and Jean Baptiste Guidros, of you and me, timber rights, mineral rights, water-power rights, have passed and are passing into the hands of large companies or rich individuals.

"And now at the crest of the wave of monopoly in America we get news of the soviet theory of government in Russia—the danger of the soviet idea extending to Germany—the attempt to extend the soviet idea in America, the overthrowing of our American form of government. And so the great cycle swings—autocracy and democracy—democracy, autocracy.

"Meantime you and I have seen an aëroplane following a flock of wild geese over the swamp lands of Arkansas toward the little farm of Jean Baptiste Guidros. As Jean Baptiste himself would say: 'Behold all!'"

We both sat for a time looking out the window as the twilight came. The wild mallards were coming in over the tops of the oak trees. The tame mallards were flapping and squawking in the dooryard. It seemed to me that in more than forty years of studying the questions of outdoor sport in America I never before had had the whole picture put before me quite so plainly. There was visible the passing of the splendid wilderness of America, once occupied by a splendid stalwart American population, into the metes and bounds of a civilization made up of a polyglot people ignorant and indifferent as to the history of this country—all of them eager for land, all eager for material gain; and yet also eager for those personal privileges, the personal liberty in sport which once belonged to all Americans.

How can such an inherent quarrel of facts and desires as the foregoing be composed? I confess I cannot see the answer. Of course the rich man with his great shooting preserve for a time may hold certain privileges of shooting, but not in circumstances comparable to those of our old open country. He will need to guard against poachers. He will invite the envy of the American public which once had an open country of its own.

Certain wild lands, for the time thought not suitable for cultivation, may perhaps be set aside by the state as shooting preserves or game refuges. The public may have limited rights to shoot in or near the edges of such state tracts on imported game, under conditions by no means comparable to the old open shooting of America.

The Age That is Past

For a time, until their lands shall have become so valuable for farming purposes that they no longer may be held from the plow, some great shooting clubs may own privileges in sport in regions which still may be called wild.

As they grow less wild their owners will become more artificial in their methods—will use dams to regulate the feed beds, will shell corn and throw it in to entice the wild birds. This does not compare with the old open sport in America.

Within those limits must come all or most of the so-called open shooting of the Americans of this coming generation. We may consider as practically negligible all the commercial enterprises which proclaim a solution of the question of shooting for America, because the land does not stretch, and the plow will not be denied, and we have traded America for a population not American, and cheap and swift transportation has changed the wilderness within a half dozen years, making it all accessible.

No real American who has ever tasted actual sport in the open, where sport meant more than merely killing something, ever will be thoroughly satisfied with the simple proposition of putting to death some creature that can fly or run. The hand-reared bird, the state-protected rabbit, the state-imported deer, the game of the private fenced preserve—what do these things mean to a real American? True, that may be all we shall have left for our grandsons—the heritage will be divided very small by the time it gets down to Jean Baptiste Guidros to-morrow. But mere killing is not sport. Killing for sale never was nor could be work for any sportsman. That is butcher's business.

The truth about many of these matters was discernible as we sat looking out of the club window at the mallards. There were mallards and mallards. Some of them were wild, flying free; others, closer at hand, were mallards also of the wild stock, but artificially reared. Had it been the season, and had we wished to do so, we could have taken down a shotgun, could have taken a rest on the window sill, could have shot into the flock of tame mallards, and with no trouble have killed a couple of dozen ducks to take back to the loved ones at home—mallards which you could not tell from wild ones. We did not want to do that. Killing alone is not sport. Preserve shooting on hand-reared game is never going to be sport to the real American sportsman who has known something better.

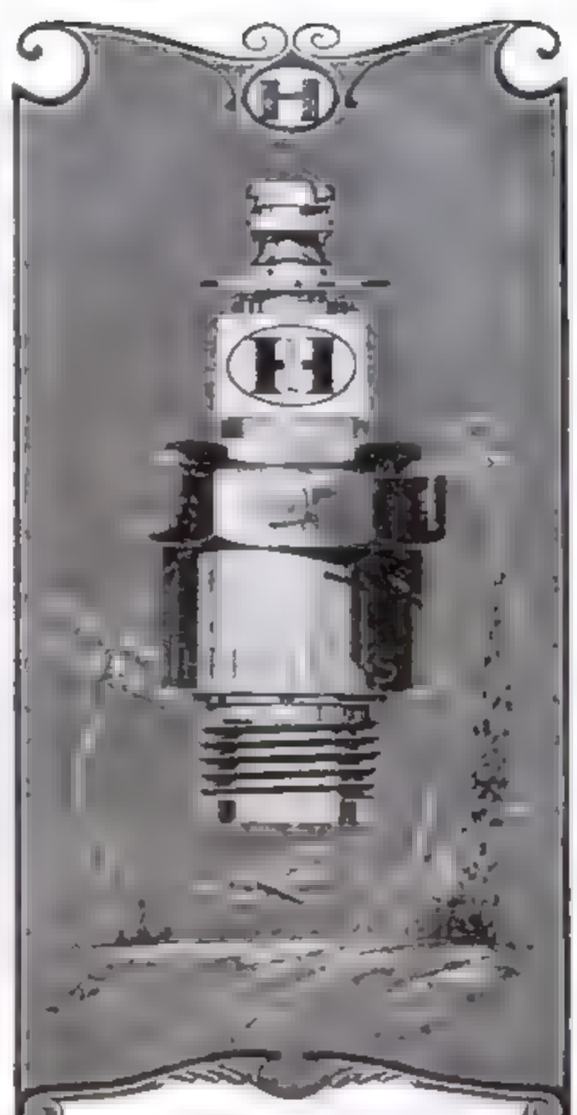
Better Game Laws Needed

What then is the answer? There is no real answer. The cheap shotgun and cheap motor car practically have ended the open country. Of course we still have left enough wild game and enough wild country to offer a limited amount of sport to a limited number of Americans—wild sport in the open on wild game still requiring some qualities of sportsmanship to reduce to possession, and hence offering some pleasure in the possession. But the only possible way we can retain what game we have is to limit our greed and our speed in killing it. There is no short cut, no royal road, no panacea, no cure-all, no open sesame about it.

Shorter open seasons, more closed seasons, a strictly limited day's bag, governed by laws actually enforced, actually understood, actually respected—this is the only course which can possibly keep for us any open sport worth the name. We have no game now which ought to be sold. That day is done.

I myself do not think we shall have much sport left twenty years from now. I may be wrong. But I have sat in front of a log fire and looked out over flocks of two kinds of mallards, over shooting lands worth $350 an acre, over trees worth fifty dollars apiece. I have seen on the map the tiny farm of Jean Baptiste Guidros. I have seen an aëroplane chasing wild geese down the old fly way of the fowl which once was our Western boundary line. It is transportation that always has made our maps. It is transportation which now writes the end alike of wilderness and of sport.

If this be pessimism, make the most of it. It looks like horse sense to me and I believe it will so seem to almost any man who will take the trouble to look at the history of our free land and see where it has come out in the analysis. Optimism is a noble and worthy frame of mind, especially on two occasions: One is when you are paid for it, and the other is when you are trying to fool yourself.



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and more of air service is to be expected as a minimum of every HERCULES plug, while from 30 to 60 hours is the maximum to be obtained from the average plug. Fuel economy and actually increased power are derived from HERCULES.

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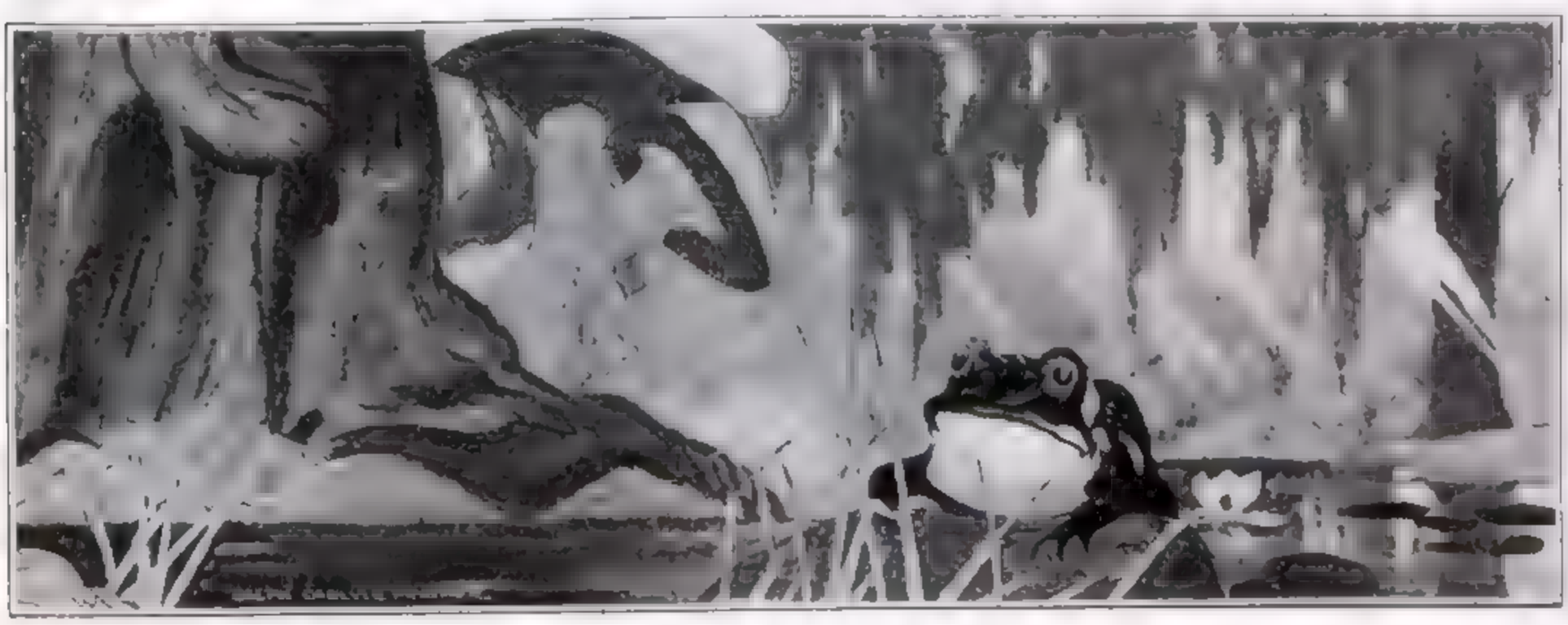

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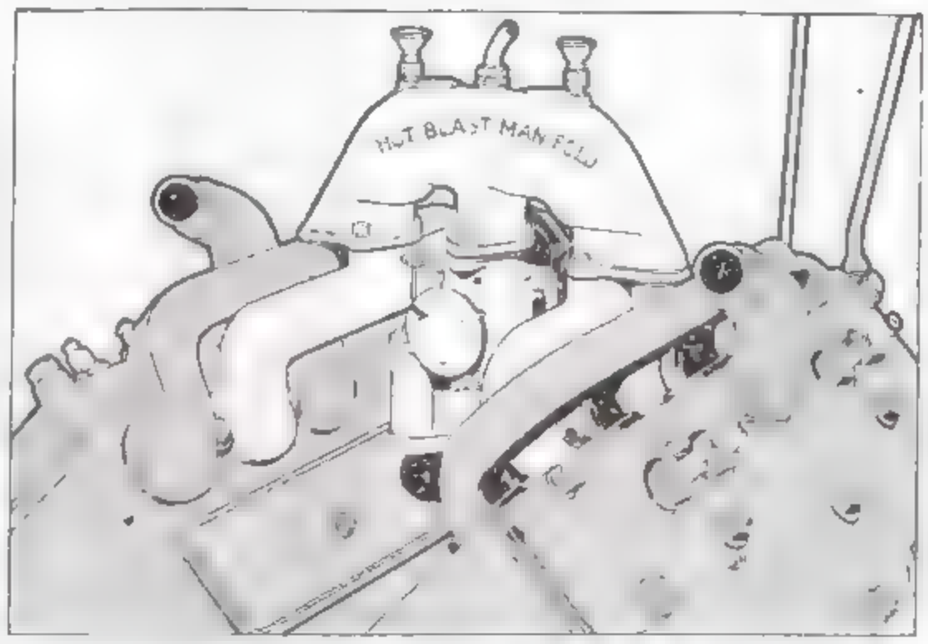
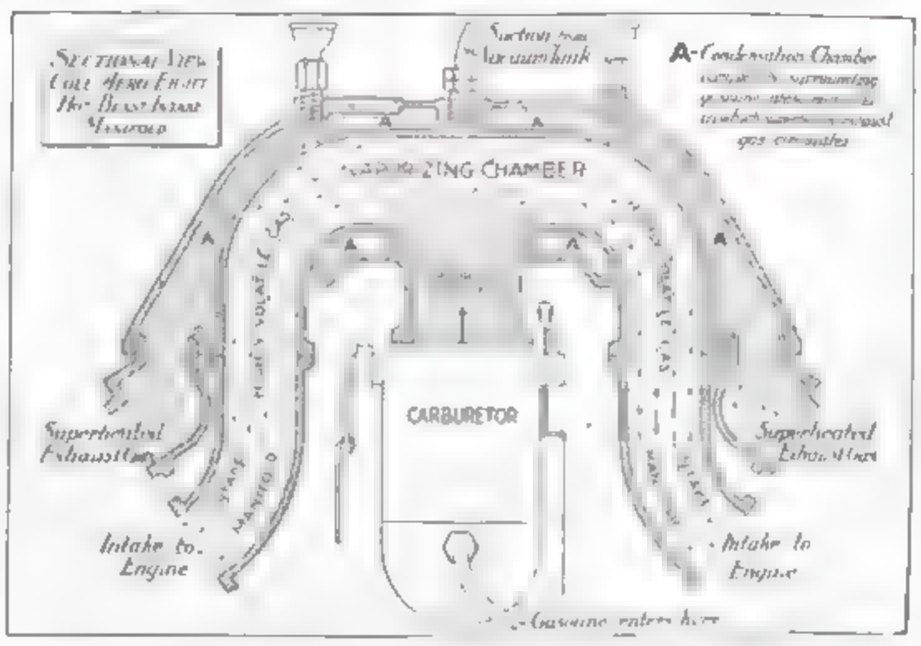


Aero-EIGHT Hot-Blast Manifold Assembly



Operation of *Aero*-EIGHT Hot-Blast Manifold

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From this early vaporizer the present highly efficient HOT-BLAST MANIFOLD of the *Aero*-EIGHT was evolved.

This new device manufactures *high-test* gasoline as it is required by the motor. There is no additional drain on the fuel supply carried by the car—no subsidiary appliances, nothing to get out of order, nothing to require adjustment.

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The quick get-a-way of the *Aero*-EIGHT, its smooth operation on low throttle, its exceedingly high mileage per gallon of gasoline, its freedom from carbon annoyances, its adaptability to varying conditions of temperature and its ability to give maximum efficiency even though the poorest test fuel is used are all traceable to the *Aero*-EIGHT HOT-BLAST MANIFOLD.

First, let the Cole dealer nearest you take you for a ride in an *Aero*-EIGHT that you may appreciate its superior performance. Then let him show you how the *Aero*-EIGHT HOT-BLAST MANIFOLD manufactures its own *high-test* fuel while the car is running

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars

Perfection by Poison

By EMERSON HOUGH

WHEN a man's toes are stepped on his protest is wholly human. Also, when a man has made a mistake it is entirely natural that he should wish to deny it or to explain it. The justifiers of the poison idea for getting rid of animal pests may be set into two classes, the officials who have been responsible for it and the individuals who fancy they have been benefited by it. It is entirely natural that those who have been experimenting with poison should feel keenly any criticism of their acts. It is equally natural that the farmer whose lands have been freed of gophers; prairie dogs and coyotes, as well perhaps as song and game birds, should raise his voice in praise of the government which does so much for its citizens. It would serve no good purpose to specify by name any of these, for they are all equally wrong and no mere asseveration ever will make their methods right. They all in common make the same mistake of reasoning from detached instances to general conclusions. They make the yet more common mistake of offsetting a large lack of evidence against a small amount of positive proof.

Investigation is the best thing which a bureau does, and most of the investigations are notable only for what they do not find. Thus we are informed that investigation reveals the fact that song and game birds so much thrive on poison that there are now more of them than ever in Montana, no matter what the game commission of the state may say about it. One gentleman triumphantly declares: "As I write this I can see fourteen robins pulling worms from the lawn. As I left home this morning there were eight bluebirds in the front yard. Meadow larks disturb my slumber every morning. Yet we are told that certain species of song birds have been almost totally destroyed in Montana."

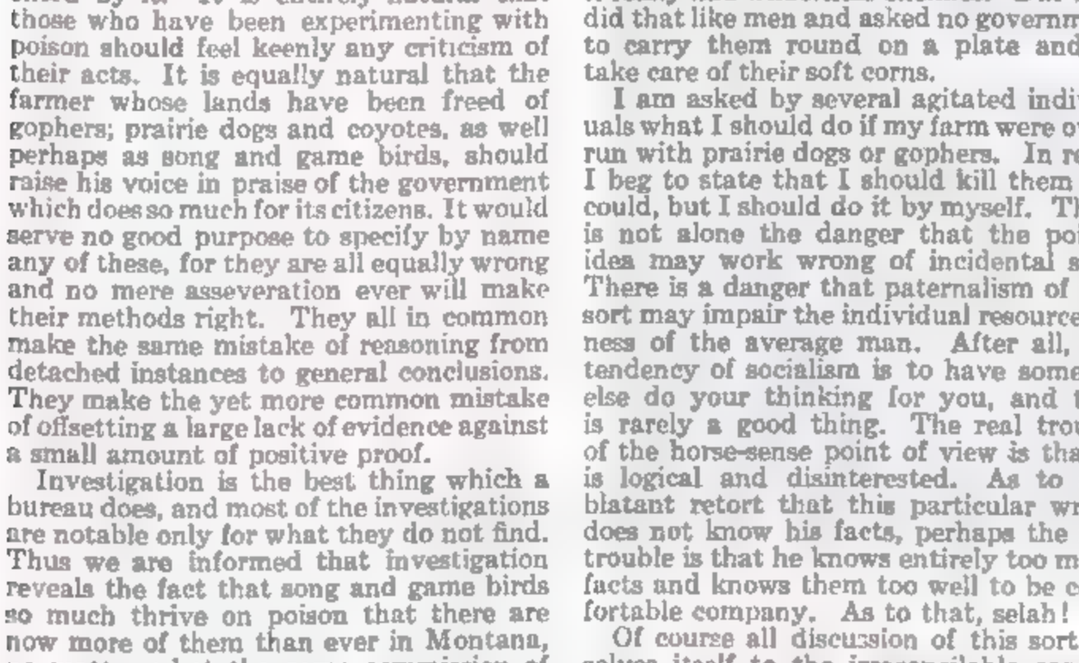
What does such overwhelming evidence as the foregoing prove? It proves nothing except that fourteen robins and eight bluebirds are alive in Montana and that certain rude meadow larks of that commonwealth disturb the slumbers of an honest man. Does that justify a wholesale poison campaign by government? The man would be weak of mind who would so reason. He would be equally weak who reasoned that because a dozen grouse were found poisoned in one creek bend all the grouse in the state had been poisoned. We shall have to do better reasoning than that on either side. If a man is murdered the *corpus delicti* is proof of the fact of murder. The fact that you and I have not seen the murder does not prove that murder has not been done. The things which these investigations do not find prove nothing at all as against testimony of actual and positive sort. As to any sweeping denial of the facts, what shall we do, believe interested parties or disinterested? The answer to that may be found in the laws of evidence and in the judicial practice of our courts. We shall need more than fourteen robins and eight bluebirds alive to justify the fact of one innocent and useful bird dead by poison. It is not a question of detached instances but a question of broad principles.

Sometimes a man writes me anxiously that hawks have killed his hens, that crows have eaten his corn and asks what would I do were I in his place. I certainly would kill the hawks if I could, but I certainly would not ask the national Government to start a nation-wide campaign of poison. The first settlers in this country farmed it quite a bit and salvaged much of it when it really had wilderness enemies. But they did that like men and asked no government to carry them round on a plate and to take care of their soft corns.

I am asked by several agitated individuals what I should do if my farm were overrun with prairie dogs or gophers. In reply I beg to state that I should kill them if I could, but I should do it by myself. There is not alone the danger that the poison idea may work wrong of incidental sort. There is a danger that paternalism of this sort may impair the individual resourcefulness of the average man. After all, the tendency of socialism is to have someone else do your thinking for you, and that is rarely a good thing. The real trouble of the horse-sense point of view is that it is logical and disinterested. As to any blatant retort that this particular writer does not know his facts, perhaps the real trouble is that he knows entirely too many facts and knows them too well to be comfortable company. As to that, selah!

Of course all discussion of this sort resolves itself to the irreconcilable conflict between civilization and the wilderness; between an interested and insistent materialism and a disinterested conservationism. I don't for an instant suppose that that conflict can be averted. We are bound to wipe out the wild life of this country as fast as we can. We are going to continue to attempt the task of eating our cake and keeping it. The record of our ghastly failure in game and forest protection shows that plainly enough. Never in all time has there been so deplorable and abominable a failure to conserve the natural resources of a country as that which we must claim as our own. There is little doubt of the issue in the long run. A few of us none the less feel like making that run as long as possible. I see nothing in all these arguments to indispose a plain man to that way of thought.

There is only one right thing to do about this government poison campaign and only one manly thing. Cut it out, admit the mistake and say it was a mistake. When the governor of Montana admits that he has made mistakes in some of his protection ideas, he does the manly thing, and the response to that is instant. Disclaim the whole poison idea as a government policy, discard it as un-American and wholly unsafe, and the response will be equally instant. When we come to have less theorizing and more horse sense methinks fewer toes will be trodden upon by persons of the baser sort who love fair play. This government poison campaign is not fair play. It is not American. It is not supported by horse sense. And methinks a little more horse sense is what this hysterical country of ours needs right now more than it needs anything else on earth.



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The prize Italian recipe, but made with ingredients such as Naples never uses

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

From high bred cows in five rich dairying districts

ALMOST SUNNY ITALY

(Continued from Page 19)

Was I crazy, that I asked such a question, or what was the matter with me?

A gray-clad policeman with a business-like revolver at his belt strolled carelessly in our direction at this moment. I therefore strolled carelessly up an alley and went away; for the Italian policeman has a habit of agitatedly getting out his revolver and shooting it off in a loose and uncontrolled manner when confronted by a crowd or any gathering of people which looks like a crowd or which can be stretched by a nimble imagination into a crowd.

There is one thing for which the Italians will probably never have to strike. I refer to policemen. Wherever one turns, especially in these days of strikes, he finds a policeman looking at him in an intent and embarrassing manner. These are a new sort of police, all taken from the army and all carrying a mean-looking revolver, ostentatiously displayed. Whenever a strike is on they stroll round in pairs in close proximity to everything and everybody that has anything to do with the strike; and whenever there is any untoward disturbance or gathering they unlimber their revolvers. If the gathering or disturbance is not quieted by this demonstration they suddenly begin to shoot. There are a great many strikes in Italy; but because of the lavishness with which the Italian police do their policing, Italian strikes generally end as pure and unadulterated strikes, instead of as battle royals, as they so frequently do in America and other countries which are supposed to be in far better condition than Italy. There are thirty thousand Royal Guards, as the new police are called; and it is expected that there will be fifty thousand of them before long. With fifty thousand of these heavily revolvered persons strolling observantly through the highways and byways of Italy, it is expected that the keen delights of striking will soon begin to pall on even the most enthusiastic Italian strikers.

But as things stand to-day an Italian must strike in order to be in vogue. Striking is all the rage in Italy, just as it is all the rage for Italian tailors to construct a pair of trousers in such a manner that the waistline is located close up under the armpits, instead of down round the waist where Nature, in her superior wisdom, planned it. Separate strikes have been negotiated by the street sweepers, the railway employees, the post and telegraph employees, the garbage collectors, the cooks, the cab drivers, the hotel and restaurant waiters, the street-railway employees, the excavators of Roman ruins, the butchers, the confectioners, the iron workers, the barbers, the field workers, the tailors' assistants and various other classes of toilers.

Automobiles Requisitioned by Italian Government During Milan Trolley Strike

For Sympathy

There have also been a number of general strikes, in which everybody has quit work for varying lengths of time. General strikes are usually declared in order to show sympathy for somebody—not to get definite results. Having shown their sympathy by a general strike the strikers go back to work; and the person or persons for whom they have shown their sympathy get sympathy only—and it is difficult to become excessively obese on sympathy alone.

For example, late last March the workmen in a big Naples factory sent a delegation to the manager and demanded a wage increase of one hundred per cent. They also demanded an immediate reply. The manager pointed out that he could not give an immediate reply until he had consulted with the owners. One of the workmen thereupon shot him. Then the workmen took over the factory, locked up the office employees, and announced that they were going to run the factory themselves.

This news was conveyed to the police, who found themselves unable to approve of the suddenness with which the workmen had acted. They therefore came running down to the factory with their revolvers held nervously and loosely in their hands. The workmen gathered on the factory roof and tossed a number of bricks on the heads of the policemen, in addition to firing at them freely with revolvers. The police gayly returned the fire; and when the tumult and the shouting died several of the strikers were also found to have become thoroughly dead. The police then broke into the factory, released the wounded manager and the office employees, and arrested the leading strikers, who were prominent Socialists. On the following day all Naples was tied up in a general strike to show sympathy for the imprisoned Socialists. The general strike lasted for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time everybody went back to work. The imprisoned ones, however, remained in prison—greatly heartened, no doubt, by the general sympathy extended to them.

During the same month all the waiters in Naples struck, their grievance being that the restaurants added ten per cent to the bills for service and then failed to give the ten per cent to the waiters who had done the serving. The whole affair eventually came down to just one restaurant proprietor who was pig-headed and didn't want to give in. The striking waiters were busily engaged one day in a demonstration against the pig-headed proprietor when a detachment of Royal Guards encountered the crowd and began to shoot off their revolvers. Several people were wounded; and on the next day there was a general strike as a protest against everything. It lasted only a day, and it accomplished nothing—except to give the strikers a warm glow of pride over their sympathetic attitude.

Railway strikes are viewed with more whole-hearted loathing by the Italian people and by tourists than any other variety of strike. They occur without warning; and a traveler who is unfortunate enough to be overtaken by one is more than likely to find himself dumped down bag and baggage in the middle of a lot of picturesque Italian scenery, but twenty to forty miles from a hotel. Until the strike is over not a train runs. When I crossed Northern Italy in May the railroads were just recovering from a strike which lasted eight days, during which time not a wheel turned.

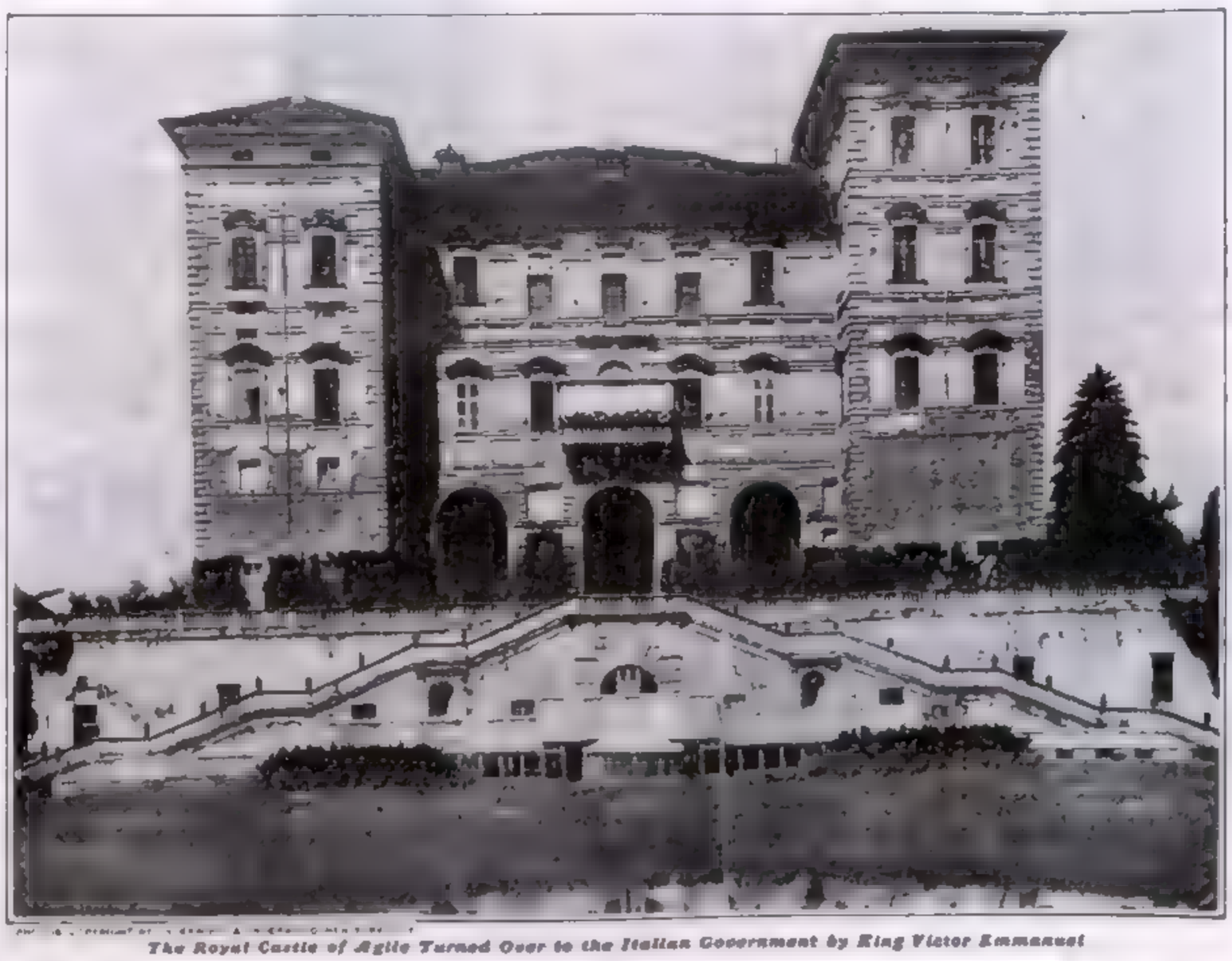
Old Symptoms Return

In the industrial centers of Northern Italy—Turin, Milan and Genoa—strikes are more common than in the south, because of the large numbers of communists who infest these cities. Workingmen in these centers are constantly on the verge of taking over factories in order to run them—or more likely to ruin them—for their own benefit; and the government is constantly teetering round nervously in an attempt to guess the exact moment when it must take over the factories itself in order to forestall the communists.

Nor is the agricultural south without its troubles. In the south the land is held in great part by large landowners. The peasants, keenly desiring their own land, have banded together and marched on the large estates, dividing them into convenient plots and starting to work the plots themselves. The landowners register an ear-splitting howl of protest, whereat the carabinieri, or rural police, march against the excited peasants and eject them from their newly acquired fields. There is guerrilla warfare for a few days; all the land workers strike with great heartiness. Sympathy is shown by a general strike. Matters calm down—and then the whole thing starts over again when another crowd of peasants get together and occupy the estates of several large landowners. This sort of activity provides the principal form of relaxation for the natives of the province of Lecce, which takes in the heel of the Italian boot.

After noting a few samples of the labor difficulties which obtain throughout Italy the casual observer is inclined to throw up his hands and urge that Italy be separated from the rest of the world by a high reënforced concrete fence so that its Bolshevistic inhabitants cannot get out and contaminate anybody else. They are not new symptoms for Italy, however. She has suffered from the same pernicious sort of seven-year itch before, and has staggered through with flying colors. For three years after the end of the war between Austria and Italy in 1866 the laborers used to riot and wreck shops and appropriate other people's goods to their own use. In 1898 there were bread riots in Italy which threw any Italian riots of 1919–20 into the deep shade. At various cities, and notably at Milan—always a hotbed of Socialism—the movement developed into a regular revolution, with the Socialists aligned against the government. The government was obliged to proclaim a state of siege at Florence, Leghorn, Naples and Milan, and the mob at one time became so ferocious that the commanding general opened on it with his artillery. The leaders of the Milan mob were convicted on so many counts that each one of them was sentenced to several centuries in jail; but it was the Italian temperament, and in three years' time everyone was out of jail and the erstwhile opponents were kissing each other tenderly.

As far back as 1900 the increase in the number of strikes which were taking



The Royal Castle of Agile Turned Over to the Italian Government by King Victor Emmanuel

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

place in Italy caused a large amount of unfavorable comment among people who like to see workmen work regularly. "Since 1901," says one book of Italian statistics, "there have been, more than once, general strikes at Milan and elsewhere; and one in the autumn of 1905 caused great inconvenience throughout the country and led to no effective result."

The conditions that exist in Italy to-day are very similar to the conditions that have existed there, off and on, for the past few centuries.

As in many other parts of the world, unrest and dissatisfaction are rampant in Italy. Down in Sicily last spring the Sicilians showed their general dissatisfaction by holding a demonstration against the King and Queen of Italy. The King and Queen of Italy are rulers whose democracy is about 100 per cent pure. They are as simple and as unaffected people as one can find. The King has turned his great estates over to the people; he has given his palaces to be made over into homes for old soldiers and hospitals and such-like things. He lived with the soldiers in the trenches during the war. The Queen goes among the poor people and mothers their babies and talks with them as any next-door neighbor would talk. They are the real thing in democracy.

But the Sicilians hold demonstrations.

Why? Because the King and Queen are too democratic. Yes, unrest and dissatisfaction are rampant in Italy. Never a day goes by without some very pronounced ramping; and there is a strong belief in many quarters that the all-European ramping, championship so far as unrest and dissatisfaction are concerned, should be awarded to the Italian people. Rampant as these things are, however, the percentage of Italians who indulge in them is not more than ten or fifteen. The bulk of the Italian people own little pieces of ground or small shops. They have a little money in the bank; and they are not rampers by nature. If unrest and dissatisfaction are rampant the ramping must be carried on without their assistance. They would no more join in a revolutionary movement than they would entertain the notion of jumping into the crater of Mount Vesuvius in order to keep warm during the heated term. They may be parties to the general unrest and dissatisfaction; but they are deeply averse to any change in the government. They are averse to it because it is a matter of common knowledge among Italian peasants that a change in government means increased taxes; and they have about as much desire for increased taxes as they have for a cholera epidemic or for prohibition.

Changes Mean Taxes

The Italian peasant and agriculturist, who makes up from eighty to ninety per cent of the population of Italy, has a deep and sincere craving to be let alone. This craving amounts almost to a passion. The famous Garibaldi, who was a great hand to raise forces for the purpose of freeing Italy, said that he never had any peasants among his volunteers. They wanted no change in government; it would bring them nothing but increased taxes. So the revolutionary movement which is pestering Italy just now will never be supported by a large percentage of the Italians.

The chief support comes from the loud-mouthed, easily influenced, hard-boiled workmen in the industrial centers—the men who didn't fight during the war, but who stayed at home and received higher wages than they had ever before dreamed of receiving in their lives. These folks are particularly dissatisfied. They don't want anybody to get more money than they get. They want everything in sight and a little more besides. By way of expressing their dissatisfaction they have voted the Socialist ticket with great vigor and unanimity, though many of them have not joined the Socialist Party. In Italy there are some thirty-eight million people. The Socialist Party claims to have only about one hundred and twenty thousand men regularly inscribed on its membership rolls; but among the one hundred and twenty thousand they have a great number of paid agitators—propagandisti, they are called—who are constantly speaking at meetings, presiding over them, writing newspaper articles and distributing socialistic doctrines among the dissatisfied workmen.

In spite, however, of having only one hundred and twenty thousand recognized members, the Socialist Party recently elected one hundred and fifty-six Socialist deputies to the Chamber of Deputies, which has a total membership of five hundred and eight.

The highest number of deputies which the Socialists had elected prior to the last election was forty. Relics of that last election may be seen to-day on fences and on the walls of buildings from the north of Italy down to the south.

A Demonstration of Strikers in Milan

"Viva Lenine!" read signs which industrious socialistic hands have applied. "Vote for Lenine! Vote for the Socialist Party! A vote for the Socialist Party is a vote for Lenine! Lenine, the Greatest Man in the World! Hurrah for the Soviets! Hurrah for Soviet Russia! Vote for Lenine and the Soviets!" The Socialists in Italy and all over Europe are working overtime to-day at the congenial task of press-agenting Lenine.

They have now reached a stage of enthusiasm in which Lenine is represented as a combination of Napoleon Saint Anthony, the Angel Gabriel, George Washington, Augustus Cæsar and the man who struck Billy Patterson.

The Chamber of Deputies in Rome, with its one hundred and fifty-six Socialist members, is an interesting study for a person who wants to see how Socialist representatives comport themselves when elevated to a position of trust and responsibility. It is also an interesting study for a person who likes excitement of a rather coarse type and doesn't know where to go to see a prize fight. I visited the chamber on March 24, 1920.

It was a dull day, as days go in the Chamber of Deputies now that the Socialists have returned so many members. There were only three fights, and in none of them was there a knock-out. The Italian newspapers on the following day passed over the proceedings with small headlines and scant remark. I am forced to conclude that no session of the Chamber of Deputies would be considered worthy of particular notice by the Italian newspapers unless a couple of deputies tore each other to pieces with their bare hands and unless at least nine others burst blood vessels from screaming curses at each other, so that the walls were messed up in a noteworthy manner.

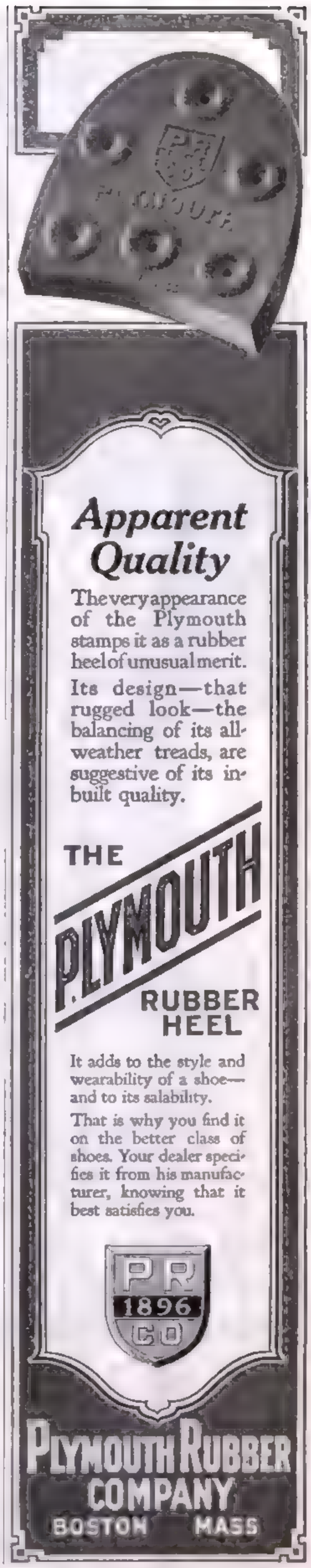
Claret for the Cabinet

The building in which the Chamber of Deputies is housed is guarded by a heavy cordon of military police with loaded revolvers. At each doorway of the building are soldiers in steel trench helmets, and with bayonets fixed on their rifles. Soldiers similarly armed are scattered all through the building. The exact reason for the large number of soldiers cannot be discovered. They are either there to keep outsiders from getting in and hurting the deputies, or to keep the deputies from getting out and hurting the populace, or to keep the deputies from getting at one another and wrecking the building.

The Chamber of Deputies resembles our own House of Representatives. Orlando, the president of the chamber, sat at a high desk facing the semicircular tiers of benches. Beneath him were the desks for the cabinet ministers, with Nitti, the Prime Minister, in the center. Each of these principal desks was furnished lightly but attractively with a bottle of claret, a bottle of water, a dish of sugar, a goblet and a spoon. The president's desk, in addition, boasted a dinner bell. The president rang the dinner bell between speeches and also when the Socialists waxed too obstreperous, so that he spent practically all his time ringing it. At every third or fourth ring the cabinet ministers would pour slugs of claret into their goblets, add a little sugar and water, stir vigorously and suck it up slowly amid the hoarse, angry and thirsty cries of the Socialist deputies. The privilege of drinking sweetened claret and water during sessions of the chamber seems to be one of the few benefits which accrue to the position of cabinet minister in Italy.

All the Socialist members of the chamber occupied the benches at the extreme left of the semicircular tiers. This is the reason why Socialists are known as The Left. There seems to be an opinion in many circles that the Socialists are called The Left because they will—to use a cant phrase—be left if they insist on pursuing their present tactics; left holding the sack, as it were. The same people have an idea that the communists and the Bolsheviks are known as The Extreme Left because they will be left, in a manner of speaking, even more extremely than the Socialists if they keep on at their present gait. This idea is erroneous. In Europe the Socialists always sit on the left-hand side of the representative bodies, and the extreme Socialists always sit on the extreme left. Hence, as the coarser elements of the late American Army were wont to observe, the Pyramids of Egypt.

The left-hand section of the chamber, then, was filled. Every seat was taken by an ardent Socialist. A great many of these Socialist deputies, I feel obliged to record, were about as hard-looking specimens as one could encounter in the less aristocratic American jails. Some were greatly in need of shaves, and others seemed to be laboring under the misapprehension that the laundry workers of the nation had been striking for several months. It is quite conceivable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that a man may be utterly slack in the matter of personal cleanliness and neatness, and still be a person of great mental powers; but as a rule the man whose thoughts are orderly and clean finds it impossible to be anything but orderly and clean in dress and person. To put it bluntly, a large number of the Socialist deputies appeared to be extremely messy, both bodily and mentally.

The middle section of the chamber, occupied by the members of the so-called Catholic Party, was not packed so solidly as the left, but it was very well filled. The right-hand section, in which the conservative element was located, harbored a pitiful handful of venerable gentlemen who seemed to be busy at some such irrelevant tasks as posting their diaries or writing letters to neglected relatives.

The desks of all the deputies were barren of loose articles. There were no unattached inkwells or books or fittings of any sort. Everything was screwed down tightly. The walls of the chamber are embellished with some very beautiful mural decorations.

I have attended a number of prize fights where the spectators became violently excited and displayed their excitement by howls, yells and interchange of blows; but never have I witnessed a prize fight at which the spectators lost control of themselves to the extent that the Socialists lost control of themselves at this humdrum session of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

A Rough Day in the Chamber

The first speaker of this particular session was Modigliani, a Socialist leader. He was a fat man with a tremendous black beard and spectacles which made him look like a huge overfed owl. His speech was a demand that newspapers be forced to reveal the sources from which they received their financial support. His gestures were passionate in the extreme, and his words roused his Socialist brethren to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Repeatedly they would burst into wild, ear-piercing shrieks of approval and into storms of applause. The center of the chamber, however, took no pleasure in his address. They shouted at him angrily, and waves of hisses interrupted him. A man in the center rose to his feet and shrieked at him ferociously. Modigliani shrieked back. The chamber was in an uproar, with every member shouting in concert. The faint tinkle of the president's bell, as he jangled it frantically for order, went unheeded. Modigliani, frothing at the mouth with excitement, finished his speech by pounding on his desk with both fists and howling like a wild man. He fell into his seat with every sign of physical exhaustion, while his friends rushed to him, patted his arms and back and kissed him affectionately. The sympathies of the gallery were evenly divided, the hisses and the applause being equally violent.

The second speaker was an inoffensive-looking member of the Catholic Party—a tall droopy gray man with a surprised-looking gray pompadour and a long droopy gray mustache. He got along famously—for a little under three minutes. Then he said something that the Socialists didn't like, and they started in on him. They jeered and wailed mournfully. He made little futile flapping motions with his hands and tried to go on. The jeers and wails increased in volume. He tried to make himself heard above the din, whereat the chamber became a bedlam. He stood for over five minutes trying to make himself heard; and during all that time the Socialists kept up their deafening tumult. Finally he sat down, and the chamber gradually became quiet again.

One of the deputies addressed a question to Nitti, the Prime Minister. Something about Nitti's reply incensed a Socialist, and he objected in strident tones. Nitti attempted to proceed; but the Socialists bawled and booed and shouted and hooted so that he was forced to stop.

By this time Modigliani had recovered from the exhaustion brought about by his first speech. Rising to his feet with an impassioned gesture he began to speak again. His opening words offended a man in the center, who at once leaped up wildly. One of Modigliani's friends, maddened by this attack, rushed to Modigliani's side and hurled bitter curses at the attacker. Every deputy leaped to his feet, roaring and bellowing. Orlando, president of the chamber, mixed in the fracas and bitterly condemned the Catholic Party for causing the disturbance. The howl that went up was as deep and deafening as that which rises from a cheering section at a football game after a successful play. The Socialists jeered at the Catholics. They yahed them and booed them and made offensive, suggestive noises indicative of their contempt for them. They gave them the rude Italian raspberry. The Catholics roared in anger, vowing that Orlando never called the Socialists to order, though they were the greatest offenders. The air was full of hands. Everyone was gesturing wildly.

A Catholic rose and began to answer Modigliani, though Modigliani had not yet finished. The Socialists hooted him from the moment he started, directing all sorts of offensive noises and yells at him. The noise was so loud and continuous that people in the galleries who wished to speak to each other had to shout at the top of their lungs.

One of the Socialists was particularly offensive in his shouts and gestures. Several Catholics put their heads together and shouted "Oil! Oil!" at him. The allusion was to the fact that this particular Socialist had been accused of profiteering in oil during the war. Trembling and white with rage the Socialist rushed up the aisle and toward the men who had shouted "Oil!" He was caught and held by other Socialists. Foaming at the mouth he screamed epithets at the Catholics. When those who were holding him loosed their holds he leaped on the desks and started jumping across them to get at his enemies. He was caught and pulled down. A friend leaped up and attempted to get across the desks and into physical contact with those who had shouted "Oil!" He, too, had to be hauled down and restrained by force. During all this the chamber was in a tumult of howls and yells and hisses. Deputies were shaking their fists at high heaven. Two or three were weeping. A score seemed to be on the verge of having epileptic fits.

At this point Orlando went into action. He shrieked and yelled and banged on his desk with his fist and almost crawled on it in his rage. He beat the desk with his little dinner bell and jumped up and down and tore at his hair. The whole affair was disgraceful, he screamed. It was impossible to proceed under existing conditions! What was the use of a Chamber of Deputies that devoted all its time to fighting instead of to depping! The Socialists were behaving in an intolerable manner!

The End of a Perfect Day

Modigliani bitterly resented these words. He burst into screams of anguish. Such was the energy with which he spoke that his cheeks, his fists, his beard, his arms, his legs and his stomach were all aquiver. The Catholics received his words with a tumult of howls. They groaned and hissed so that the groans and hisses of the mob scene in Julius Cæsar would have sounded like the murmur of a soft west wind among the willows by comparison. They shook their clenched fists and clutched their heads in anguish at the insolence of the Socialists.

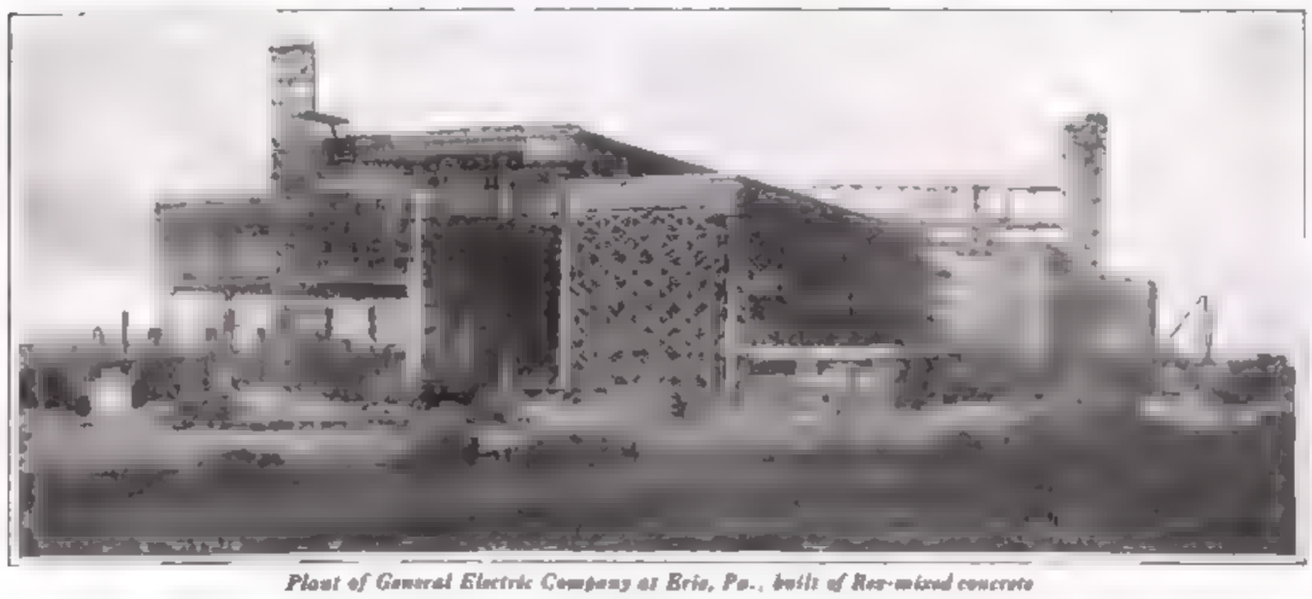
A Socialist rose to his feet, howled his anger toward the center and then suddenly turned, raced up the aisle at top speed and tore across the passageway behind the desks with the evident intention of killing as many Catholics as possible before being overpowered. Deputies rushed back to intercept him. The ministers, the deputies and the gallery were on their feet, screaming with excitement. The noise was deafening. A bell rang. It was six o'clock—time for an hour's intermission so that the deputies could go over to Aragno's and have a cup of chocolate. The tumult ceased. The deputies jostled toward the exits in apparent amity.

Can you, as the saying goes, beat it?

It is the Italian temperament at work. Let five hundred Americans work themselves up to the same pitch of antagonism and excitement that the five hundred Italian deputies had achieved, and a goodly percentage of the Americans would have celebrated the end of their perfect day in the hospital—and they'd have gone in ambulances. But the Italians went to Aragno's for chocolate, and they walked.

There has been a great deal of talk in Europe and America concerning the hatred the Italians have for Americans, and also concerning the unpleasant experiences which American travelers in Italy have suffered because of this hatred. Several

(Continued on Page 72)



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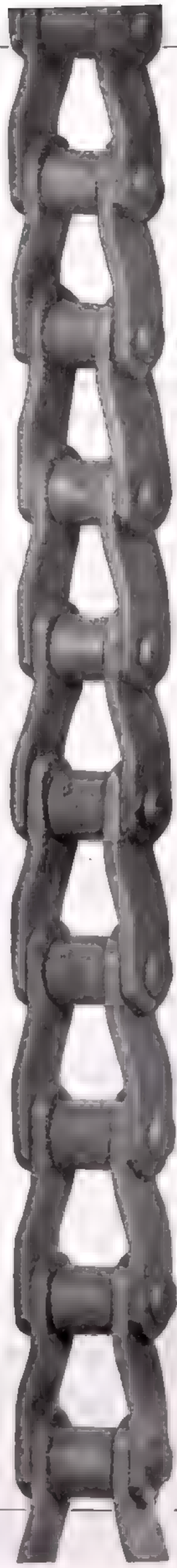


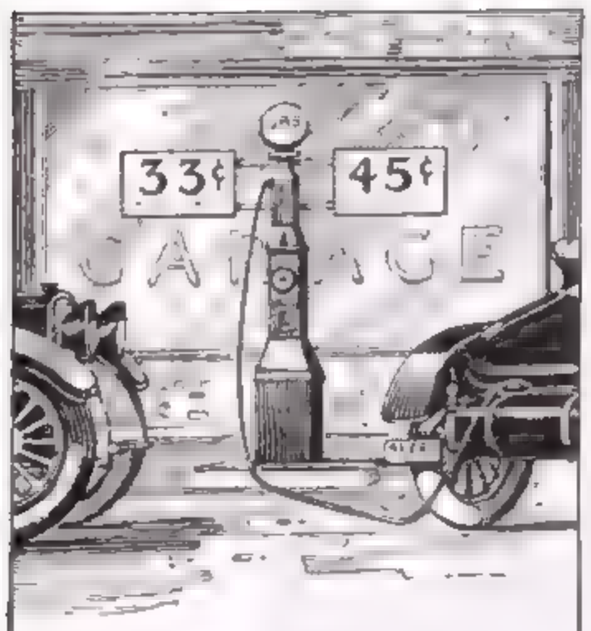
REX MIXERS

FOR PERMANENCE IN CONCRETE

Rex Chain, Rex Traveling Water Screens
Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad



Why charge yourself extra for gas?

The price you pay for gas is regulated by the tightness of your cylinders and by the condition of your valves. If your valves are clean you are getting full power. If they are clogged and dirty you are losing a large part of the mileage a gallon of gasoline ought to give.

For when carbon fouls your valves and valve seats they cannot close as tightly as they should. Compression leaks, power is lost, gas is wasted.

To keep your valves clean and your motor powerful, you should have your valves ground every 2,000 miles. Your gas goes further—your power is *there* when you need it.

Clover Cleans Valves

A little Clover Valve Grinding and Lapping Compound will make your valves as tight-closing as the day they left the factory. And after a cleaning with Clover you'll be surprised at the "pep" your car will show!

Clover is fast cutting and smooth working. It won't run and carry its abrasive where it will cause any damage. It has no emery, no glass, no destructive grit. It cuts fast and it cuts true.

If you turn your car over to a garage for valve grinding, specify Clover—good garages will use it even without your asking.

If you do it yourself—and it's easy and interesting—send for samples of Clover and for the Clover Instructional Bulletins. Written by a famous automotive engineer, they explain the operation step by step and are interesting to mechanic and owner alike.

Experts agree that Clover is the best compound for cylinder lapping, fitting piston rings and for use in machine shops and factories.

CLOVER Grinding and Lapping Compound

CLOVER MFG CO. 108 Main Street Norwalk, Conn.

Technical questions gladly answered.

Please send me the Clover Instruction Bulletins and samples of Clover Compound for—

[ ]Car Owner [ ]Distributor [ ]Tractor
[ ]Utility Engines [ ]Industrial Use [ ]Garage

Name _____

Address

(Continued from Page 70)

Americans in various parts of Italy took great pains to acquaint me with the brutal treatment they had received from Italian customs inspectors, passport officials and railway employees because they were "damned Americans." A prominent American business man on his way from Vienna to Constantinople with several secretaries and relatives, told me that he had been grossly insulted by the Italians when he crossed the frontier late in April. He had been told, he said, that the Americans had tried to run Italy long enough; the railway officials refused to give him lights in his railway coach, saying that the damned Americans could sit in the dark; they had refused for a long time to accept American money for railway tickets, but had finally taken it at a rate of exchange that was very unfavorable to the Americans.

This is perhaps all true; but since many Americans are contemplating a trip to Italy in the near future I feel impelled to offer my own experiences as a balance to those who complain so loudly of their treatment in Italy. I went through the Italian customs and passport officials in the north, traveled down to Rome and Naples, making protracted stops in both cities, and crossed the peninsula in the south to Foggia and Bari on the Adriatic. I went through the customs and passport officials again at Bari when I left Italy to go into the Balkans. I reëntered Italy again at Trieste, left it once more to go into Jugo-Slavia, came back again from Jugo-Slavia, traveled across the north of Italy and passed the frontier into Switzerland.

Feelings Toward Mr. Wilson

Every crossing of a frontier meant still another bout with customs and passport officials. Never did I encounter anything except the utmost courtesy and consideration. Nobody insulted me; nobody made any disparaging remarks about Americans; nobody pried into my baggage; nobody detained me; nobody searched me for concealed money, in spite of the constant assurances which I had received that such would be the case. I was traveling as any American tourist would travel, without special letters from any Italian officials, without a uniform and with a regulation passport. My experience was not unusual, for I met many other Americans who had invariably received the same uniformly courteous treatment from Italians.

I have sometimes, it is true, been obliged to change money on trains and on steamships, and in all cases I have been unmercifully stung. The Italians have no monopoly on that particular form of highway robbery, for the stinging of travelers who are caught short on money is one of the most popular indoor and outdoor sports in Europe. If one needs to change American money into English money on an ocean liner he will be given less than he would receive on shore. But it will be his own fault; for he should have got English money before getting on the boat. French money is used on all the big Continental expresses that run out of Paris. If on one of these trains one needs to change American into French money he will lose on the transaction. But it's his own fault again, for he should have come heeled with French money. The American who complained so bitterly about the sickening manner in which he was forced to accept an unfavorable rate of exchange for American dollars when coming from Austria into Italy should have provided himself with plenty of Italian money before he left Austria. Not to do so was a guaranty that he would be subjected to many inconveniences, delays and annoyances.

Let us, for a moment, use our imaginations and allow our minds to dwell on the plight in which an Italian would find himself if he should rush up to the ticket office in Niagara Falls, New York, and demand tickets for four or five persons to Chicago when he had nothing but Italian money on his person and could speak no language but Italian. I venture to affirm that he would find himself out of luck. I will go even farther than that: It is my belief that when the ticket agent had finished with him and had summoned the police the Italian would be strongly of the opinion that all of the luck in the world had been distributed long before he was born.

I am therefore forced to the following conclusions, which will prove highly offensive to the Americans who have been badly treated in Italy: The person who retains his temper at all times, uses the brain with which he was provided by an all-wise Providence, and permits an occasional smile to lighten his features when conversing with railway, customs and passport officials will have few troubles in Italy. An obtuse or grumpy official, when presented with the Italian equivalent for a half dollar, will almost break a leg in order to be helpful. An American who can't understand Italian, and who becomes peevish because Italians cannot understand him, even when he shouts at them at the top of his lungs, will probably have cause to complain of contemptuous treatment at the hands of the Italians.

You see, the Italians don't feel that there is any crying need for them to take backwater from Englishmen, Frenchmen or Americans either. I am willing, however, to bet several hundred Austrian crowns, or even as much as three dollars, that any American who keeps his temper and refrains from looking as though he had recently had word of the death of a bosom friend will meet with nothing but courtesy in Italy.

The frequently mentioned hatred for Americans that is supposed to exist in Italy may have existed at one time, but it is nearly as nonexistent to-day as are Eskimo plover, the last specimen of which was found in 1898. It is an unfortunate fact that our late Allies do not have the same tender regard for us that they had during the latter months of 1917.

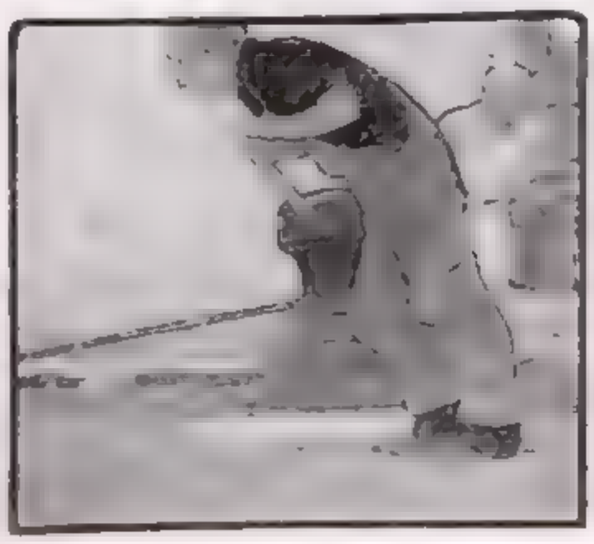
It is Mr. Wilson who gives the Italians a series of sharp, shooting twinges. They explain carefully to Americans that it is Mr. Wilson who irks them. They want it distinctly understood that with them it is a case of Wilson—That's All. The more tactful Italians shake their heads in a puzzled manner when his name comes up. It is such a pity, they say, that Mr. Wilson should have become so sick. The less tactful ones are—well, less tactful. They cannot for the life of them understand why Mr. Wilson so persistently upholds the claims of the Slav nations, and so persistently refuses to consider the Italian claims. Mr. Wilson, they say, sees nothing wrong in permitting the Czechoslovaks to include millions of Germans within their boundaries and hundreds of thousands of Magyars. He considers it all right for the Jugo-Slavs to do the same with Germans and Magyars. Yet he protests violently against the Italians' taking a few thousand Jugo-Slavs in the same way.

Pro-German Sentiment

This is all the more incomprehensible to the Italians because the Croats and the Slovenes—which are the peoples that the Italians refer to when they speak of the Jugo-Slavs—fought bitterly against the Italians on the side of Austria-Hungary until the armistice. Why, they ask, should their Allies favor their enemies rather than their friends? This is the Italian viewpoint. I do not uphold it; I merely state it. Very few disinterested people uphold Italy's viewpoint as regards the cities and territory along the Adriatic coast.

There is much more anti-French sentiment in Italy than there is anti-American feeling. The French, say the Italians, have not been good allies; they have not stood by them. Now the Germans, they say, have always been true to their allies; the Germans can be depended on; Germany will soon be a strong nation again. All through Italy there is a very strong pro-German sentiment.

When one looks into this matter he gets a strong whiff of that odorous mess known as European politics. France, to protect herself against a possible future attack on the part of Germany, is coddling and pampering Czechoslovakia so that Czechoslovakia may be in a position to give Germany a brisk kick in the rear if the occasion should ever demand it. Jugo-Slavia and Czechoslovakia are sister states, and between them there are strong bonds of sympathy. But Italy and Jugo-Slavia are at swords' points. They talk constantly of fighting. France, being the protector of Czechoslovakia, would also help Jugo-Slavia in case she fought with Italy. Italy would need help against Jugo-Slavia; and since she can't have it from France her thoughts are dwelling fondly on Germany.



The Italian temperament also enters into the question. In past years the Italians have always been against the nation that had the upper hand in Europe; for they have always felt that Italy was oppressed by the nation with the upper hand. Either they considered themselves oppressed by the French or by the Austrians.

The Shrinking Thousand

From the standpoint of the tourist, Italy to-day isn't much different from the Italy of before the war. The food is good, and there is plenty of it. Because of the rate of exchange, the prices of many things are even cheaper for Americans than they used to be. Before the war an American dollar used to be worth five lire, and one lira was equivalent—as careful figuring will demonstrate—to twenty cents. In the spring of 1920 the value of the lira had declined to such an extent that an American dollar could be exchanged for twenty-four of them, so that the lira was worth approximately four cents. The value of the lira moves round almost as rapidly, however, as the tail of a hound dog on a hot scent. An American in Rome cabled back to America on April sixth for one thousand dollars to be sent to him in Naples. The American bank which cabled the money, for reasons best known to itself, cabled the equivalent of one thousand dollars in lire. On April fourteenth the American was notified that the money was deposited to his credit in a Naples bank. But instead of a thousand dollars the American found that he had twenty thousand lire; and twenty thousand lire was worth only eight hundred and forty-nine dollars. The transaction, which was conducted by two reputable banks, annoyed him to such an extent that he refused to accept the money. Unfortunately, not all people are in a position to refuse to accept money which has so dwindled in transit.

A little matter of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is sent back to Italy every working day in the year by Italian immigrants in the United States. This always arrives in lire, not in dollars; and the recipients never refuse to accept it; but it has lost greatly in value in transit. Speculation, as I have said before and as I take great pleasure in repeating, is at the bottom of an enormous amount of the European money troubles.

The banks declare that they are wholly at a loss for a remedy that will stop this speculation. If that is the case it is not unreasonable to assume that the world's bankers know as little about finance as does the Kamchatka blubber eater who sells a dozen sea-otter skins for two tin hunting knives and a gallon of Russian-distilled prune juice. After one has seen the troubled and innocent peoples of Europe going through hell, starvation and damnation because the value of their money has fallen away to a point where it will buy them no food and no clothing—where it will keep no warmth in their bodies and no decencies in their lives—one is inclined to cast large quantities of slurs and aspersions on persons who have devoted their lives to financial matters but who can offer no solution for a financial problem that is enriching them but ruining millions.

Compared with the Central European nations, Italy's finances are on a firm footing; but they are in far worse shape than those of France or of England, and neither France nor England can afford to buy from America. Italy is doing most of her buying at the present time in Germany and Austria. The stores are full of German and Austrian made goods, all of which cost five to fifteen times as much as they cost in Berlin or Vienna. The Italians themselves are greatly depressed by the increased cost of living; but the increase has been little greater, in proportion, than it has been in the United States.

(Continued on Page 75)

Bon Ami

—for Aluminum

Made in both Cake and Powder form

Keep that silvery gloss on your Aluminum!

When your aluminum ware is new it shines like silver. Keep it always so! You can—by avoiding the use of scouring powders on the polished parts and using only Bon Ami, which will not scratch those delicate mirror-like surfaces.

The manufacturers of all the following well-known brands of aluminum-ware voluntarily recommend the use of Bon Ami in their tags and catalogs:

Aladdin	*Mirro*	*West Bend*	*Wagner Ware*
Cook-Rite	*Sterling*	*"1892"*	*Sunlite*
Liberty	*Victor*	*Quality*	*Sweeneyware*
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"Hasn't scratched yet!"

You can take this smoketalk at just 100%!

Go get a jimmy pipe and get some Prince Albert—*now*—and you can lay a bet right across the board that you'll uncover a brand of treasure that'll put the gold-digging-game in the flat-tire class!

For, it's nation-wide-news that if you only had an inner-inkling as to what Prince Albert and a joy'us jimmy pipe hand out in smokesport, a pair of ponies couldn't hold you from hopping this minute to the handiest tobacco supply station!

You never puffed such cool, fragrant, fine flavored smoke in your life as P. A. lavishly supplies; you never chummed it with tobacco that gives you such keen satisfaction and continuous contentment!

Don't need to spread you the word that Prince Albert is free from bite and parch! *You'll get that* speed-o when you hit the try-out route with P. A. For, our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch! You smoke Prince Albert at any pace that hits your fancy night or day—*it won't worry your tongue!*

P. A. puts an edge on your smokeappetite that'll make such a hit with your smoke-disposition you'll want to photograph it! *Because*, you haven't any more than opened your second eye in the early A. M. when the P. A. lead-me-to-it hunch is on the job! And, you've checked out of the dining room and had your number one set-to with the national joy smoke before the whistle cuts loose!

Everywhere you alight, you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your commands! Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

(Continued from Page 72)

In this connection, I was asked by great numbers of Italian-Americans who had returned to Italy from the United States to send a message to all Italians in America who are thinking of coming back to Italy. The message was "Don't come back!" The Italian-Americans are waiting round in shoals and herds for boats to take them back to America. I shall deal with this matter at greater length in a future article on Italian immigration; but I feel obliged to pass along the message of warning at the present time in the hope that a few good Italian-Americans may be saved from the heartburnings and the financial losses that have beaded with clammy perspiration the brows of all Italians who have left America for Italy since the end of the war.

American tourists, however, feel rather opulent in Italy. At an excellent but quiet hotel in Rome, for example—a hotel that has sufficient standing to be cluttered up constantly with princesses and countesses and marchesas and what not—one may have a room looking out on the palms and bamboos and wistaria and roses and towering cypresses of the Pincian Gardens; and one may have a bathroom and three excellent meals a day, all for a matter of four hundred lire a week. Four hundred lire is—or was, in April—equivalent to about twenty dollars. One may tumble into one of the open-faced Italian carriages with a taximeter attachment, drive and drive and drive for hours on end, hand the driver double the amount registered on the meter as required by law, fight passionately with him as to the size of the tip he is to receive as wine money, compromise with him by giving him all that he demands—and still have to separate oneself from only sixty cents. That, I am willing to take oath, is considerably better than being obliged to hand ten dollars to a taxi thug for driving one from a Hoboken steamship dock to the Pennsylvania Station, as I was forced to do on May twenty-third last. Ten dollars is two hundred and forty lire; it is three thousand three hundred kronen; it is—well, it is certainly what Artemus Ward would have catalogued as "2 mutch."

A suit of clothes made by a first-class Roman or Neapolitan tailor out of fine English cloth can be had for as little as six hundred lire, or thirty dollars, or for as much as eight hundred lire, or forty dollars. A suit made from the same sort of cloth by an American tailor would cost from eighty to one hundred and fifty dollars. It makes one indulge in extensive speculations as to how American tailors get that way.

In Dollars or Lire?

The Italians are afflicted with the fascinating belief that all Americans have untold wealth. When an American asks the price of an article in a shop the salesman who tells him usually adds in an offhand way: "But that is practically nothing for you Americans." It does no good to argue. One can become hoarse assuring the salesman that one's last penny will probably be wrung from one by a heartless landlord the week after one's return to America, only to have the salesman smile pityingly and skeptically. Their belief in the limitless moneys that Americans possess is confirmed by the manner in which they translate lire into dollars. I accompanied an American on a suit-buying expedition.

"How much would this be?" he asked, fingering a piece of cloth.

The tailor rolled his eyes toward the ceiling and made a hasty computation.

"One hundred and sixty dollars," he finally replied.

"What!" shrieked the American in a shrill, horrified voice.

"Yes," said the tailor firmly, "one hundred and sixty dollars—eight hundred lire."

Before the war eight hundred lire was one hundred and sixty dollars; but on that particular day it was forty dollars. The Italian shopkeepers who speak English always compute comparative values for Americans in that way—and confidently assume that an American, having untold millions, stands ready to pay one hundred and sixty dollars for a suit of clothes, or to disgorge seventy or eighty dollars for an automobile for a day.

This gives rise to misunderstandings. I met a man who was in a tantrum of rage because he claimed the Italians had been trying to steal everything but his shirt. He bought an enormous flask of red wine for seven lire, or thirty cents, and came and told me about it, pausing occasionally to weep into the wine. These Italian robbers, he said, had tried to charge him fifteen hundred lire for a two-hundred-mile automobile trip. I wept with him.

"Gracious goodness!" I said. "That's seventy dollars."

"Ye-ah!" he said. "That was what they tried to nick me for."

Questioning revealed the fact that the automobile dealer had given him the price in dollars instead of in lire, and that the American had been so incensed that he had rushed away immediately in a cloud of profanity. We went back to the dealer's and offered him three hundred and twenty-five lire, or sixteen dollars, for the automobile trip which the American claimed was to have cost fifteen hundred lire. The dealer accepted with alacrity. The affair was a somewhat complicated one to grasp. The dealer had originally wished to charge the American three hundred and fifty lire for the trip. That, on a prewar basis, would have been seventy dollars. So, in his naïve Italian manner, he told the American that the trip would cost seventy dollars. The American, in telling me the story, had computed the seventy dollars into lire at the existing rate of exchange, and had got fifteen hundred lire—a sum which the dealer would never have dared to ask; for to him fifteen hundred lire would have meant three hundred dollars.

The Same Old Italy

The tourist will find little or no change in Italy. He will find the same old vineyards, with vines trained to grow between low trees in the north and high trees in the south; and he will find the vineyards producing the same old red wine that slides down the throat so easily and so harmlessly until a certain point is reached, after which it suddenly inflames the mind of the drinker to such an extent that he is filled with a longing to use his stiletto on somebody near or dear to him. He will find the same old guides who whisper in the same old thrilling tones that Mount Vesuvius is on the verge of erupting again and blowing all of Italy into the middle of Kingdom Come, or whose information concerning the ancient Romans is of such nature that any reputable historian who heard it would burst into low moans of anguish.

He will find the same peanut-sized donkeys staggering round under monumental loads and protesting against their lot in life with all the noisy bitterness of a fire whistle. He will find the same old dirt and the same old fleas and the same old carriage drivers voicing the same old anguish at whatever reward they may receive for their labors. He will find the same old expatriate Americans raising the same old plaints against the drab and mercenary aspects of life in America. He will find the same old genuine fifteenth-century Italian antiques, made, inclusive of wormholes, in Newark, New Jersey.

He will find the same old Camorra and the same old Mafia and the same old Evil Eye doing business at the same old stands at which they were doing business long before Amerigo Vespucci went into the exploring trade and decided to allow his name to be used as an advertisement for the continent that Columbus discovered. He will find the same gorgeous scenery and the same history-soaked ruins and the same whisky-soaked near-counts and the same horrible odors that have always been a part and parcel of Italy's glory, and that will always be a part of Italy's glory until Vesuvius lives up to the gloomy prophecies of the guides and erupts with enough violence to spatter Italy all over the Milky Way.

There is one great difference, however, which will impress the tourist deeply. I refer to the Italian military officer. In the spring of 1920, what with the constant talk of fights with the Jugo-Slavs and one thing and another, there were more Italian officers in the foreground of all Italian scenery than there were Roman ruins. The Italian officer is a romantic and affecting spectacle. He wears a long blue cape about the color of a bluebird's wing. It contains enough cloth to make pup tents for a baseball team, and the Italian officer picks up one end of it and throws it up over his shoulder so that he is a big light-blue cocoon with his shiny pomaded black head sticking out at the top and his shiny bespurred black boots sticking out at the bottom. Some of the younger officers have gone back to school and college, but they still wear their uniforms and their beautiful blue capes. Some have gone back to business, and some have gone back to doing nothing; but all of them get out their uniforms and their romantic blue capes and stride round in them whenever there is the slightest excuse for so doing; while the impressionable and excitable Italian maidens press their hands to their hearts and gasp in admiration.

The cold and reserved tourist who has spent his life in the restrained atmosphere of Oriskany, New York, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, or Glen Ridge, New Jersey, is held spellbound when he sees a pair of these wonderful blue-caped creatures walking along the sidewalk holding hands, or when he sees two of them meet on a crowded street, throw their arms round each other and kiss ardently—having been separated, probably, for as much as four hours. The Italian temperament is responsible for these things; and the more stolid American finds it difficult to grasp the Italian temperament. That is why undemonstrative people from northern countries must be heard with suspicion when they declare that all Italy is in such a ferment that it is about to explode.

The Italian temperament manifests itself in many odd and fascinating ways. Practically all Italians on entering into conversation lose control of their hands, which fly round in a loose and dangerous manner. One who witnesses a discussion between two Italians is in a constant state of nervousness lest each of them stick several fingers into the other's eyes and suddenly go blind. When one walks the streets of any city of southern Italy one will repeatedly come across pairs of disputants facing each other with inflamed and contorted faces, shrieking at the top of their lungs and shaking their hands in each other's faces with such violence and rapidity that their heads seem to be surrounded by a heavy mist. It is a terrifying spectacle. One feels sure that it will be only a matter of seconds before both of them draw murderous knives and hack each other into a sort of Hungarian goulash. One imagines that one of the howlers is being accused of arson, forgery and petit larceny, and that the other is being charged with mayhem, counterfeiting and murder. One contemplates running for the police in order to avert a shocking double killing, when both of the disputants suddenly fall silent and walk away.

Tips and Temperaments

On questioning bystanders, one learns that they were merely discussing the possibility of getting a little rain within the week or comparing notes on the price of olive oil. In the north the hands are usually kept below the level of the shoulders and the fingers are used somewhat sparingly. A speaker starts to emphasize his discourse with his clenched fist, and every time he makes a point he frees one finger. When all five fingers are spread out he clenches his hand and starts over again. In the south the hands seldom descend below the level of the shoulder during a conversation. Everything is stretched out to the limit. All the fingers are extended, as are the arms, eyes, mouth and voice.

Italian carriage drivers are greatly given to being temperamental. It is traditional with Italian carriage drivers that they must never be satisfied with the amount of money that is given them by foreigners. Their fathers and their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers were never satisfied with the tips they received from the foreigners, so it is a matter of pride with them to be dissatisfied also. It is always the same story. On descending from the carriage the foreigner pays his fare plus a tip. The carriage driver looks at the money with loathing. He shrieks aloud, as though a rusty poniard had been plunged into his vitals. He clasps his brow with every sign of mortal anguish. If an insufficient amount of attention is paid to him he will in all probability descend from the carriage and follow the guilty party into hotel, theater or restaurant, as the case may be, howling for his rights at the top of his lungs and airing all grievances suffered by him during the past ten years. Three cents will calm him; but if he isn't calmed he will refuse all fares for hours in order to brood over his wrongs.

Italian shopkeepers make frequent use of their temperament in order to shake a little extra money out of the easily cowed foreigners. Greatly taken by a magnificent pair of carved wooden cabinet doors,

(Concluded on Page 77)

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THE railroad man's watch has about the hardest time-keeping job you can imagine. Not only must it run without varying more than 30 seconds out of the 604,800 that it ticks off every week, but it must maintain this accuracy under conditions that you would think would wreck the delicate mechanism. The safety of property—yes, of human lives—depends on the exactness of the railroad man's watch.

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When the Webb C. Ball Watch Company, manufacturers of "The Official Railroad Standard Watch," had perfected a watch movement guaranteed to deliver accurate time under these trying conditions, they turned to Wadsworth, casemakers for fine watches for thirty years, for the case.

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The name Wadsworth in a watchcase is your guarantee not only of correct design but of the best possible in material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

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genuine fifteenth century, made on East Twenty-first Street, New York, a foreigner drops into an Italian antique shop and asks the price. The dealer proudly replies that two hundred dollars takes them. The foreigner says coldly that he only wanted two doors; not two dozen. He thereupon offers eight dollars for the doors. The dealer, stung by this insult, almost breaks down and cries. That pair of doors would bring fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars in New York! Why, he himself is personally acquainted with the cousin of the man who got them from the Palazzo Lambusto. Notice the carving! Notice the wormholes! The worms that made those holes were the most highly bred hole makers that the fifteenth century produced! Notice the manner in which the doors have been worn to a glossy smoothness by countless hands!

The foreigner replies that he sees all these things, and understands perfectly that the owners of the doors must have spent their lives opening and shutting them in order to get them so thoroughly worn. He then offers twenty dollars for them.

Tips From the Dream Book

Infuriated, the dealer calls on heaven to witness this awful wrong that is being done him. He himself paid one hundred and thirty-five dollars for the doors. His children are clothed in rags because of the terrible rate of exchange. His little baby hasn't had a drink of milk for three years; and his wife will be unable to afford a new hat until 1950. Yet he cannot exist without doing business; so in hopes that the foreigner will bring him other customers he will sacrifice the doors for one hundred and twenty dollars. It will be a loss for him; it will almost ruin him; but he will do it. Weakened by these words the foreigner in a rash moment says that he will pay fifty dollars for the doors.

"Sold!" shouts the dealer briskly; and he calls for his assistants to come and wrap them up.

No; the Italians haven't changed much. They still retain all their bizarre superstitions, for example. Whenever an Italian has a dream he gets out his dream book and finds out what his dream means in terms of figures, and then he scrapes up all the money in the house and runs out and plays those figures in the lottery. If he dreams that rare old dream about wandering into a ballroom in his pajamas he doesn't mention the dream to his friends for the sake of making conversation. Not he! He gets his dream book out from under his pillow, finds that the abstruse calculations of the dream experts have identified "ballroom" with the number 28 and "pajamas" with the number 3. So he plays Number Twenty-eight and Number Three in the week's lottery; and if he doesn't win he feels positive that somebody with the Evil Eye looked at him and gummed up his chances.

Somehow or other these things don't sound just right to us intellectual Americans who prefer the more practical ouija board to such puerile fancies as dream books. But you can't make an Italian believe that there's anything wrong in his system. It's all foolishness, of course, to think that dream books and certain dates and people's ages and such-like truck can have any connection with a lottery. The Messina earthquake occurred on the twenty-eighth day of the month; thousands of Italians selected Number Twenty-eight on which to put their money in that week's lottery. Number twenty-eight turned up, and a stated amount had to be paid to each one of the thousands that had chosen to bet on 28. The government almost went broke. But of course there's nothing in any of that stuff, as ouija-board devotees can tell you.

The Evil Eye still goes big in all parts of Italy. A man who has the Evil Eye, if recognized, can get no service in restaurants, no rooms in hotels, no carriage to drive in. Strong men dive hurriedly up alleys to escape him. The mere mention of his name is sufficient to make sensitive Italians leave the room in an uncontrollable fit of shudders. This makes it nice for Italians who have a grudge against somebody. All they need to do is to spread the report that the hated one has the Evil Eye. Italians are rarely skeptical about such statements. If they are, however, and demand proof, it is only necessary to connect the accused person with a minor disaster.

"How do I know?" whispers the accuser. "Don't you remember the big banquet last March when the glass chandelier fell on the banquet table and upset all the wine? Well, he was present; it was his fault. The Eye, you know!"

That's enough. Nothing else is necessary. The fact that there were ninety-nine other persons at the banquet doesn't for a minute lead anyone to think that the dropping of the chandelier was due to anything or anyone except the man with the Evil Eye.

We in America can't understand all these things. We can't understand why the Italian people, with all their reputed love for the beautiful, should be so contented amid such a tremendous amount of dirt. Until the horticulturists become more active every rose will continue to have its thorn. The chief thorns in Italy's beauty are her dirt and her odors. Possibly these things, like the fleas, don't bother the natives. But for foreigners they exist in large, staggering quantities. I mention these things, not in the spirit of carping criticism, but merely in order to show that it's the same old Italy.

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum,"

sang some well-known singer in the long ago. If his statement is correct the number of lesser Italian fleas that bite the little Italian fleas that bite the great Italian fleas must stagger the most vivid imagination. Italy is a large country; and to go from the bottom of it to the top takes a matter of two days. Yet there is no hotel and no palace and no restaurant and no train and no railway station in all that large country that cannot and does not, at a moment's notice, provide fleas for the foreigner who may step into one of them in a flealess state.

At a formal dinner in Rome one evening I watched a flea crawl out of the opening in the shirt bosom of the host at a spot about opposite the lowest stud. Followed by the fascinated stares of all the guests on my side of the table the flea marched sedately up the glistening expanse of shirt bosom and disappeared from sight again beneath the host's immaculate tie. I spoke with him at a more appropriate moment on the subject of fleas.

"You get accustomed to them," he said. "I haven't felt a flea on me for years."

I asked him whether he hadn't felt one that evening. He shook his head in a surprised manner.

"I haven't felt a trace of one," said he; "and I'd feel them very quickly in this suit, because it's tight."

The Doctor's Flea Cure

So the natives are probably correct when they claim that the fleas don't bother them; but for foreigners life in Italy is just one darned itch after another. A medical friend of mine carried a bottle of chloroform round with him. Whenever he felt a flea at work he'd uncork the bottle and pour a few drops on the spot where the flea was lunching, whereupon the flea would pass out temporarily and the sufferer could retrieve it and destroy it at leisure. This system worked marvelously until my friend visited the city of Bari, over on the Adriatic coast.

Bari is a hot, dusty city; and the dust is white and glaring, and the fleas are large and black and plentiful and very quick to jump up out of the hot white dust and onto the cool bodies of the foreigners.

When my friend reached Bari he had to keep pouring and pouring and pouring the chloroform into his clothes. In order to keep pace with the fleas he poured on so much that he chloroformed himself. The hotel proprietor found him unconscious and called in five doctors in the belief that he was dying.

As a result of the treatment he received my friend was sick for a week, and he had to pay the doctors thirty-seven dollars. Now he lets them bite.

A lot of people are waving their arms round and saying despondently that it isn't the same old Italy. But I can promise those who go there that they will find the same old ruins and the same old moon shining down on the same old canals of Venice and the same old Italian temperament and the same old smells and the same old fleas. And what more does a tourist want for his money, anyway?

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THE POISON PEN

(Continued from Page 17)

should be allowed to. This must be some jealous woman of course. He seldom went to such dances as his years permitted. He prided himself on a disdain for gossip. He had never even fancied himself in love. Perhaps it was a duty to squire Doris about and note her rivals.

"I'll come to this tea at the Conways' if you want, mother."

"Oh, you're not asked, Sec. It's for some English author—Sir John—who is it, darling?"

"Sir John Pelton, the one who wrote all those novels about Scotland. It's a very grown-up tea, Sec," Doris mentioned, wandering about the veranda.

"Read any of his novels?" growled Jordan.

"One or two."

"I'll bet against it," said Jordan. "They aren't fluffy stuff."

"Oh, Sec!"

"What you need," said Doris, "is a course in manners. You aren't the only person in the family who reads, you know. I've got to dress."

Mrs. Bace looked after her unhappily, and turned her pale face to Jordan when the click of heels had ceased.

"Doris does read, Sec."

"Not enough to hurt her any," he smiled.

"She's very young, dear."

"Hour older than me, isn't she?"

"But you're a boy," said Mrs. Bace, settling the question. She patted him and went on: "And really girls don't read as much as they did, or they read such odd things—Freud ——"

"I see Doris wading into Freud," Jordan choked.

His father did not go to the Conway tea, and came home wilted, late for dinner. Mrs. Bace fussed over him with suggestions of iced coffee and spoke almost sharply to the butler about the misguided electric fan. She was, Jordan thought, in an anguish of solicitudes.

Dinner embraced all the things Doris liked best, and George had been privately warned to keep his mouth shut. But Doris was cheerful.

"Sir John's quite nice," she said, "and not stiff at all. And his son got the Victoria Cross. I really like middle-aged Englishmen better than the young ones. They don't seem to want to talk about themselves so much. Of course young men all do."

"He did talk to you quite a long time," Mrs. Bace nodded.

"What did he say about the Irish question?" Mr. Bace inquired.

"I didn't ask him. Does he know anything about it?"

"He's supposed to be something of an authority. He's written three books on it, and so on."

"Great Scott," said Doris, "what a bore! Englishmen always seem to like politics. He asked me about some senator or other."

"He must have learned a lot from you," Jordan reflected.

Doris ate an almond and looked at her twin for a moment.

"I suppose you'll grow up—if you ever do—to be a college professor or something. Why should a man want to learn anything when he's talking to a girl?"

"Speech sometimes does imply an exchange of ideas, daughter," said Mr. Bace mildly.

"Oh, Dan!"

"Thanks so much," said Doris.

In the morning George appeared at Jordan's bedside with news of more misery. But Mr. Bace had left before the morning mail arrived, and Doris was alone with her second letter.

"There weren't more than fifty people at the Conways' yesterday, and a lot of them were men. But this is worse. So silly too."

She hummed while Jordan read the note she had received:

"*Doris Darling:* I am glad to note that the red hat was not on view yesterday. Still that orange suit was not all it should be. All right for a tennis tea and that sort of thing.

"You are clever about your ears too. I know how big they are, and the arrangement of the hair hides them very well indeed. The emerald ring was striking, but out of place.

"A reception for a literary celebrity, my girl, is not the same as a bride's luncheon, you must remember.

"But what I principally complain of is that you monopolized Sir John for twenty minutes when there were many people three times your age and with twenty times your brain power waiting to talk to him. Moreover it was rotten bad taste to ask if his son had been decorated. A glance at the headlines of yesterday's paper would have informed you that his son was also killed in action.

"That fatheaded lunatic, your father, should make you read the papers. I suppose he is too busy grafting to pay any attention to you.

"God forbid that I should say a word against your mother. You have bullied her from the day of your birth, of course, and she is probably so cowed by this time that she does not dare lift her voice. I suppose, too, that she lets you dress like a cannibal queen because she had to dress on nothing a year as a girl. Clergymen's daughters don't get big allowances, do they?

"But she shouldn't let you knock about with swine like Johnny Rhodes, dear. Yes, I know he's fond of you. You probably remind him of Tottie Toothbrush, or whatever the name of that red-stocking blonde was that he married in 1912. Your mentality must make the same strong appeal to him. More later. I am sorry for your family, because the reaction to these little jabs at your self-conceit must affect them unpleasantly. I suppose you take it out on the servants too. So long."

Doris hummed a moment when he had finished, and stared at him steadily.

"Mother's gone down to talk to father. Really I didn't think Sid Conway could be such a cad!"

"What on earth has Sid Conway got to do with this?"

"He was sitting on the window seat while I was talking to Sir John. That's the only way—and we had a row in April. And, of course, he hates Johnny Rhodes."

"I don't think so. He's always spoken mighty well of him, and they were in the same regiment. You're wrong anyhow. Sid's a gentleman."

"He keeps giving me long lectures on—all sorts of things, and he's just as stuffy and old school as father. It is Sid."

"Junk!" said Jordan. "Sid wouldn't say a word against dad anyhow, and he wouldn't mention mother. It's someone else. And did you talk to this Englishman twenty minutes? That's where you let yourself in for it, sis. Who else was listening?"

"It is Sid—and if Sir John didn't want to talk to me he could have left me. I want you to go and ——"

Jordan flashed up into a queer anger. He was fond of Sid Conway, and no amount of evidence would make him swallow the accusation.

"Sid's thirty nearly, and he's known us all our lives. If he wanted to tell you what he thought of you he'd have done it out like a man. I shan't go see him. Go see him yourself."

"That's pretty!"

Jordan was ashamed of himself promptly. Doris never wept. Now her eyes filled, and she looked at him across the breakfast flowers with a sort of fright. He pulled at the cord of his dressing gown.

"All right," he mumbled, "I'll go see him. But you're all wrong."

"You really like Sid, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Why is it men stick together so?"

"They have to. There are too many women loose round. We've got to protect ourselves."

"You don't talk so badly as you used to," said Doris. She sat silent for a second, then flushed. "And I don't take Johnny Rhodes seriously. That's why this is so silly. It's it's uncalled for, Sec. Give me the paper."

Sidmuth Conway was a burly young man, who had taught Jordan how to use an air rifle ten years before, and still gave him good advice from time to time. He was amateur middleweight of the city. Jordan thought of this as he motored into the hot heart of town. The silly errand seemed likely to get him a lesson in boxing for which he had no wish or use. Sid, though, was patently glad to see him, and his expression was not guilty when he spoke of Doris.

"I was wondering if she'd be home tonight. No, there's the Wallace wedding. Going?"

"I hate weddings," said Jordan. "If you'd been a page as often as I was! Are you going?"

"Not for love or money. Too hot. But I want to see Doris."

Sid hesitated, rapping his pipe on his desk and blinking at the fan that wagged its revolutions from side to side.

"Fact is, Sec, I'm worried about Doris."

"Are you?"

"Yes—like this: A girl can make an awful fool of herself without knowing it or meaning to—and she did yesterday. And, of course, she didn't realize it—naturally."

"I suppose no one does," said Jordan.

"Of course not. Well, Sir John saw her and asked to be introduced. She was looking awfully pretty, and she started talking to him. They were sitting on the window seat, and a lot of people rather hung round, looking at the great man and all that. And, you know, her voice carries."

"Like a freight car," Jordan agreed.

"Anyhow, she said some things—it was rather funny, one way of looking at it—only it wasn't. And after the party I motored him down to the club, and there were a lot of fools talking in the smoke room. Anyhow, it made me sore—and

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"But What I Principally Complain of is That You Monopolized Sir John for Twenty Minutes When There Were Many People Three Times Your Age and With Twenty Times Your Brain Power Waiting to Talk to Him"

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your father walked in to get some cigars. I'm afraid he heard some of it. But what I want you to—to think about telling her is that ——"

"She shouldn't make a fool of herself?"

"Oh, not so strong as that! But I don't like hearing her get herself criticized any more than I would you, Sec."

"Come and tell her so," Jordan offered.

"Well," Sid said, moving in his chair, "we aren't getting along very well just now; and you're her brother—and I was thinking of writing her. Only that's so idiotic, seeing that I live across the street, and all that."

He waved his pipe to indicate assembled reasons. Jordan wiped his forehead and beamed at Sidmuth.

"Do you write your letters or type them?" he asked with skillful yawns to suggest that the subject bored him.

"Type? I don't know how. I'm like your dad. I've tried to learn and can't. Fingers too stiff or something. But about Doris ——"

With intricate guile Jordan discovered that Sid liked the peony dress and the cerise hat.

There wasn't any flavor of dissimulation in the statements. Sid was plainly worried. The city was full of rank outsiders who envied the old families, and Mr. Bace was mayor on the reform ticket. Well, it was too bad that anyone should lift the smirk of criticism against Doris.

"And she jumps down your throat if you tell her her hat isn't on straight," Jordan nodded.

"It wasn't her hat," said Sid. "It was her paint at that fool masquerade after Easter. There was too much on her chin. Made her look as though she'd been eating raspberries and hadn't wiped her mouth. Perhaps I didn't put it right. I'm not much of a diplomat. But I'm a lot older than she is!"

"I don't think it's much of a game, being diplomatic with Doris," Jordan told him. "Try a brick."

"Rot! You've got to consider a girl's feelings. I hadn't any business to say all this to you, anyhow."

"It's just as well you did," Jordan said darkly, and withdrew.

Sidmuth Conway, he felt, was guiltless; and any guilt attached to these letters was balanced somewhat by their tone of raillery. Doris let herself in for it. It was about time, he thought, that something was done to Doris. She did bully their mother. Her clothes alarmed him often, and her conceit was flourishing.

"You're wrong about Sid," he said curtly, "and I told you so."

Doris was cutting the leaves of a novel. She looked at her twin sulkily.

"I suppose you went and said, 'Hi, have you been writing Doris anonymous letters?' And he said no, and that was all there was to it."

"I didn't do anything of the kind! And he likes that rotten dress too."

"He would," said Doris. "I hate the rag. It's the wrong color. It's what one gets for buying evening things by daylight."

"You liked yourself pretty well in it the other night," Jordan pointed out.

"Oh, stop talking like Geordie!" Doris cried, and threw the novel into a corner. She went on breathlessly to state that Jordan had no right to discuss her with Sid in any case, and finished with a thorough condemnation of the city from the street-cleaning department to the architecture of the church they attended. "And, of course, father had to go and make us conspicuous by getting himself elected mayor."

"You didn't mind that when he was elected."

"Do you think I'd be getting these beastly letters if he wasn't mayor?"

"I think if you dressed like a human being, and didn't try to hog all the men in town, you wouldn't be getting anything but bills," Jordan said hotly; "and don't ask me to go snooping round to any more people asking fool questions either. No one ever named me Holmes."

"I shan't ask you to do anything else in a hurry, dear," Doris hissed. "You're as bad as father."

"That'll be all of that, please," he retorted. "I notice that all you're worried about in these letters is what this person says about you. Doesn't seem to bother you having him—or her—call dad a fat-headed idiot and a grafter."

"But that's ——"

"If you say that's so I'll just naturally kill you!" Jordan shouted.

"I wasn't going to say anything of the sort. I was going to say that's just as silly as the rest of it. And I don't suppose you would care if I was killed," she said with a waver of the voice that prophesied tears.

"I would though. I hate wearing black."

"Ah," she declared, "that's the masculine sense of humor!"

Jordan began to reproach himself in an hour and came to terms. The girl was restless and pale. Mrs. Bace murmured over her all afternoon and the mayor brought home a box of the best chocolates to console her. But Doris was not in the mood for chocolates, and it took the whole female staff of the house to dress her for the Wallace wedding.

"Poor kid," said Mr. Bace, "it's very hard on her, Sec. She's young, and she likes gay clothes and all that. It's a cowardly sort of trick. Of course the police can't do anything under the state laws unless the letters get scandalous."

"I think calling you a grafter is pretty scandalous!"

Mr. Bace arranged his white tie and shook his head.

"Calling a mayor a grafter's just ordinary repartee, Sec. See if you can trim this nail down for me, will you?"

The finger nail was broken a little from the edge, and the crack was blackened as if with coal dust.

"How did you do that, dad?"

"Blessed if I know. Run and order the car. It's almost time to start."

Jordan was proud of the family, setting off for the wedding. Doris looked well in white and silver. Mr. Bace carried evening dress splendidly, and of his mother Jordan was in no way critical. He wandered over to play dominoes with Sid Conway and spend the evening coolly. By his sister's attitude, when she came home, he fancied a successful party. The next day was calm. The mail contained nothing odious and peace seemed planted in the house again. But Friday morning George—as scout—reported more trouble.

"Mother's awfully mad this time," he announced, "and father says he's going straight to the police. Better hurry."

"Oh, Sec," said Mrs. Bace, "don't get excited!"

"I want you to go down and stay in the post office all afternoon," the mayor scowled. "I won't have this sort of thing."

"I think it's really r-rather funny," Doris said in a reduced tone, as though she spoke through veils. Jordan took the letter and his baked apple to the dining-room window seat.

"Well, Doris, you are doing better. That white gown was all right, though the beauty spot on the right shoulder blade merely accented the fact of your skinniness and added nothing to your charms. And it was pleasant to see you shake hands with Mrs. Wallace as though you did not feel her far beneath you.

"Still you should not have told Mr. Wallace that Sec is too young for evening parties. Mr. Wallace has the bad taste to be fond of Sec, and is well aware that you are Sec's twin. Sec, though an ass in some respects, is not all bad for a Bace. I don't think he would have tried to talk about André Gide to that fat woman from New York without some idea as to whether Monsieur Gide is a dressmaker or a butcher.

"For your information I may tell you that the fat woman is writing a book on American education, and you will probably figure in it to your discredit. Beware of discussing foreign letters without reading them. It betrays a lack of common sense.

"And why apologize for your father's job as mayor? True, he is no good at it, but that is characteristic of mayors. And as he has the misfortune to be your father, he is probably too worried by that responsibility to attend to his duties at the city hall very thoroughly. I suppose most of the missing funds for the new orphanage are on your back. It's amazing that your mother's hair hasn't turned, and it is a pity that you will never be what she was. See you in church Sunday. Bye-bye."

"He's strong for you, mother," said Jordan; "that's one thing for him. What new orphan asylum is he talking about, dad?"

"I'm blessed if I knew there'd been any trouble with the fund. I'll have to get hold of the charity commissioner and see."

"And I do know who André Gide is," said Doris. "I read some of that book about—about trees, or whatever it is. But you shan't turn this over to the police, father. It—it isn't very serious. It's just some—some person with a poor sense of humor. And we're going to Watch Hill next week anyhow."

"He doesn't seem to have an eye on Geordie," Jordan chuckled.

"Oh, Sec," said Mrs. Bace, "don't—don't speak of such a thing!"

After the morning bombshell Friday went peacefully. Doris decided to work in the rose garden, and after lunch Jordan saw her taking over an armful of blossoms to Mrs. Conway, whose flowers had suffered from some pest. This thoughtfulness was uncommon, and Jordan was touched. He pondered while driving George down to the dentist. Really this dose of critical advice was doing the girl some good. He somehow wished that the critic would supply him with notes on his own behavior. If he was in some respects an ass it would be quite as well to know them. The observer had hit his twin's defects clearly.

He sat in the motor outside the office waiting for George and watched the people on the sidewalk about the Postal Building. Why, any one of them might be the traducer of his father! He shifted, frowning. Queer that the writer found nothing kind to say of Mr. Bace. Everyone liked him. Queer that his father didn't resent it more keenly. A truly patient man, his father was—and Doris must be a fearful expense. Jordan rubbed his nose. Things were expensive. His own bill for haberdashery at New Haven was not small. Children cost a good deal, and Doris was never so grateful as she should be. She took things for granted. Jordan's conscience wriggled uncomfortably. Well, at least he always said thanks, and his father seemed contented with him.

"Let's go over and see if dad's ready to go home," George suggested, scrambling into the car.

The mayor's outer office was empty except for the secretary.

"There isn't anyone with him," she said to the boys, "but he said he didn't want to be disturbed. He had some mail to look through. Shall I go see if ——"

Mr. Bace came out of the inner office, hat in hand, as she spoke, and pinched George's ear.

"I'll be ready in a minute. I've got to run across the street for a second. Hang round, Don't fool with the city property, Geordie."

George began a conversation with the secretary, and Jordan strolled into the private office, a horrible place, decorated with oil portraits of earlier mayors and photographs of more recent sufferers in the cause of government. The furniture was built of high-polished redwood and carved with griffins and pine cones. Even the little typewriter stand had its sheathing of dusty gilt scrollwork. Jordan gave the municipal taste a shiver and walked to the window.

His father was plodding over the dull-brick street in the simmer of heat toward the Postal Building. He was not long inside its brightly gleaming glass doors, but on the return a shabby man buttonholed him at the curb, and Jordan watched what must be the beginning of a long argument. Finally he moved back to the typewriter table for a match and stood contemplating the machine. He had tried to use the one at the house occasionally, and now yawning with the delay he rolled a fragment of paper clumsily into the apparatus and pressed down a key. The businesslike click amused him. He wrote a line of random letters, then a key stuck and he patted it briskly with a finger. The nail snapped.

"Oh, the devil!" said Jordan, and reached for his pocket knife.

Afterward he thought that the key must be rather soiled. The crack had a thread of black along it. He was looking at this uneven edge in his bathroom before dinner, when it seemed that he had seen a nail broken so not long since. Where and on whom?

As he walked down to dinner he began to grin and had to stop outside the dining-room door to adjust his face.

"Where's Doris?" he asked.

"She's stopped at the Conways' for dinner," said Mrs. Bace so cheerfully that Jordan laughed.

"The weather doesn't affect you, Sec," his father smiled.

Good News

No More Sealed Tubes
The Big Cap Comes Back

The cap of a tube of shaving cream seems a small thing to get excited about, no matter how big it is.

Yet you would be surprised how many men have written to me roaring about the small cap we had to use during the war. You know Mennen's used to have a man sized cap you could get hold of and which wouldn't drop down the drain pipe.

The giant sized 50 cent tube now has the big cap.

Tube Not Sealed

Every man who uses Mennen's has been mildly enraged by the process of breaking into a new tube—punching a wooden plug through the sealed top. The reason we sealed Mennen's was that at the start, before it had become a national institution, Mennen's was apt to stay for several weeks or even months on Jobbers' and Retailers' shelves and a little bit of cream in the top of the tube would have hardened and caused annoyance if we hadn't sealed the tube.

The need of this seal has disappeared, for Mennen's now sells so rapidly that a Jobber's or Druggist's only problem is to get it fast enough. Most druggists order a new supply once a week or oftener.

So hereafter, all tubes which leave our factory will not be sealed.

Economy of the Big Tube

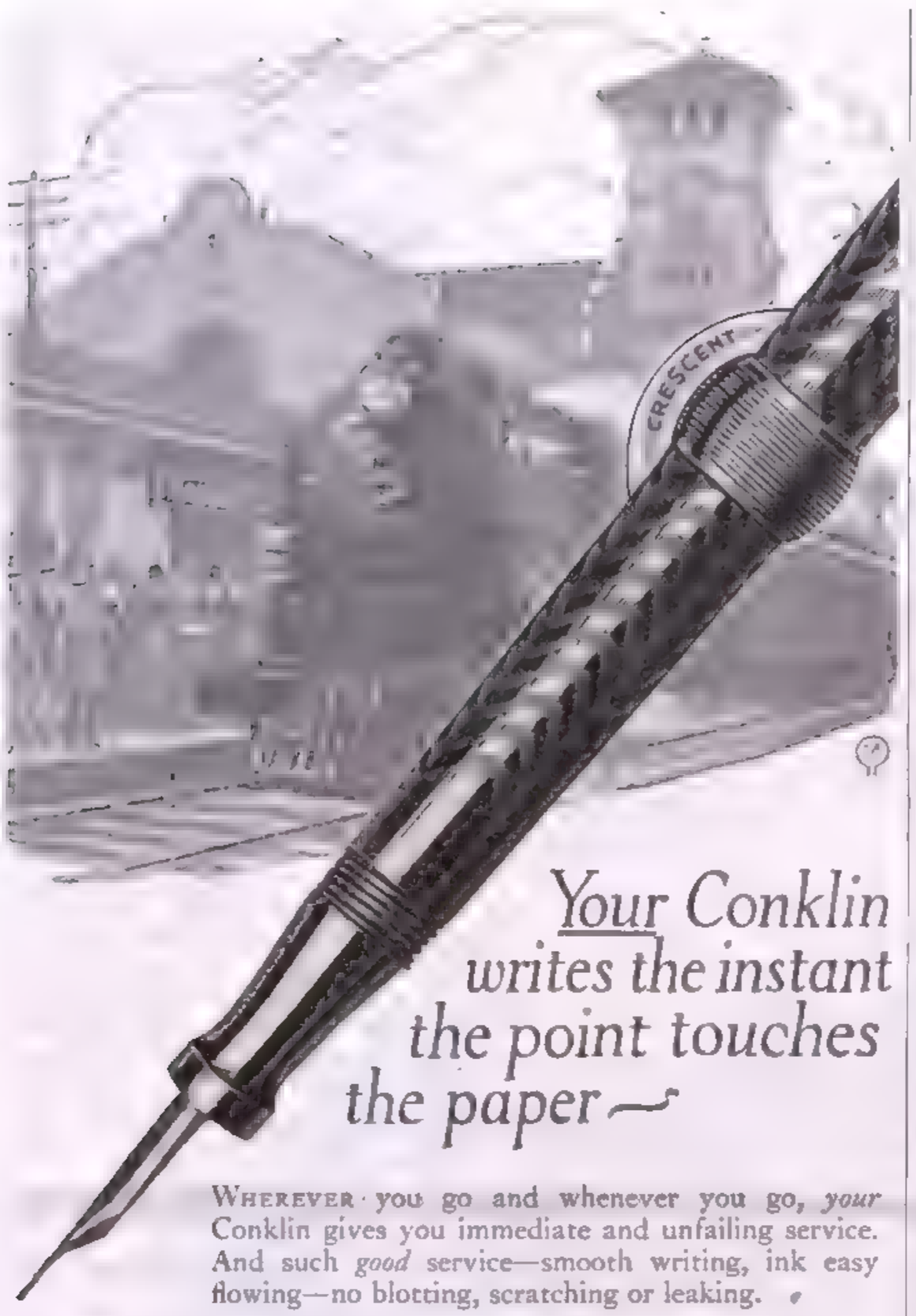
We brought out this big tube solely for the purpose of giving you more cream for the money. One big empty tube costs considerably less than two small tubes and the cost of filling and packing is less on the big tube. These economies enable us to give you a lot more cream than we could in small tubes.

These are all trifling points—the main thing is that Mennen's gives a glorious shave, doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers, never dries on the face, works perfectly with cold water and leaves the face feeling fine.

Send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Your Conklin writes the instant the point touches the paper—

WHEREVER you go and whenever you go, *your* Conklin gives you immediate and unfailing service. And such *good* service—smooth writing, ink easy flowing—no blotting, scratching or leaking.

You will find *your* Conklin as far ahead of old writing pens and pencils as a modern through train is ahead of a carriage. And you'll frankly wonder how you ever got along without it. For there is a Conklin made in a size and style that just suit your particular writing need. Your dealer will be glad to show you which of his assortment is *your* Conklin.

On your vacation—take *your* Conklin.

Conklin Crescent Filler Fountain Pens are made to give years of perfect service. There are no springs, pivots or levers to get out of order. The Crescent Filler fills fully and perfectly. One filling gives you writing satisfaction for hours.

Every Conklin Crescent Filler Fountain Pen is guaranteed during its entire life against any defect in materials or workmanship. Conklin prices are uniform all over America at leading stationery, jewelry, drug and department stores. Prices—$2.50 and up.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio
San Francisco Chicago
Boston

Conklin
The Crescent Filler—the filler that fills fully and perfectly.

Conklin
CRESCENT FILLER
Fountain Pen

"I'm all right. Are you coming on to Watch Hill with us, sir?"

"Not for a week or two."

"I'd better stay here and keep you company."

"Nonsense! Run along and keep cool, Sec."

"I'd really like to stay here, sir. I could come down and be office boy."

"I wouldn't have you at the office for a million a day," said Bace. "But you can stay if you want to, son. But do you want to?"

"Of course I do," Jordan insisted honestly, "and that'll get me out of helping straighten the cottage up. Doris'll have to work."

"Oh, Sec!"

"I'd like to see Doris workin'," said George.

"You're too ambitious," Mr. Bace observed.

"Oh, Dan!" said Mrs. Bace.

Sunday church was hot, dull and restless. George wiggled aimlessly, and Doris glared at him across her father. Jordan looked about the scant congregation warily. There might be some noting eye upon them, and his father appeared to be asleep.

"That beast said he'd see me in church," said Doris as they walked home, "and Sid wasn't there. Of course I was wrong about Sid, anyhow—and I suppose I was horrid to you the other day, Sec."

"Oh, that's all right. And whoever it is can't say anything about your clothes this trip."

"Oh, yes he can," she said miserably.

Under her veil her chin shook faintly, and Jordan hoped the next letter would be less acid. But on Monday morning she whirled into his bedroom while he was thinking of getting up and threw him a letter.

"I can't stand that sort of thing, Sec. I don't mind the rest of it, and—and I suppose some of my things are too—too—but—oh, Sec, there isn't a word of that true!"

She thrashed up and down the room, her rosy skirts fluttering and her hands clenched. Jordan rubbed his eyes and read.

"Doris, your Sunday get-up was perfect—just gaudy enough to show off your good points and not at all theatrical. The absence of powder was also pleasing. In time and with practice you may learn to go along unassisted by these little hints. Your inattention to the sermon was justified by its dullness. As to your attitude toward your kid brother, I thought it unnecessarily rude. Remember that George is only twelve, and therefore naturally wriggiesome.

"I wonder what you were thinking of most of the time? The extreme coolness with which you recieved Johnny Rhodes' bow justifies me in the conclusion that you are bored with him.

"What does a young woman of your sort think about anyhow? Clothes and men and bank accounts, I fancy. I was wondering what would happen to you if your witless father happened to lose all he has stolen here and there and then drop dead. Probably you would expect Jordan to turn in and work for you. I can't imagine you doing anything for yourself. You might make a competent housemaid with a little practice.

"After all, though, you are pretty safe. It must be satisfying to you to know that your father's investments are solid and his life is insured for a pretty large sum. He looks worth about five or six years more if he does not land in state's prison, and after that you will be very well fixed.

"They tell me you are off to the seashore soon. Heaven help your poor mother! I suppose she will have to sit about and watch you play the fool all summer. Well, dear, au revoir. We will meet soon again."

"Pretty stiff," said Jordan, discreetly scratching his chin.

"Look here, Sec, I can't stand it! I don't mind what they say about me. I don't care, but I can't stand it. I've never thought about father dying! I don't care how much money he has! He's always been so—so awfully kind to me—I——"

Her sobs began to hurt him. Jordan jumped out of bed and went to pat her back awkwardly.

"It isn't fair," he said. "It's too bad."

"And he isn't well. I was thinking of that in church. He does look tired. It's been a bad winter, and—I suppose there were too many parties. But I can't stand this! Go and get Sid. He's a lawyer. He knows all about things like detectives. I won't have father called a thief! Some of the things about me are funny. But that isn't, and I won't stand it. I've got some birthday money left. Go get Sid, and—and if we can find who this is I—I want you to horsewhip him."

"Good kid," said Jordan.

"And don't dare tell father about this—this thing!" She ripped the paper in her fingers. "I'd die if he thought anyone thought that I thought—oh, you know what I mean!"

Jordan gentled her up the hall into her own room, then went to his father's quarters, where Mr. Bace was shaving.

"Doris wants me to get Sid Conway to hire detectives and all that."

"'Nother letter?" said Mr. Bace sideways through his lather.

"Yes. This one's perfectly rotten, and not a word of it true. It's beastly. Doris," Jordan muttered, "is an awful fool some ways, sir, but she isn't—well, as bad as this letter makes her out, and she's all busted up. She says if she can find the—the person that wrote it she wants me to horsewhip him."

"Go ahead and retain Sid," said his father. "Sid's a good lawyer. All busted up, is she?"

"Into chunks, sir."

"Poor old girl," said Mr. Bace, and sighed.

Sid Conway and Doris had many consultations on the veranda before Mrs. Bace took her off to Watch Hill, and Jordan was left with his father in the empty house, where a flight of post cards from the departed daughter began to drift in on every mail.

"She writes a vile hand," Mr. Bace said, studying one.

"She ought to learn the typewriter, sir."

"Pretty hard, Sec."

"Yes," said Jordan, "and awfully hard on your nails."

"Is it, son?"

"Awfully."

Mr. Bace lit a cigarette and went on studying the last post card.

"She can't write, but she spells decently, Sec."

"I wonder," said Jordan, "if she can spell things like 'receive' and 'unnecessarily' and all that?"

"Sure your allowance is big enough, Sec?"

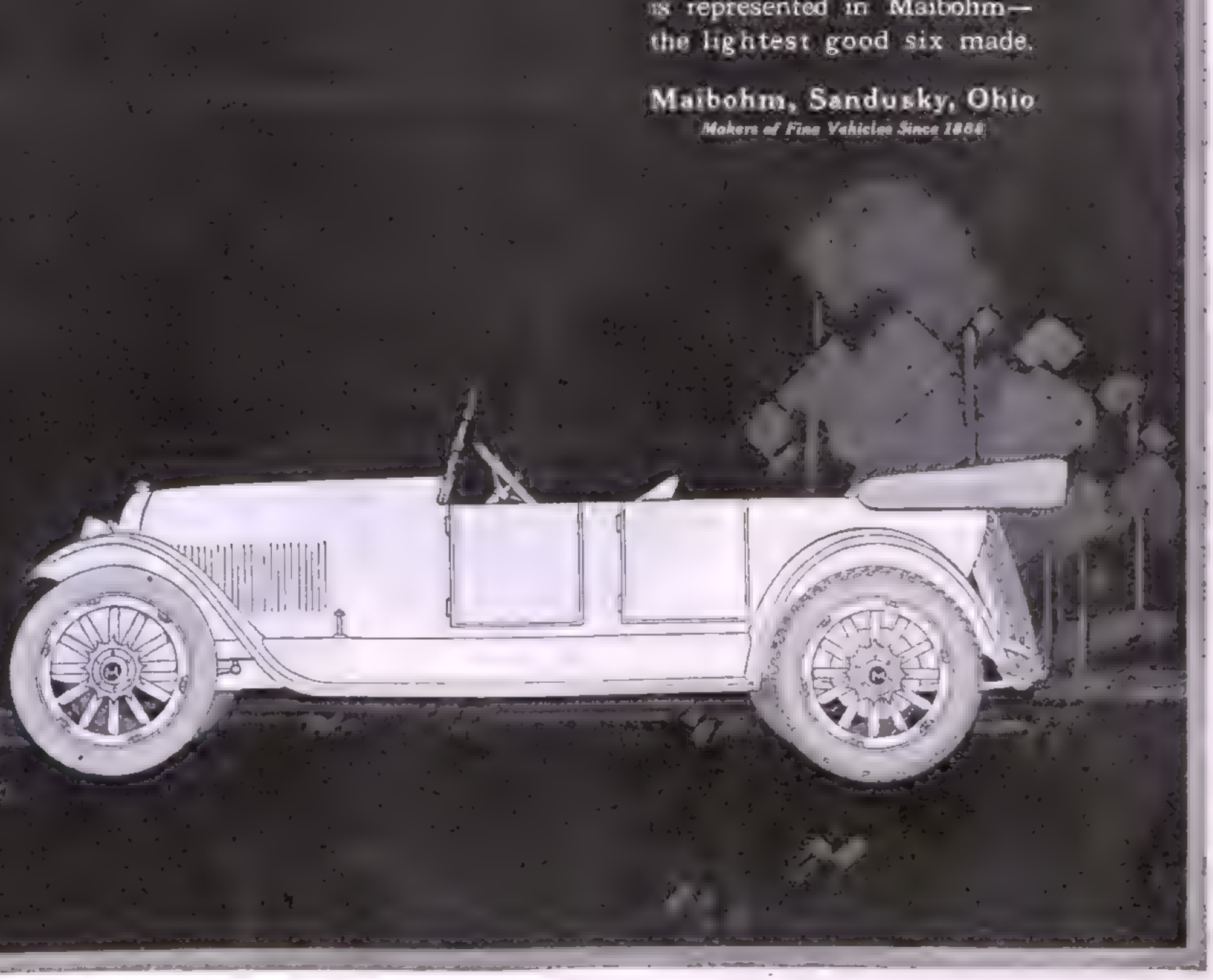
"Of course, dad. Shoot you a game of pool?"

Maibohm

Famed — for fine workmanship for 37 years, Maibohm craftsmen have tailored this car in such conservative dignity that it will remain in vogue long after the fads of today become passé. Quiet richness of design, lively mechanical prowess, and materials of lasting goodness make it unnecessary for the Maibohm owner to replace his car for a term of years. A permanent value is represented in Maibohm—the lightest good six made.

Maibohm, Sandusky, Ohio

Makers of Fine Vehicles Since 1888



WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mr. Harrison Rhodes Taking it Easy

Harrison Rhodes

I AM sure that, for the benefit of any readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who have chanced to see High Life in these pages, I ought to confess frankly at the very outset that I have lived astonishingly little in the society of royalty, in fact not at all. I was, like the heroine of that story, born in Ohio, but that fact does not seem to have brought me the social advantages it procured her. There are doubtless good reasons for this—at any rate it serves to remind a writer that one of the great advantages of his trade is that it permits him in imagination to roam socially as widely as he wishes. Being author is, at least in my case, the result of being by temperament a spectator of life rather than an actor in it. Most of my adventures have taken place in my stories or will take place in my future ones, and the life of so authorish an author, if I may be permitted such a phrase, offers little material for the writing of autobiographies. I begin—and shall end—apologetically.

(Continued on Page 87)

Grace H. Flandrau

NOT only to be allowed but actually to be invited to write my own biography is almost more than I can bear! My only regret is that it should be a mere paragraph and not a serial in seventy-eight chapters. Still, when you come right down to doing it, it is difficult to settle on anything concerning yourself that seems at all likely to interest anyone else!

I have always longed to use the classic phrase, "I first saw the light of day," and now is my chance. I first saw the light of day, then, in St. Paul, Minnesota, and at the risk of being taken for a simple comic-opera star I will add that I received the first part of my education—there wasn't any other part—in a French convent in Paris. Besides France and America, I have lived a short time in China and four charming years in Mexico just before Reform laid it waste. Part of that time we spent in Mexico City and the rest even more delightfully on a coffee plantation sixty miles from a railroad. The method of transportation was mules for the trails and wicker baskets on Indians' heads for the precipices. My last journey was to France, where I worked with sick children in the devastated areas.

I first ventured into print—there doesn't seem to be any way to avoid I's when writing about oneself—with stories about our friends and neighbors the dear Totonac Indians, of Vera Cruz. A Western magazine bought them, and no magazine could possibly possess the exquisite discrimination that this one seemed to us to possess when it did so.

Mrs. Flandrau

Then I spent several years contemplating what I should write next and not writing it. In the midst of varied activities a novel got itself written somehow and published and would, I cannot but believe, have been a more valuable opus but for said varied activities.

My tastes are not simple, but I do not like automobiles. Incidentally I detest noise, live turkeys, gardening and parlor Bolshevists. My ambition is to write sketches of gloomy realism in the mood of Artzibashef's Seven Who Were Hanged and find an editor who will publish them. Up to the present moment I have found no editor who did not regard such attempts of mine with enthusiastic and unmitigated indifference.

J. R. Sprague

HAVING no children or dogs to form the side lights to my photograph, I had to borrow the Alamo. This historic building stands in the center of the business district of my home town, San Antonio, Texas.

Those who remember their American history will recall that the Alamo is the old Spanish church that served as a fort back in 1836, when Texas was making its fight for independence from Mexico, and the spot where Davy Crockett, Bowie, Travis and a hundred and sixty-five other frontiersmen met their death in heroic style. Texans think quite a bit of the Alamo, although they haven't spent a great deal of money in preserving it.

Not long ago I was talking with a snappy business man from a Northern city visiting San Antonio for the first time; he was quite worked up at the economic waste in allowing such a useless building to occupy valuable business property.

"That's just like these mossback Southern places," he said accusingly. "You bet we wouldn't let an old thing like that clog up good space in the town where I come from. We'd tear it down in no time and put up a nice office building there with stores on the ground floor. It would be a twenty per cent investment."

Myself, I am not a Texan. I was born in Le Roy, Genesee County, New York. Not quite that, either, because my birthplace was a farm a mile and a half west of Le Roy.

My early life was considerably blighted by the fact of my country birth and residence. Up to the age of eleven it did not matter much, because I went to the district school where we were all rubes together, quite unashamed; but afterward, when I began going to the academy in town, I felt my inferiority. The town boys went to school every morning unencumbered except for a book or two; I had to carry a shiny tin pail with my lunch in it down the length of East Main Street, meeting

(Concluded on Page 87)

Mr. J. R. Sprague Borrows the Alamo

Oh! BOY!! "Some" BALLOONS!!!

"LOOK what I got! Jimminy! Ain't they fine! See the colors—Gee Whizz! And here's one with a valve—blow 'er up, twist the valve and she *stays up*—untwist, and down she goes. Hey, fellers, lookit these balloons!"

YOUR OWN YOUNGSTER will be just as enthusiastic when you bring home a Sanitary Sealed Package of Faultless Toy Balloons. Balloons surely have an irresistible appeal for every child. Faultless Balloons are high grade, well made throughout and their colors are brilliant, fast and non-poisonous.

These clean, sanitary, safe-to-play-with Faultless Balloons are untouched by anyone's hands from the time they are sealed at the factory until your child breaks open the envelope. Each package contains a well-varied assortment of Faultless Balloons, every one machine tested to insure its being perfect. Faultless Patented Closing Valve, with which many of these balloons are equipped, makes it easy to inflate or deflate the balloons. *MORE FOR THE MONEY*—your child gets considerably more value for the money in these Faultless Balloon Packages than when buying bulk balloons. Faultless Sanitary Balloon Packages are sold by leading merchants and dealers everywhere. TWO SIZES—Price 10c. and 25c.

We also manufacture the Faultless "Wearever" line of Rubber Goods including the popular No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle, No. 24 Fountain Syringe, the FAULTLESS NURSER NIPPLE and other home needs for the toilet, nursery or sick room, which on account of their quality, dependability and service are recommended and sold by representative druggists and merchants everywhere.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY *(Ashland Rubber Works)* **Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A.**

DEALERS—**FAULTLESS TOY BALLOONS in Sanitary Packages appeal to the best people and are the fastest selling playthings that you can handle. Merchants are invited to write for full details about this new, better, more profitable *Sanitary Package Plan* of selling fine quality *Faultless Toy Balloons*.**

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Standardized Series
Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

You Can't See a Belt Leak

Many of us, in our wasteful days of inexperience, made important measurements with the naked eye and "the feel of the thing." Unnecessary guesswork isn't considered good shop practice any more.

You lose money if your power transmission is one of those intangible qualities that is *approximately* right. Efficiency of power transmission should be constant, not variable.

Graton & Knight belting experts know how to save you every dollar you may be losing in power transmission leakage.

They have applied exact engineering knowledge to belting problems. They are constantly asked to specify the grades and sizes of belting for every drive in many of the best-belted plants.

Two forms of standardization, manufacture and application, make Graton & Knight Expert Belting Service a science.

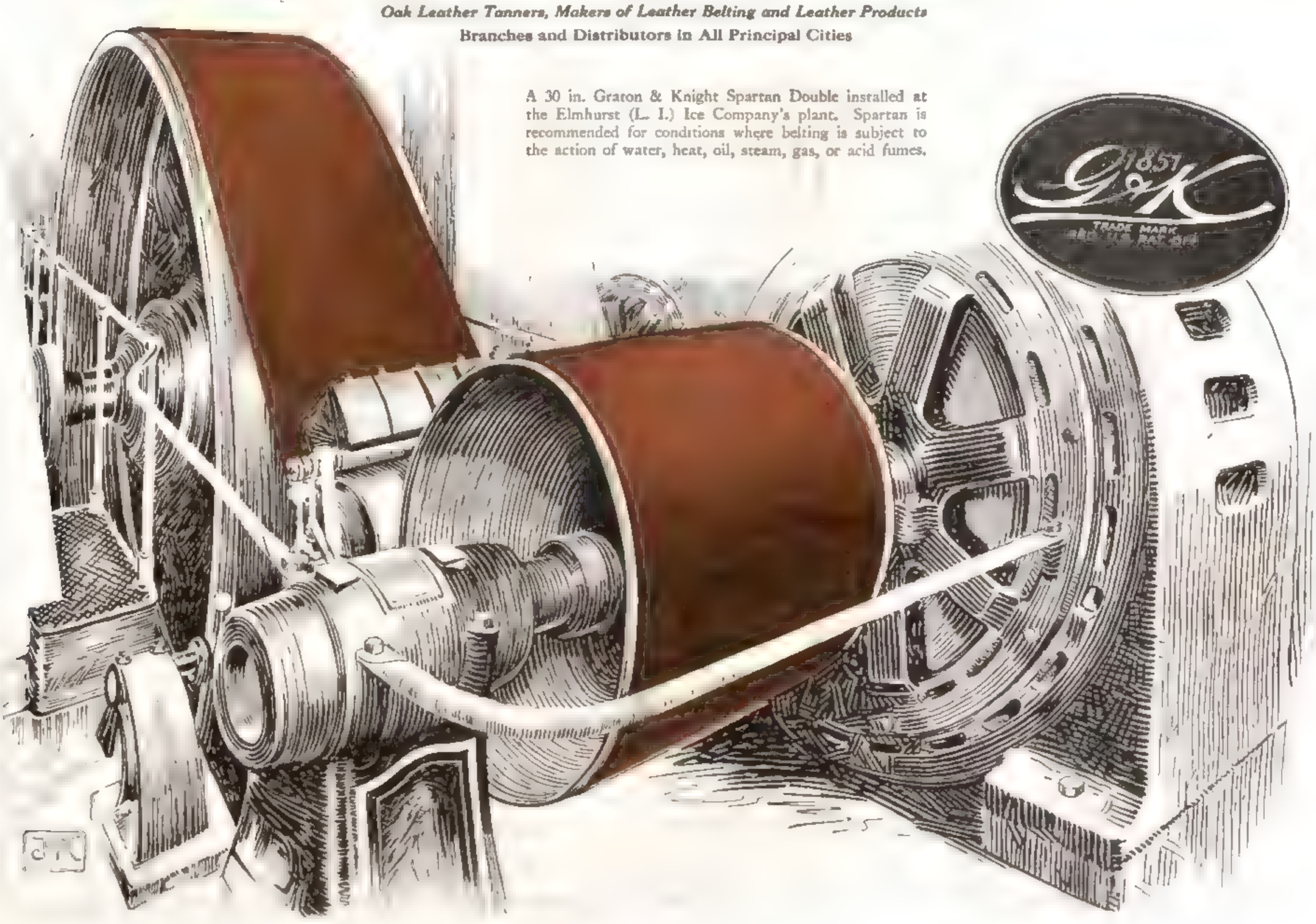
The Graton & Knight Standardized Series of Leather Belting is made up of many brands and sizes of belting, tanned and manufactured under rigid inspection and built to standard specifications. This series contains the one best belt for every class of drive. Once our belting experts know your transmission problem, it is an engineering matter to specify the proper belting.

Write for our book, "Standardized Leather Belting"

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. COMPANY, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities



A 30 in. Graton & Knight Spartan Double installed at the Elmhurst (L. I.) Ice Company's plant. Spartan is recommended for conditions where belting is subject to the action of water, heat, oil, steam, gas, or acid fumes.

(Concluded from Page 84)

girls at every step. The town boys played ball after school; I had to hang round McKenzie's hardware store until someone drove in from the farm or else walk the mile and a half. I held my head high and never let on to anyone, but I felt that I was working under a handicap. It was particularly distressing to escort a girl home from Christian Endeavor meeting, walking down Main Street in my most citified fashion, and then have one of our fat farm horses hitched at the curb greet me with a familiar whinny.

Things grew worse instead of better. By the time I was fourteen I was big enough to do useful farm work and was supposed to hurry home from school to help with the chores. I pretended that my wrists were too weak to milk cows, but the subterfuge was useless; the hired man took over the milking and I was assigned to the cavalry, which meant that I had to feed, water, curry and attend to the bedding of four large, fat horses. This was discouraging work for one whose ambition was to be a polished man about town.

In another year the situation became quite desperate. The wheat and potatoes had to be hauled to the station in Le Roy and as an economic measure it was decided that I could do the hauling and thus release a hired man for more vital farm work. I was in a panic. I could not face the thought of driving through the streets in a lumber wagon, dressed in work clothes and meeting girls I knew on every corner. I protested that our horses were afraid of the cars and would probably run away when I drove them about the railroad station. But I was overruled; and all that vacation time I hauled things to town in a lumber wagon, driving furtively on back streets and wearing a large straw hat to conceal a distressed and unhappy face.

At sixteen a family court-martial was assembled to consider my case. The evidence was all against me. Manifestly, I was not cut out for a farmer. At the Le Roy Academy my reputation for studiousness was not unassailable. I had acquired an unfortunate habit of going to town nights and coming home as late as ten o'clock sometimes. I had bought myself a derby hat and a pair of patent-leather shoes; I had sat on the back seat with girls at the revival services held at the First Presbyterian Church; a cigar had been found in my best suit.

It was decided to give me a chance to begin my life anew in the great, clean West. My brother, seven years older, had gone to Kansas to seek his fortune; I was sent to join him. My main recollection of the trip is of a terrible five hours in the Alton station in Chicago while waiting for the train which should bear me onward to Kansas. It was night. It was the largest and noisiest place I had ever seen. There were signs on every side sharply warning travelers to beware of strangers and to guard their money carefully.

A short twenty-four hours before, gayly saying good-by to my Le Roy companions, I had played the part of a dashing adventurer going out into the world to seek fortune. But I felt neither bold nor worldly that night as I sat in the Chicago railroad station and read those warning signs, with the whirl of the city all about me. My derby hat and patent-leather shoes were no longer marks of urban sophistication; they were the tokens by which unprincipled scoundrels would know me for a small-town boy. I am sure that I cut no imposing figure as I sat those five hours huddled over my canvas telescope, afraid that each passing stranger might be the one who had come to work his nameless villainy on me.

In Kansas I did not care what kind of a job I should get, just so it was not driving a two-horse lumber wagon. It happened to be a jewelry-store that finally landed my services. I worked in this jewelry store for three years, combining the positions of window trimmer, porter, salesman and assistant manager. During my spare moments I sat beside the proprietor at the workbench at the front window and learned to be an engraver. At the end of the three years I engraved a lot of monograms, birds, fancy flourishes, and so forth, on a large flat piece of silver. Bearing this evidence of my skill, I set out to see the world.

It was very simple. All I had to do was to get on the train and go to some large sized city, put up at a hotel which advertised first-class rooms from seventy-five cents a day upward, change my collar and go down into the business district. Picking out a good-looking jewelry store, I would go right in, lay my piece of silver with the monograms on it in front of the proprietor and say insinuatingly: "You haven't got a position open for a first-class engraver, have you?"

It was surprising how many positions there were open for first-class engravers back in the nineties. I sat for a year in a jewelry-store window on Market Street in San Francisco engraving pictures of the old Cliff House in the bowls of souvenir spoons and three months in Salt Lake City engraving pictures of the Mormon Temple. I earned my daily bread in jewelry stores on Maiden Lane, New York, North Charles Street, Baltimore, and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. Between times I tried out numbers of cities in the South and Middle West. There must be living to-day thousands of brides of the late nineties still wearing wedding rings in which I engraved such sentiments as Mizpah, Ever Thine or Love Eternal.

At times, when the jewelry business was dull, I turned my hand to other occupations. I once lasted almost three months as a reporter on the old Denver Republican. I went out from New York with a tragedian who wanted to educate the South to Shakspere; my playing of Horatio was probably the worst ever seen south of the Mason and Dixon line. We stranded in Atlanta.

After a while I had the urge to get married, but felt somehow that the occupation of peripatetic engraver would not appeal to the business instincts of the conservative gentleman whom I had picked out as a father-in-law. Therefore I asked for my family patrimony and prepared to go into business. The town I selected for my operations was in Virginia. Feeling that I should be careful, I went to a real-estate man in the town and asked him if he thought the place would grow. Without even looking up from his work he answered in the following confident words:

"Inside of five years we will be the biggest city south of Baltimore. Don't you want to buy a couple of nice building lots?"

Relying upon this statement, I rented a store, bought a stock of jewelry, went into business and got married. When I located there the city had twenty thousand population; when I sold out several years later it bonsted nineteen thousand.

Life in a small city, however, has its compensations. If you show signs of being a live one you get quick prominence. I got a chance to be president of the merchants' association, director in the chamber of commerce and chairman of the boosters' club. And you bet we were boosters, always working to bring new industries to our city. Urged by transient promoters, we raised money to establish a shoe factory, a cigar-making plant and a shirt factory. The shoe factory lasted more than a year; the others did not do quite so well.

Eleven years ago I bought a jewelry business in San Antonio, thinking it would be exciting to live in a wild place like Texas, where the people would be rough, but liberal spenders. But life is full of disappointments. San Antonio has more young ladies' schools than any other city of its size in the country and the Texas legislature has recently enacted a law making it just as illegal to play pool or billiards as to drink liquor.

Back in 1914 business was awfully dull and I had plenty of time on my hands. I had heard that people sometimes got paid for writing pieces. I decided to try it. My very first piece brought in twenty-five dollars and I was spoiled forever. Even after business improved I kept it up; I got up early every morning and wrote two hours before breakfast, and again two hours after supper, attending to regular business between times. At present I give my business only half a day; the help attends to it the rest of the time, and it is doing better than when I put in full union hours.

To anyone who aspires to be a business writer, I would strongly urge the advissability of having a business of some kind in a good sized city somewhere, milling round with the other business men as much as possible. Join the chamber of commerce and the Rotary Club and drop in on your brother merchants for heart-to-heart talks when business is quiet. Kite checks with them if need be, to gain their confidence.

Then when some admiring reader sends you a letter in care of the magazine, stating that you don't know a darn thing of the business matters you presume to write about, all you have to do is to send him back a pleasant letter written on the handsome engraved stationery of your shoe-shine parlor or hat-cleaning establishment. When your critic thus sees that you are a regular business man he has no come-back.

For myself, I have two ambitions. The first is to write real business fiction, not the jazz kind.

The other ambition is to get such a series of checks from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that sometime I will be able to make out the name of the gentleman who places his signature on them.

Harrison Rhodes

(Continued from Page 84)

Up to the time that I went to Harvard I was educated in the public schools of Cleveland, and I consider this perhaps the greatest advantage I have had in life. I am sorry for boys who go to private smart schools, in spite of the many obviously pleasant things to be found in such places, for I believe the profoundest sense of being an American begins in those tenderest years when a child, quite without any snobbishness, makes friends with other children of every conceivable class in the community. I was a shy, reading sort of boy, not a very good "mixer," but my imagination is at the oddest moments flying back to those public-school days and encouraging me to believe that I really know something about my country.

Did not one of the prettiest girls of those Cleveland days lately marry a royal prince? So why should not a simple public-school scholar write about one? Isn't this, too, real Americanism?

At Harvard I lived with not many friends, but with a fair acquaintance among books and a more passionate relationship with plays, by preference those to be seen in the Boston theaters. Indeed, with Herbert Stone, who was later to go down on the Lusitania, I wrote the first play ever accepted as regular work in any English course in Harvard College. Now when it sometimes seems as if the chief effort of my alma mater was to produce playwrights, this is a fact sufficiently remarkable, I think, to be worth setting down. Somehow, in my little and obscure set in Cambridge, we produced a literary atmosphere that caused us to sprout early. When I had finished college and went abroad for a year of wandering, two of my friends, Stone and Kimball, started a publishing house while they were still undergraduates. I came back and joined them in Chicago.

I read all the book manuscripts and those submitted for the two magazines we published—The Chap-Book, an incredibly literary, young and independent affair, about the size of the palm of your hand, the first of a flock of what they called "freak magazines" in those days, and The House Beautiful, which still exists. I tried my hand at more kinds of writing than I would dare to attempt now. And finally, by such methods, we killed off the lively little magazine, and my friends and employers, fearing, I suppose, the further damage I might do if I were allowed to stay on, asked me if I would not accept a reduction of salary and go to London as their "representative"—pompous term. I accepted gayly and sailed the following week.

In London I hunted literary celebrities as best I could and amused myself with life in England and traveling on the Continent. As a tiny child I had lain flat on a big atlas and learned to read maps before I knew words. But gradually I began to tire of trying to buy and sell other people's writing and longed to see what I could do with my own. I got rid of all my jobs, including some pleasant "representing" of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and remained without visible or invisible means of support, starting to be an author on a very narrow margin.

At first I thought I was playwright and essayist. But no one else thought so, and finally, in annoyance, I said if fiction was all they wanted I'd write that. My first story was accepted and I saw immediately that God had, of course, intended me for fiction. Later I have come back to plays and essays with slightly better success. I still try to be Jack of several literary trades.

I am, like most Ohioans, a New Yorker now and think our American metropolis on the whole the most agreeable place of residence I have ever seen, though I rather want to try Pekin if the world ever becomes again a planet suitable for traveling upon. Meanwhile I am fortunate enough

(Concluded on Page 89)

Soothing for Sunburns and Insect Bites and Stings

MILTON soothes the soreness of sunburn and helps the blisters heal; affords speedy comfort and relief. It allays the pain of insect bites and stings. It is remarkably efficacious in relieving the discomfort from ivy poisoning. MILTON is an excellent "first-aid" treatment for all burns, bruises, cuts and abrasions of the skin.

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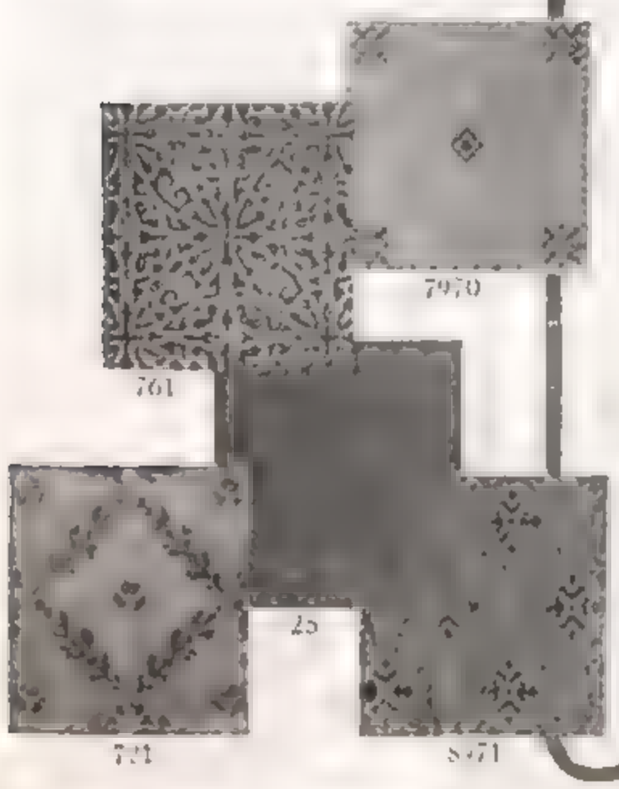
If you prefer any of the Armstrong Patterns shown below to the one used in this child's bedroom, No. 8214, order it by number from your merchant. Also ask him to show you suitable Armstrong designs for the other rooms in your house.



Durable—Easy to Clean—Sanitary

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Real linoleum—such as Armstrong's—is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible, and not easy to tear. When laid right, Armstrong's Linoleum makes a *permanent* floor.

Have your merchant show you his assortment of Armstrong patterns. Be sure to ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trade-mark, appears on the back of all genuine goods.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. Trained decorator in charge. No fees.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Department*, LANCASTER, PA.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Concluded from Page 87)

generally to spend the spring in Florida at my sister's small but very flowery place at Daytona, on the East Coast. Under the spell of the subtropics I seem to have been photographed, a process I dislike in other less-favored regions.

But a Floridian snapshot seems so much more to exploit Nature's charms than one's own that it is to my taste the more bearable.

This is an uneventful life history, but I will do my best now to add a touch of melodrama. Apart from having been asked to appear upon this page, perhaps the most flattering thing in my life is the activities of a misguided creature of whom I get track occasionally in various parts of the country whose object seems to be to tell people who probably never heard of them about the works of Harrison Rhodes and assert that he is their author. Need I say that I am strongly drawn to him and proud of having such an impersonator and publicity agent, especially as he is reported to be a handsome creature with a way with the ladies. But sometimes I feel that I am somehow lending myself to a deception.

I should like to meet him and tell him to be someone better worth while—Blasco Ibañez, for example, or the late Shakspere if he prefers. But I cannot find him. Can none of the amiable shrewd readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST help me out?

I thought I disliked personal publicity, but from the length of this autobiographical fragment it is evident that I long for it more than for almost anything in the world.

IS FOREIGN TRADE A THREAT TO PEACE?

(Continued from Page 29)

of the material necessities for productive work. There has been scarcity of food. Many raw materials have not been available in sufficient amount at the right places; great quantities of equipment were destroyed by war or rusted away during the years of disuse.

These things had to be furnished where they were needed, and those that must have them found it difficult or impossible to pay for them. Therefore for many months the attention of business men throughout the world has been almost completely absorbed in questions of finance.

Financial matters, almost to the exclusion of everything else, have been the topic of discussion at business meetings and conventions, and have filled the columns of trade journals and occupied much space even in the daily press. Europe turned to America for aid, and the response was of a nature that Americans may be proud of. In little more than a year after hostilities had ended we lent help to the extent of more than four thousand million dollars. Europe bought from us and borrowed in order to pay; then borrowed again in order to buy more.

Obviously this process could not continue indefinitely. The imports so far outstripped the exports of European countries that means of payment were difficult to find. Foreign exchange showed the effects and fell to a point where payments became almost impossible. Under such circumstances business men on both sides of the ocean found their immediate attention engaged in devising financial methods and arrangements that would take care of debts already created. These problems of finance are not yet definitely settled.

Policies of Self-Help

But it is obvious that finance is only a means to an end; that financial institutions are devised primarily to serve commerce, and that financial transactions grow out of commerce. Temporary expedients may indeed be adopted to cover transactions that have already taken place, but in the long run payment in goods and services is the only kind of payment that will satisfy.

There cannot be therefore any stable exchange between Europe and America, and there can be no security for loans or debts of any kind, until European production has been rehabilitated and Europe can again offer goods and services in exchange for the goods and services she has received—and still needs—from other parts of the world. What is summed up in the word "stabilized," a word that has recently become quite popular, requires a revival of the production of goods and of trade among nations and the regulation of trade in a fair and reasonable way.

As demoralization and despair subside, reliance upon American aid is diminishing and policies of self-help are taking more definite shape. In January a commission was appointed in Germany to study the situation and to make recommendations for restoring the value of German money and the rate of exchange. The recommendations of the commission were very significant. They included the strict regulation of imports and exports so planned as to change the balance of trade in Germany's favor. But perhaps the most important conclusion of the commission is found in the statement that the revival of production is the only means which promises improvement of the exchange for any length of time.

In France the same policy is being enforced. A ministerial report in April called attention to the fact that in 1919 the value of French exports was less than one-third of the value of the imports and that thus far this year there had been no improvement.

It attributes to this enormous inequality between purchases and sales the fall in the French exchange and the increase in the cost of living.

"As unfortunately," says the report, "a sufficient revival of our export trade cannot be looked for while our national production remains so low, the only remedy for this disastrous situation lies in practicing the most rigorous economy by limiting both our internal expenses and our foreign purchases to an absolute minimum. But it is obvious that in this matter persuasion alone would be powerless."

Importation Curtailed

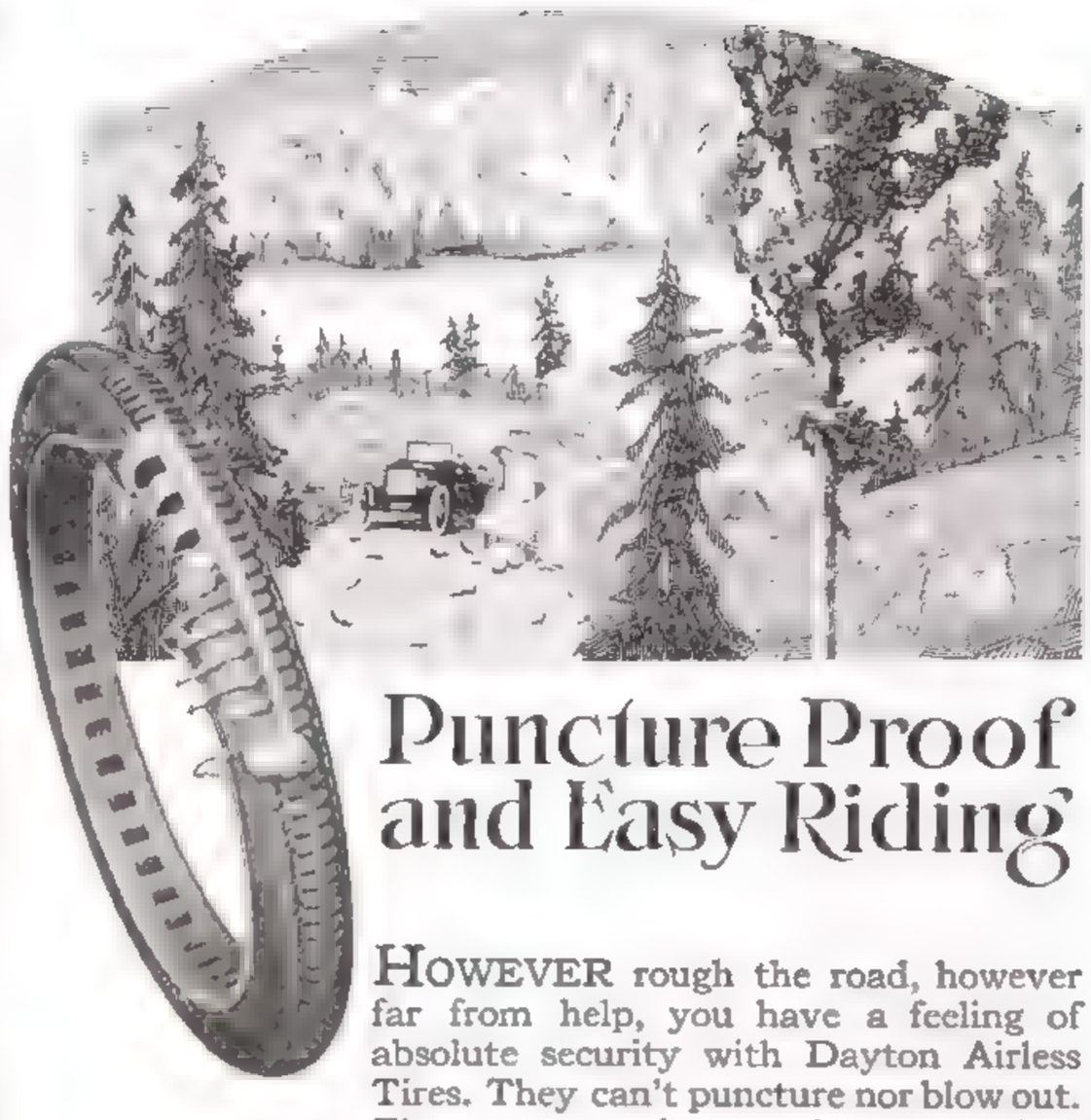
The report recommends therefore stringent restrictions on imports. Accordingly a French presidential decree in April prohibits the importation into France and Algeria of a large number of luxuries and fancy articles and products.

These steps on the part of Germany and France are typical of the measures Europe is adopting for immediate application. They aim at curtailing purchases from abroad and stimulating to the utmost the production of goods for export.

Provided these measures are fairly applied without favor or discrimination no fault can be found with them. But each nation is finding the temptation strong to monopolize raw materials for its own industries, to secure special advantages in foreign markets and to impose unequal restrictions in its domestic market on the products of different foreign nations. The evidence is strong of a growing purpose to adopt systems of discrimination and special bargaining.

It was in 1916 that the Allies held in Paris an economic conference that roused the anxieties of all neutral countries. It was reported that they were preparing plans to promote their own interests and to do such damage as they might to their enemies, and that in the attainment of these objects the interests of neutrals would not be allowed to interfere. Many of the measures then proposed became impracticable after the United States entered the war. Preliminary steps were taken, however, to put some of them in operation.

Within a very short time some of the Allied nations began to get rid of such commercial conventions and agreements as would limit their freedom of action. Within a few months Italy gave notice of the termination of conventions with Spain, Japan, Rumania, France, Russia, Serbia, Switzerland and Greece. During 1918 France denounced certain groups of commercial conventions and agreements to the number of about twenty, and stated that all treaties with enemy states had lapsed and did not require denunciation. Greece, Spain and other countries have taken similar action to terminate many of the conventions under which they carried on commerce among themselves and with other nations.



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Great Britain has been more conservative in this regard than her allies. Soon after the Paris economic conference adjourned the Prime Minister appointed a committee on commercial and industrial policy, which made its final report in December, 1917. The committee said it had been urged upon them to recommend that the government should terminate all existing commercial treaties so as to permit preferential treatment to be accorded to the Allies in return for concessions, and generally to clear the way for a series of new economic arrangements. But the committee opposed this policy for three good reasons—namely: That it would excite the suspicion of neutrals; that it would deprive England of many valuable rights secured through the treaties; and that the revision and renewal of all the treaties and arrangements would add greatly to the difficulty of reconstruction. The truth is that England with her far-flung empire and world-wide commerce had more to lose than to gain through nullifying all her existing treaties in the hope of making better bargains.

But in spite of the attitude of England and the inaction of the United States, war and denunciation have weakened to the breaking point the terms on which nations had agreed to carry on a peaceful commerce. What new terms will be substituted for those abandoned? On the answer to this question depend the peace and welfare of this country and all others.

The proper policy for the United States seems clear. After the first complete examination that was ever made of our experience with reciprocity and commercial treaties, the United States Tariff Commission made certain recommendations to Congress, which stand in strong contrast with the policy of France and other European nations.

"The evidence indicates," said the Tariff Commission, "that a policy of special arrangements leads to troublesome complications. The separate or individual treatment of each case tends to create misunderstanding and friction. Concessions are asked; they are sometimes refused. Counter concessions are proposed; reprisal and retaliation are suggested. Unpleasant controversies and sometimes international friction result. A great gain would be secured if a clear and simple policy could be adopted and followed. The guiding principle might well be that of equality of treatment; that the United States treat all countries on the same terms, and in turn require equal treatment from every other country."

French Objections

It must be confessed that we have not always followed this guiding principle in the past. Indeed even now we are trading under special concessions with Brazil and Cuba, and we still have on our statute book the offer of reciprocal concessions to Canada. Cuba and Canada, however, stand in peculiar relationship to this country, and our arrangements with them, for reasons explained by the Tariff Commission, are not inconsistent with the policy recommended.

But the United States cannot maintain this policy of equal treatment unless the nations with which we trade likewise adhere to it. At present that seems unlikely, even on the part of France and England, the two nations with which our ties are closest. The French authorities have objected to the recommendations of the Tariff Commission on the ground that France, dependent as she is on the outside world for raw materials, cannot treat on equal terms with the United States, which is practically self-sufficient, and to apply the principle of equality generally would be disastrous to her. They are willing to make concessions to gain outside markets, but the extent of the concessions would depend on the circumstances in each case. She can afford, for instance, to make large concessions to Belgium and to other small nations whose industries are not big enough to flood the French market. As to England also, France is prepared to make concessions. For though her industries are great, her trade with France is complementary rather than competitive, and she has long been France's best customer, buying more than she sells.

But if all countries share equally in these concessions they believe that France's industries would be ruined. Therefore France will not accept the principle of equality of treatment, but intends to adopt a policy of special arrangements, bargaining with each nation individually for all that she can get. Without doubt her example and influence will be strong with the other nations of Continental Europe.

Important as is France's attitude, that of England affects us even more deeply. It is true that England has not as yet denounced her commercial treaties, but she has adopted, or has acquiesced in, certain measures that we cannot view without grave concern. Prominent among them is the establishment of a preferential system among the different members of the empire.

For twenty years Canada has admitted English goods at lower tariff rates than those imposed on goods from other countries, and she has importuned England to reciprocate. From Canada this preferential system has spread to the other great self-governing dominions and they have united in urging upon England the adoption of a high tariff against the rest of the world. England long withstood the pressure, but during the war many things occurred to change her attitude. The almost vital disturbance caused by the cessation of trade with the Central Powers impressed on the most ardent free traders the importance of greater self-sufficiency—that is, of procuring their raw materials and of finding a market for their products within the empire. Added to this was the influence of the growing spirit of imperial unity.

Canada's Trade Policy

The unswerving devotion of the colonies to the cause adopted by the mother country and their great sacrifices in the war have prepared public opinion in England to respond more kindly to their request for a system of trade preference within the empire. It remains to be seen how far she will be able to go in this direction without taxing the imports of foodstuffs and essential raw materials to the damage of her own industries.

Meantime the self-governing dominions are proceeding to develop the preferential system without her. The new tariff recently adopted by Australia has one rate of taxation on imports from England and other reciprocating members of the empire and a higher rate on imports from other countries. Canada is now preparing for a general tariff revision. Sir Henry Drayton, the Canadian Minister of Finance, in his budget speech in May said the policy of his government calls, among other things, for measures "to promote specially and create trade with the mother country, the sister dominions and colonies and crown dependencies, and to safeguard the interests of the Canadian people in the existing world struggles for commercial and industrial supremacy."

Evidently the Canadian Government leans rather to the policy announced by France than to the free-trade policy so long dominant in England.

The primary purpose of the British preferential system is to preserve as far as possible the markets of the empire for the products of the empire. But there is also another way in which it threatens the interests of other nations—namely, by restricting their access to certain important raw materials.

No little nervousness has been shown in this country during recent months at the prospect of Great Britain's getting control of the world's supply of petroleum. There have been allusions to it in Congress and discussions of it in the press, and in spite of British denials of any definite plan to that end, the anxiety is not altogether allayed. The empire already controls all or a large part of the supply of many materials that are indispensable to our industries. Among them are tin, nickel, jute, asbestos, palm-oil kernels, wool, hides and skins and other things. No one could object to the production and ownership of these commodities by British interests and under British control, provided other nations are not restricted in their access to them. But there are indications that equal treatment will not be maintained.

Thus the British Departmental Committee on the Textile Trades, which strongly opposed in the report of 1917 the enactment of a general tariff by England, did not hesitate to recommend an export duty on jute when shipped from India to any point outside the empire, and urged the use of the resources controlled by the empire to compel concessions from other countries.

Canada has had under earnest consideration proposals to impose such export duties on nickel and asbestos as would force the transfer across the border of American industries using these materials. There has long been a discriminating export duty on tin ore from the Straits Settlements that has practically excluded Americans from access to it. More recently an export tax has been put on tin ore from Nigeria, unless the exporter produces evidence that it will be smelted in British territory.

Last year a similar discrimination was put in operation in regard to palm kernels from West Africa, in the crushing of which Americans were developing a considerable industry. It was less than a year ago also that India imposed an embargo on the export of hides and skins to points outside the empire. It is true that this measure was soon repealed by reason of widespread criticism, but it was substituted by export duties which were made three times as high on exports to foreign countries as on those to other members of the empire.

These measures suffice to show a growing tendency in the British Empire to substitute restrictions and exclusions for the liberal commercial policy that England has championed for several generations.

Thus far this country has not denied that the governments of the British dominions possess a right to establish commercial discriminations against foreign nations if they wish to do so, or that France has a right in the absence of treaties to favor trade with some countries more than with others. But to possess a right is one thing and to exercise it is quite another thing. It is hardly to be expected that the United States will see with composure the extension and perpetuation of policies under which our commerce will be treated less liberally than that of other countries. But the question rises, what can we do about it?

Concession or Retaliation?

In answer to this question the report of the Tariff Commission says: "Measures for the purpose of securing just treatment by other countries may take one or two forms. The first of these is that of concessions or of concessional arrangements. The second is that of additional duties in the nature of penalty or retaliatory duties made applicable to countries which fail to give the United States satisfactory treatment."

As between these two the commission concludes: "The method of additional duties is that which can be put into effect by the United States at once without disturbance of its general tariff policy and without committing the country definitively as regards the permanent commercial arrangements which may be evolved as part of the coming international settlement. The early enactment of legislation authorizing the imposition of additional duties at the discretion of the President is accordingly recommended by the Tariff Commission."

Congress did not act upon this recommendation before adjournment. Other matters absorbed its attention. But on the very last day of the session it adopted a measure that in some respects goes farther. It appears in the bill to provide for the promotion and maintenance of our merchant marine. Early in May this bill, which passed the House last November, was reported favorably by the Senate Committee on Commerce with an amendment of far-reaching importance. The amendment directs the President to give notice to foreign governments of the termination of provisions in all treaties or conventions restricting our right to impose upon foreign vessels entering our ports and upon the goods they bring higher duties than are imposed on our own vessels and their cargoes.

The adoption of this amendment has opened the way for a return to a policy that this country abandoned when the Treaty of London was ratified in 1815. From many directions have risen objections to the proposal; some based on the ground that discriminatory taxation will be an additional restriction on commerce, and some on the ground that any discrimination we may adopt will be met by retaliation in other countries. The Senate committee in its report denies any actual purpose of discrimination and represents the intention of the amendment to be merely to free our hands for meeting any unfair treatment directed against us.

"We may not desire," says the committee, "to go back to the policy of the fathers, under which our ships were our nation's pride, but we ought to be free to do it if we want to."

Times for Tact and Prudence

In explaining the amendment on the floor Senator Jones said: "The senator"—Mr. Lodge—"is mistaken in the suggestion that it means a return to the discriminating-duty policy. It puts us in a position where we can return to it if we think it is wise to do so. I do not anticipate retaliation. I believe that when we get these treaties nullified we will proceed at once with the other countries of the world to initiate and formulate new treaties under which our rights will be a little better protected than they are now."

This measure and the brief discussion of it in the Senate recognize the grave condition of international commerce and navigation at the present time—a condition that fills thoughtful men with anxiety not only for the prosperity but for the future peace of the world.

Thus the recommendation of the Tariff Commission and the Senate amendment to the Merchant Marine Bill point to retaliation as our trusty weapon of defense. That means that we should meet discrimination with discrimination; that we should do unto others as they do unto us; that unequal duties, embargoes, exclusions and other unfair practices against our commerce should be paid back in kind. In short, it means preparedness for commercial warfare, decks cleared for action, and if necessary force to the limit. But no one familiar with tariff wars and commercial retaliatory measures can regard them otherwise than as a last resort. Like other wars, they bring irreparable loss to all involved, and they cause ill feeling and resentments that endure for years. Out of them indeed, and what they stand for, have grown most of the great military struggles that have afflicted humanity during the last two hundred years. No threat to the peace of the world could be greater than the adoption of such a policy by the great commercial nations.

It is true that this country is better prepared for commercial warfare than any other. Much as our welfare depends on peaceful intercourse with the outside world, the welfare of other nations is still more dependent on us. But in proportion as we are strong it behooves us to be merciful. Infinite patience is required in our dealings with the exhausted nations of Europe. At present they are well-nigh hysterical at the contemplation of what war has done to their trade and industry. Many of the measures now proposed by them may be regarded as the counsel of desperation. Wiser counsels will in time prevail, and America can hasten the coming of that time, not by threats and warnings and recriminations, but by tact and prudence.

Nobody wants to take a chance— thousands of feet in the air

UP in the air, where engine trouble nearly always means a fall, the safety afforded by perfectly fitting, leakless piston rings is of the greatest importance —often a matter of life and death.

Airplane engines today are designed to operate continuously at high speed in climbing to dizzy altitudes and in traveling at full load over long periods of time.

This continuous heavy duty means very high operating temperatures—the piston heads frequently reaching 1400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Not only do the piston rings have to retain their tension under this terrific heat, but a more liberal piston clearance is necessary, which throws all the more responsibility on the rings to stop leakage and maintain perfect compression.

Leaky rings allow the seal existing between the piston and cylinder wall to be broken, oil leaks through, carbon deposits form, and the engine sputters and misses. Every aviator knows that this means *peril*.

The leakless quality of American Hammered Piston Rings has proved invaluable in airplane engines. Among the important aircraft builders who have used these rings successfully are the Curtiss Airplane Company, Aëromarine Plane & Motor Company, Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation, and the makers of the famous Hispaño-Suiza engine.

For the requirements of land travel, these rings have so firmly established their merit that they are chosen and used by the makers of 36 nationally known passenger cars, trucks, tractors and motors.

Made only of the finest materials, and manufactured with the greatest accuracy known to the piston ring business. One-piece—Leakless—Concentric.

For any motor—and sold by Dealers in all parts of the country.

American Hammered Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Look for the ball point hammer marks inside every ring

The Wonderful

THE new Overland on *Triplex* Springs nimbly gliding over the nation's roughest roads has written a wonderful story of STAMINA. The story began with the unprecedented pre-production test covering 250,000 miles of the wild country of the great Southwest. In its first eight months of service among 75,000 owners, climax upon climax has been piled up in records of extraordinary performance.

A Year's Driving in a Week

TO the Overland belongs the credit of a world's record over frozen Indiana roads with the amazing total of 5452 miles in 7 days and 7 nights continuous running. And a fuel average of 20.24 miles per gallon. This was a stock car taken direct from production, yet at the end of the run the motor was running so sweetly, so smoothly did every part of the power plant operate, that the car was apparently ready to duplicate the feat.

Another Overland stock touring car at Washington, D. C., ran 3269 miles in seven days, without stopping or adjusting the motor. The gasoline average was 26 miles per gallon.

25,000 Miles—No Mechanical Expense

A HOUSTON, Texas, Overland stock touring car since November, traveled more than 25,000 miles with practically no mechanical expense. It is used by the Police Department 16 hours a day. A Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Overland stock touring car sped 28 miles to Iowa City on the Interurban tracks, bumping the ties, crossings and side

WILLYS-OVERLAND, I

Sedans, Coupés, Touring

Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Canada T

Overland Story

tracks, yet its passengers suffered no discomfort, and the car showed no trace of damage.

An Overland stock touring car ran from Spokane to Seattle and return, a distance of 716 miles, in 25 hours—a new record over the rough route through the Cascade Mountain Range.

Uninjured by 42,000 Pound Blow

OVERLAND stock cars at the Denver horse show and later at Wichita, Kansas, at Oklahoma City and at Hutchinson, Kansas, running from special take-off, leaped hurdles 5 feet high and landed 18 feet from the take-off. These cars under this terrific test sustained a blow at each landing of 42,000 foot pounds.

A Triumph for Triplex Springs

THE remarkable performance of the Overland is due largely to its jar-absorbing *Triplex* Springs, which prevent the usual pounding of rough roads from causing discomfort to passengers. They also reduce the stress and strain on motor and chassis, preserving the car for longer wear and reducing upkeep. The chassis itself of finest alloy steel adds to the stamina of the car as a whole.

The success of the Overland *Triplex* Springs has changed the attitude of thousands toward the light type of motor car. You cannot adequately appreciate the degree of *comfort*, *economy* and *stamina* you enjoy in the new Overland until you have actually ridden in this car.

NC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Cars and Roadsters

e John N. Willys Export Corporation, New York

Have the Quakies come to YOUR house?

They bring you, dear boys and girls, the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth

This morning when thousands of little boys and girls just your age climbed up into their chairs for breakfast, what do you think *they* found?

Right there, to greet them, were the Three Good Spirits that live in a box of corn flakes—in a fairy box of a new kind of flakes like those shown in the picture.

The Quakies had come to their house, just as they would like to come to yours.

Listen to their story

Long, long ago when the Quakers first came to America the cruel winter came upon them and caught them without food.

Then the Indians, whom the Quakers had befriended, brought them corn to stay their hunger. And this is the story the Indians told the Quakers when they taught them why the corn was good.

In the corn, the Indians said, the Great Spirit had caused to dwell the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth.

And into him who ate the corn entered these Three Good Spirits, and he became strong and brave and true.

Now we bring them to you

Now we have caught for you these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—caught them in fairy flakes of corn. We have named these fairy flakes the Quaker Quakies.

They are sweet, as the maple tree is sweet, for the warm spring rains have made them so. They're golden brown, for the summer suns have colored them. They're crisp and fresh, for they have played with the autumn winds

Now if these Quakies with their Three Good Spirits haven't come to your house it's because you haven't invited them. Right now they're just over the way at your grocer's—waiting.

Ask them in today. And tomorrow morning, when mother fills your bowl with Quaker Quakies, you, too, like the little Quaker and Indian boys and girls, can become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth. The Quaker Oats Company, 1616-G Railroad Exchange Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

The Quaker Oats Company

STEEL

(Continued from Page 25)

now clear to Howard that it never would have it; for him the fusion of such a fine heat was an impossibility. And yet, in the moments of his leaving Sophie for France and his return, it had seemed about to transform them; but it had gone forever. He admitted heavily that no one could be blamed for what was patently the failure of their common obligation; though he had been mistaken in thinking that his wife's loveliness, his impersonal admiration for her, were enough for the success of a lifelong contact. The simple truth was that, for Howard, Sophie's beauty had completely evaporated. In reality it had not changed by the lessening perfection of a shade; still knowing this, and seeing its unfailing potency on others, he was unable to get from it the slightest thrill.

His entire attitude toward her—and hers for him—was saturated with frank indifference; nowhere, as he had already partly reflected, were they of the slightest importance to each other. In view of his own coolness he was not unwilling that this should be, and continue so; it had many things to recommend it; and after all it was thoroughly in keeping with the meagerness of his demands on life. However, he wondered if it were possible to exist for many years on a negative foundation. He had no fear of this for himself, but Sophie might very well care for someone else. Well, that, too, need present no insuperable difficulty—if he was bare of generous affections he was equally free from jealousy. Sophie, if she were able, was at liberty to love whomever she chose; she would have his, Howard's, assistance toward any happiness that she might be able to discover.

Here he made a poor figure in the light of conventional masculinity, but then, he failed to meet the requirements of so many conventions that one more made no difference. The warmer feeling that had touched him just before Dan's death had been dissipated by that accident; his essential war-born contempt had returned, deepened. But, it appeared, it was no longer passive, philosophical; an exasperation at small things possessed him; at, for example, Sophie's manner of reading The Queen.

He asked abruptly: "What do you get out of that parade of titles and affairs that can never touch you in any way?"

She raised her brown eyes and surveyed him calmly. "I prefer well-bred people and pretty clothes to rudeness," she replied. "Even if I didn't I'd rather read anything than sit for hours and days and weeks and never use my brain. But I reckon I might as well get used to it. We used to see the old soldiers, sitting about at home, but I never dreamed I'd be married to one."

"Why not?" he replied satirically. "We've had enough of the music, let someone else march; at least the country, and the national investments, the manufacturers, owe us comfortable chairs and a fire. If they didn't take care of us we might talk and spoil their new plans for commercial aggression and privileges. And certainly charming women always devoted themselves to the army."

Her gaze sharpened. "What do you mean by that?"

He replied: "Those fetching blue aprons, and cool fingers on a fevered brow."

Suddenly she was upset by one of her rare enigmatic bursts of feeling.

"It's simply terrible, living with you!" she exclaimed. "I'm—I'm not myself at all, and really not responsible. When I married you I thought life and people were as good as gold, but the minute you came back you began to make me different and cynical, and—and lots of things. You are to blame ——"

She stopped with a gasp, the magazine sliding from her knees to the floor. He considered this, the possibility that he had, in a way, spoiled her faith in happiness. But he decided that it was an emotional exaggeration; Sophie hadn't changed—what had happened was that life, in stripping her of the sentimentalities of girlhood, exhibited possibilities of a character surprising even to her.

"In spite of Charlotte's opinion of me," he proceeded temperately, "we can't leave Bagatelle now until Dan's affairs are straightened; but when that's over perhaps you'd better go home, to Brunswick, for a while. As you so often have said, they worship you there, and your self-opinion, which seems to have been badly upset, might be completely restored. In any case, your father would enjoy it immensely."

But she told him shortly that she didn't know when she'd be ready to go home; she was able to manage that, think of her father, without his, Howard's, suggestion.

He specified the exact degree of his indifference to her family and movements, and she rose and said that she wouldn't listen to such horrid cursing.

"It isn't only that," she added, "but your coarseness."

She left the room directly, and he reflected that even their necessary minimum of jointure was fast disappearing. All at once the house, his existence, grew unbearably stifling; and in a heavy pair of army shoes he went out across the fields and hills. The snow had partly melted, then frozen again, and there were patches of dead brown earth, while the rutted roads were like iron. But the air—it might have been liquid ice—was unutterably pure; and as the afternoon declined the light grew ruddy, blue shadows gathered in the hollows along the horizon; a degree of peace enveloped him.

He saw the affairs, the people of Bagatelle, as clearly as the naked black trees against the snow; he saw destinies, individuals moving helplessly in obedience to what they were. It was exactly as though the extreme cold had driven out of him all the heat of resentment and anger; as though, as well, it had destroyed every remaining vestige of his ties and responsibilities.

Howard was striding away from Bagatelle toward the west, drenched in quiet color, and an opening where the road was hidden between the hills; and it came over him sharply that there was no need for him to go back. The best thing possible was to keep on and on, into whatever impersonal fate the distance had to bestow. It offered him the most grateful relief imaginable—the tranquillity which, since the war, he had vainly sought. Physically there was little he couldn't endure; any hardship he might now meet would be nothing to what he had completely survived. He would lose all the fretful voices that, it seemed, had never stopped tearing at him; the suspicion, the dislike and hatred he had caused.

Sophie, if anything, would be better off without him; Charlotte delighted, her worst opinion confirmed; and he was the last person necessary to the affairs of the Gage Steel and Iron Works; Dahl was far more important than he. Unconsciously his step lengthened, with his eyes narrowed against the cold, increasing with the sinking of the sun. He fell naturally into a rhythm of movement, and naturally his lips formed the words, the measure of a French marching song.

When he reached the opening between the hills his old life would be over, he would vanish from the organization of society just as men disappeared, leaving no trace, from the regiment. The men from the regiment! He thought of them again with amazement and admiration, and the old sense of mystification. If he could grasp the secret of their devotion, or to what they were devoted, the springs of their courage and endurance and death, life would no longer resemble the sterile expanse of a snowfield. Then, he thought, it would be fertile and green, like those sodded flowery banks of his approach to Bagatelle last August.

Howard Gage had an overwhelming conviction that for him such a discovery would mean salvation; not the lifting of any soul to a heaven paved in metal—he was sick of metal—but it would bring back to him the thrilling sense of a divinity running and fighting, painted in blood and dirt, fast at his hand. It would give him again self-forgetfulness, shut out the dark images of his brain, restore the subconscious vitality of his spent body. At the time, he remembered, his pace slackening, he seemed to be one with the trees, the swift narrow rivers, the birds winging above. Nothing that might happen to him was of value, nothing could happen to him, because in the greatness of his emotion he had ceased to be.

He stopped and in the shelter of a fence lighted a cigarette, his head bowed in thought. Perhaps a mile ahead the opening toward which he was bound merged in a delimiting wintry wall, the sky turned from yellow to a transparent green with a vibration that suggested the presence of yet unseen stars; there was a pistol-like cracking of the branches of trees.

Then suddenly his intention assumed another, a faintly disturbing aspect—it was borne upon him that it had slightly the appearance of a desertion. He impatiently dismissed this feeling; it was an insidious part of the sentimentality from which he had been freed, nothing more than the automatic force which kept men subservient to society and armies. Yet the uncomfortable sensation returned, persisted, deepening almost to a conviction of cowardice. Howard started on angrily, but soon his progress grew slower; a struggle was set up in his mind, in, he thought, his body; even his legs were rebellious. Desertion! He grasped finally the fact that his reason, his mind, was opposed to an instinctive formless emotion and the habit, unconsciously acquired, of discipline, of obedience.

This at first fortified his resolution to continue—if only to break away definitely from influences, memories, that he detested. He was, Howard asserted aloud to the frozen tranquillity about him, an individual, and not merely the inconsiderable unit of an unintelligible and humiliating design. A phrase of Dan's returned, the truth of which he had recognized, that often passion transcended thought. His love for Daniel Gage unexpectedly swept back, entire and bright and warm; and it, too, clogged his footsteps, added a difficulty to his escape. Innumerable bands, invisible but strong, seemed to be holding him from the freedom beyond the glimmering hills.

Anyhow, his determination had been robbed of its spirit and pleasure—now the west was no less dull than the twilight gathering behind him. The magic of his hope vanished, leaving him tired; it was as though he were darkening with the day. Howard turned listlessly, indifferently; and, later, sitting at dinner with a tumbler of the Scotch whisky Daniel had approved, the petty formality of Sophie and Charlotte resolutely ignoring his presence, the afternoon took on the substance of a fantastic dream. Gradually it blurred all his mental images and faculties, the candle flames retreated into a gold haze through which he vaguely saw the women across the table; their voices, never addressed to him, worried him by a sound without meaning. Then he realized that they had gone, his coffee was cold. He harshly ordered another cup, but before it came he rose and wandered unsteadily out to the hall. That damned major on the adjutant-general's staff, in his silly boots, was in the drawing-room. Moreland was the sort of soldier women best understood, admired . . . shirts clean and . . . and free from bags.

"If the Captain Please I Have Claim for Disability, Yet I Did Not Ask Money"

XVIII

THE impression grew upon him that there were now two Howard Gages, one quite sober and the other fortified by the potent whisky; and he preferred the latter. It was undisturbed by a sharp, troubled imagery and obscure questions casting shadows of doubts, of responsibilities, into the future; in comparison to the mental difficulties of sobriety it was a simple state where a blurring of the vision detracted nothing from the sharpened clarity of his understanding; then the world was truly ludicrous, a trivial bedlam that he regarded from the elevation, the superiority, of a complete sanity. Indeed, at moments he began to be seriously concerned about his normality. The horror of the war had vanished while he was still surrounded by it; though his anger had become impersonal and finally cold, it was possible that his mind had been fundamentally affected.

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(Continued from Page 95)

This was a very disagreeable thought, and one that he did not willingly entertain; but it returned unbidden. That perhaps accounted for the cloudiness, the emotionalism, which confused his attitude toward war, the persistent conception of the special fineness of his men. Howard assured himself that there was no more in this than appeared on the surface—few of the men, drafted or volunteers, wanted to go into the war, and when they found themselves there the sheer weight of events and armies forced them on; they fought, he continued, for the greater part, either in a frenzy of fear, a leaden helplessness, or in the hysteria of killing. The ranks, like all majorities, were made up of the thoughtless, the sentimental and the superstitious, but mostly of the ignorant; a mass easily influenced and molded by the shrewd and powerful minority. It was illogical in the face of all his convictions, plausible only in a spirit of cheap stereotyped and illuminating emotionalism, to look for a quality that didn't exist.

He asserted this to the squat compressed bottle that held the satisfactory wisdom, distilled, he saw, in Edinburgh—alcohol by volume forty-six. A pale and faintly warm sunlight was flowing into the inclosure of glass beyond the dining room, where, through the middle of the afternoon, he had been sitting. The cold had decreased, and outside, where the sod was bare, there were rills from the melting snow, and even a faint trace of green; farther away a mist was perceptible, rising from the ground, and the sparrows were extraordinarily vociferous and active. It was one of the winter days that bore the sign and promise—though still far from the fulfillment—of spring. But Howard regarded this indifferently; the cessation of winter was without significance. No such release, he thought figuratively, could occur in him; no flowers, he added, in a characteristic humor.

Howard turned morosely as a servant entered, and heard that a man, whom the girl had not admitted to the house, wished to see him.

"He had a French name I couldn't just make out," she explained further.

"Not Lapigne?" he demanded incredulously. But he was assured that that was how it sounded.

"Bring him in here at once," he directed, with an expansion of his heart at variance with all that—so shortly before—he had mentally elaborated.

Howard heard a cough, suppressed but violent, and Lapigne, his orderly, appeared. Two impulses were evident in the man's bearing—one was a spontaneous gladness and the other the restrictions of military conduct. The second triumphed and Lapigne stood rigidly at attention.

His age was in the vicinity of Howard's, a man finally past youth with a smooth countenance and heavy features, a large clumsy nose and thick lips, but with alert and sparkling black eyes, eyes emphasizing the brightness of his cheeks. However, that, Howard sharply realized, was no longer true; Lapigne's familiar vivacious color was masked by an even chalky pallor, and once more he struggled with a cough.

Howard Gage said abruptly: "Lapigne, I am displeased with you—you've been gassed; and a good soldier like yourself knows that there is absolutely no excuse for such an accident. It's never anything but carelessness."

A deprecating smile hovered improperly for an instant about the other's mouth. Howard, indicating a chair, said: "At ease, Lapigne." An obvious degree of embarrassment, discomfort, took the place of the man's secure formality; he sat awkward and stiff. Howard laughed. "Do you remember how Lieutenant Swan, at Camp Greene, used to keep you standing in my tent while he pretended not to know that you were there?"

"Well, yes; and then he may say, 'Oh, Lapigne, is that you? Rest.' But of the gas the captain is certainly right; though perhaps he forgets our colonel."

Yet Howard had not forgotten the ranking officer of the regiment to whom Lapigne had referred. It was probable that he would never fade from the memories of the men under him. His irascible temper, his individual predilections, recklessly and bitterly expressed, his contempt of any reasonable means of safety, had filled his command with an endless critical dread. And nowhere was his disposition more dangerous than in his contemptuous disregard of gas.

"It happened," Lapigne continued, "in the Bois de Merles not a week after the captain left. If he remembers the land—we were still in the great woods above the river, with the advance posts regarding the Germans in the open just beyond and occupying Courtot sur Vesle, down that hill. There was a regiment about Vallous, and another on the right, when we had been relieved. It was night, and we were fatigue, as the captain knows; glad to come out, except the colonel. Yet not far, he understands; we were almost in the line, and our headquarters was established with a little stream and banks for protection. Everybody dropped with sleep where he was, with only Lapigne standing guard; the officers in the concrete huts left by the boches, and all the rest over the ground; the runners and mounted orderlies, platoon of pioneers and platoon of sappers and bombers, the signal section and intelligence!

"Very well, it was coming gray in the morning, the sergeant major was lying with his mouth open like the dead, when the gas was put down in a marvel of a thousand shells at once, over the whole woods of Merles—everywhere, everywhere. I made the alarm and ran about kicking and warning the men, but for that mustard gas it was too late. After a breath of it I got my mask on, and Captain Rollé was prepare, but the colonel ——

"It was, absolutely, the eyes; all headquarters was blind and cursing into the trees and falling. I could only see dim the rolling over the ground and waving arms; in a mask the hearing is confused, and it was great trouble to organize the relief station. I was first, then a hand took mine; the blind joined together with hands or holding to belts; and like that, slow, slow and painful, we wandered in our dark over the hill to Merles. There we were evacuated, except the colonel, who made nothing of those bad burns, and stayed with the regiment."

"But tell me," Howard Gage demanded, "how have you come on since your return to America? Weren't you demobilized at the Presidio? That's a long way from here. And I suppose you got a disability compensation?"

"If the captain please I have claim for disability, yet I did not ask money but to have a good examination and treatment if needed before to be discharged. After the X ray and pictures I was sent to the hospital for a diagnosis—'chronic bronchitis of recent activity superimposed on gas inhalation.' Then I request discharge because having some kind of treatment I was much better though still with pain in my left side and coughing. I might not claim compensation when this disability was less and I got demobilized and happy of it."

"That's folly," Howard declared. "The Government owes you every assistance; you are provided for by the law."

Yet he realized it was perhaps this folly that, alone in the barrenness of life, gave him the sense of a possible dignity hidden in men.

"The Army," Lapigne asserted, "will watch out over me, and I have a reasonable boss. Well, sir, permit me to show some details on how I took my present place. When I left the Army I was very weak and suffering of that affection caused by gas. But coming again, at my own will, on the civilian life I had to work and couldn't do any but slight work outside, for the doctors told me that air was the only thing that can cure me. So, having heard of the vacancy of this job and knowing very well the boss, who is the brother of my cousin's wife, I asked him, without speaking my condition. The captain must know I am a butcher.

"At first the main part of my work consisted by my delivering the goods in an automobile and commenced sixteen dollars a week, then eighteen and, after my request, twenty, with a promise of twenty-four. That's not much, I know, in these days, but waiting for better days I must consider myself to have been lucky to find that job. And now I am becoming a real butcher with cutting the meat and cutting my fingers—nothing can avoid my big knife."

"You are contented, then?" Howard asked. "There is nothing I can do? Lapigne, you were a splendid orderly."

He rose at once. "Sir, I am proud that the little help I gave you brought that satisfaction, because what I have done was only natural, though your few words makes me feel happy and I thank you very much. Be certain that I will never forget."

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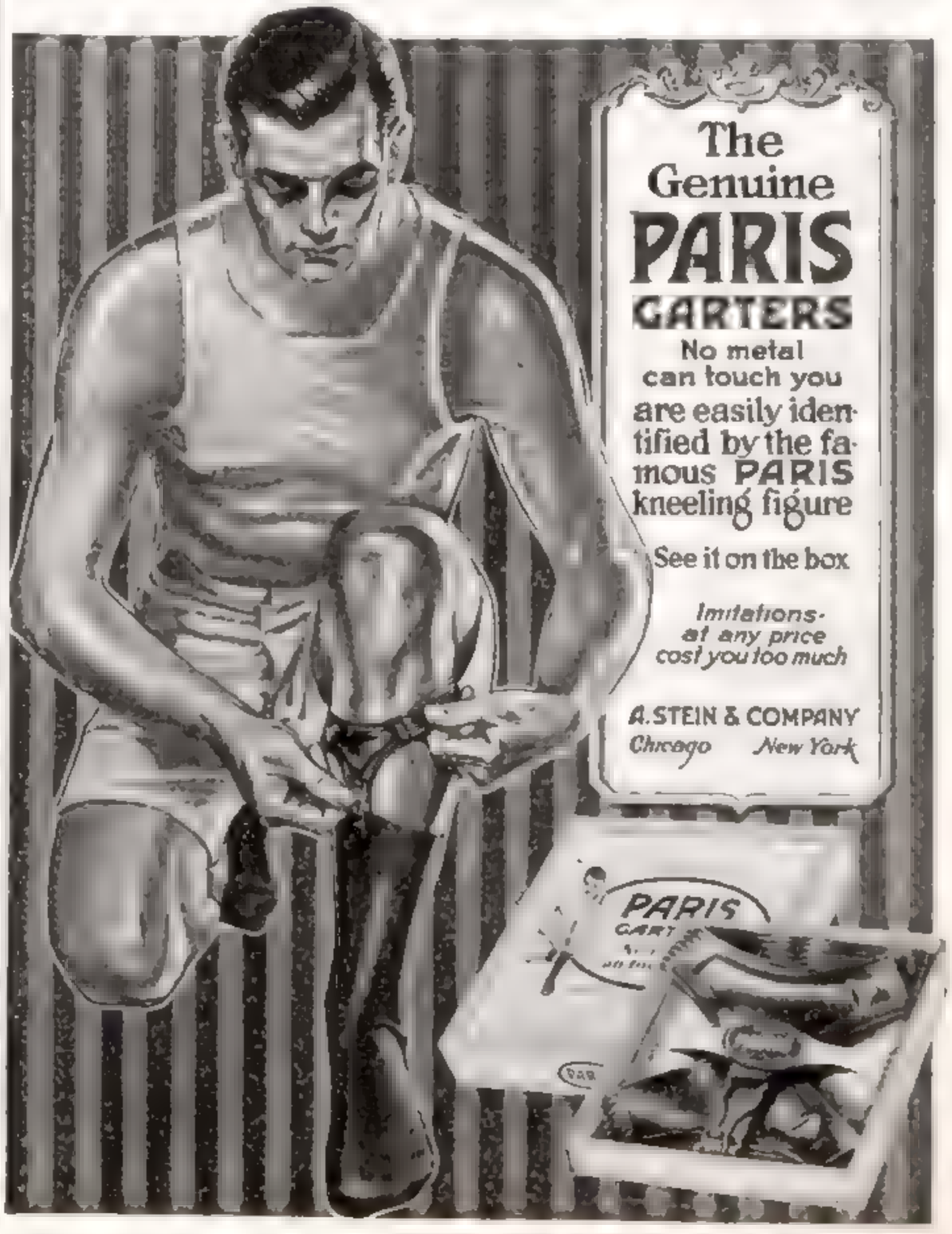


The other stopped him with a gesture toward the chair.

"You have heard," Lapigne resumed, "that in France I have a nice girl who has waited long time for me, and soon back I had word that she was going here under my cousin, from whose wife's brother, the butcher, I am able to meet them and speak with you." He coughed again, in a vain seeking of relief from poison. "The captain will excuse," he said when he was able. "I content myself taking medicine of my owns to prevent that bad complication, and I like very much the kinds of open-air sports, so I spend all the holidays hunting. . . . What do you think, sir, about this law cutting us our wine? But I still have a gallon of claret on the table at my lunch composed of good *potage* and the best meat, cooked by myself."

"You'd have that, Lapigne; I am certain you arranged it all when your pay was fixed—that soup and a roast with a bottle of Pinard."

There had never been in Lapigne's foraging anything merely casual; no position was too harried or drained to provide him with adequate supplies. Strawberries would appear miraculously at breakfast. Fresh brown eggs and crisp vegetables, ducks and excellent wine, cream so thick that often it was held in a twist of paper, with faultless coffee, were procured when the other officers were living on the canned provisions of army contracts. A remarkable man and soldier—logical, frugal, alert, an adept at finding and keeping cover under fire, at, concisely, being alive, capable for the supreme moments of necessity.

He was, the orderly added, returning to California to-morrow, after the boat with his cousin and fiancée landed; and it would perhaps be required that he must leave the captain now. Lapigne rose and Howard stood with outthrust hand.

"If you need anything," he said, "particularly if you change your mind about the desirability of compensation, telegraph me at once."

Lapigne was again at attention: "Be certain that I would never forget your kindness and I hope to have the pleasure to meet you again some day. The mountains only do not meet themselves. I wish you, sir, all the good luck in the world."

XIX

AFTER he had gone Howard Gage was profoundly melancholy; he regretted the fact that practically he could do nothing for Lapigne; good men were like that. But with the best will possible he couldn't clear the corrupting gas from his lungs or restore his sparkling animation. He was unable to help Lapigne, whose life—after such a momentous bond—was entirely aside from his, across a continent and beyond barriers of mountains and prejudices. They were divided by life, and yet Howard was conscious that Lapigne and the memories of Lapigne had become a part of his being; something of the orderly's was his, just as, he supposed, he in turn had given to the other. This, Howard felt, had a broader, impersonal importance; it seemed linked with that admiration which began to assume the aspect of a threat to whatever security he might perceive.

The activities of the sparrows about the privet hedge that hid the kitchen entrance had died; the haze, formed by the warmer air on the snow, approached, grew bluer; suddenly the stream at the bottom of the lawn was audible through the glass sashes of the room. The white patches outside were bright, the earth dark, and the trunks, the bare limbs, of the trees wetly black. There was a movement in the dining room and a shutting door, a stir in the hall. Someone had come in. It was Charlotte; she appeared framed in the entrance, gazing through, beyond, Howard.

"Where is Sophie?" she asked, avoiding his eyes.

He studied her at length, without replying; she was almost as pale as Lapigne, heavy in manner, unexpressive, but potent. Yes, he had been right. She was no longer a girl—that was, in the sense of emotional integrity; her stillness hadn't the insulated calm of immaturity. Other footfalls approached, and Moreland was visible.

He spoke to Howard with a conventional formality and the addition of a superficial phrase; but Howard, ignoring him completely, returned to his half-emptied tumbler of Scotch whisky and water. There was a low murmur from the door, and then it was empty. His mind fastened on Moreland, and the thought of him mechanically heightened a growing animosity. Charlotte and Sophie might or might not be civil as they chose; but if Moreland imagined that he had any special privileges at Bagatelle, if he supposed that, where Howard was concerned, he was already a member of the family, he would be disagreeably surprised, shortly informed to the contrary.

If he was, as it seemed probable, to marry Charlotte, why didn't the fellow get along with it? He was sick of seeing Moreland round in the corners of divans with Charlotte, talking at the foot of the stairs with Sophie, flying like an ornamented witless shuttlecock between the two women. It occurred to Howard that, inheriting Dan's responsibilities and, where his daughter was concerned, his wishes, he had better have a thorough talk with Charlotte's china major, see if it was possible to get rid of him.

Here at least, he thought, was a subject he could discuss, hold in common with his wife; and going up to their room he found her dressing.

"Moreland's here again," he proceeded abruptly; "and I've about decided to find out what the devil he's after. If Charlotte's engaged to him why don't they say so? Neither of them are backward."

She replied sweetly: "It doesn't enter your head that they might resent your meddling? It would be that, wouldn't it? I can see you are picturing yourself in Dan's place; but Charlotte might even find that a little peculiar. You see—you are so painfully different from Daniel."

That, he admitted, though it was undoubtedly true in general, didn't refer to Major Moreland. "We both agreed about him: no more in him than in a drum; he's not fit to wrap my orderly's putties. But whether I speak to him or not on account of Charlotte, I'll damn well address him if he keeps up his air of patient disapproval about here."

He cursed again forcibly, and Sophie, outraged, walked away from him. She sat on the edge of the bed absorbed in tight-lipped thought.

This position of deep, serious contemplation, so remarkable in Sophie, she kept for a surprisingly long while. Her hair was elaborately finished, with a Spanish comb of clear shell at an unexpected angle; but one of the airy blue webs of silk that habitually she wore in her room still took the place of her dinner dress. It gracefully held the mold of her shoulders, the slim line of her knees, and flowed about black satin slippers, sharp like exclamation points. This was customary, delightful; but it seemed to Howard her face was altered. Where once it had had the shaded pink of coral, now, in addition, it resembled the hardness of that substance; it was as if Sophie's loveliness had congealed in an unwelcome breath of frigid realization. Suddenly, shockingly, she had lost—but it was, of course, only an illusion—her beauty. She seemed to be meager, bitter; in place of resembling a rose, Sophie now had the straw-dry quality of an everlasting flower. Whereas often she had given the impression that the scent she bore was the natural air of her loveliness, now it was plain that she was uselessly drenched with cologne.

She gazed swiftly at Howard with narrowed, appraising eyes, and drew in a long breath, as if she had decided to commit herself wholly to irrevocable and revealing speech. But she hesitated, and in the end returned silently to her dressing table. Howard coldly regarded her back. He realized that he had never loved her—never, that was, except for that single transmuting moment when she had stood in his arms by the window, soon after his return from France.

A fuller understanding of life slowly possessed him; the contented moderation upon which he thought their marriage might rest was an impossibility. It needed such blinding magic as Dan's and Fanny's to withstand a human association endless except for death.

In the absence of that a tide of bitterness, of trivial resentment growing to a flood, drowned, sooner or later, all tenderness, patience and fidelity. He had lost the pleasurable sense of Sophie's beauty for a mere recognition after living with her hardly more than a month.

There was a light knock on the door and Charlotte, fully dressed, and with a glittering necklace in her hand, entered.

"I can't get this clasp fastened, Sophie," she explained; "and the servants are so clumsy. I'd be obliged if you'd fix it. Yes, it's new and quite irresistible, you see—crystal beads and onyx."

Sophie said at once: "As fetching as possible, but entirely out of place with mourning, dear. You must put it away for a year or more."

"That's absurd!" Charlotte promptly replied. "It isn't in colors, and after all crystal is only semiprecious. The onyx is in perfect keeping too. Besides, Sophie, I can really judge such things for myself; no one need remind me of my duty toward father. Please, Howard."

She gave him the necklace and turned for him to clasp it about her throat. This he accomplished after straightening a minute spring of gold, and the crystals lay like flashing beads of ice on Charlotte's white skin.

Sophie, flushed with unaccountable anger, continued in a strained, high-pitched voice: "It would be much better not to discuss your sense of duty toward your father; we all know how you ignored everything he wished you to do or be. That is an endless subject. All I said was that jewels are very bad form, disrespectful, with mourning; I only wanted to keep you from appearing too extraordinary. But I knew before I spoke how you'd take it. Still, I do owe Dan a great deal, and I am willing to accept some unpleasant situations."

Charlotte laughed with an unforced young gayety:

"I was thinking of Howard, and how innocent men are generally. Tell him, Sophie dear, why you do object to this necklace, and why you bother so much about what I wear. 'My child, that skirt is too tight; and heavens, Charlotte, you're much too low in the front! Do let me give you this bar pin! And the Lord knows where you get those ratty stockings from. They look like a tattered spider's web.'"

Sophie for a moment was quiet, studying the other with a palpable enmity; then she lowered her gaze and fingered the fragile edge of her wrap. Again Howard was conscious that some important decision, act, speech, was hovering in his wife's mind. He was invaded by a sense of drama, of imminence, and he waited in a growing suspension, a tangible excitement, for what might follow. Charlotte, too, showed the effect of a portentous atmosphere; her amusement faded and her temper became defiant.

"You could add," she went on recklessly, "why you will call me a child when you know better. Oh, ever so much! And while you are blaming me for my conduct, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"We've had enough, Charlotte," Howard interrupted. "Anyhow, Sophie is older than you; that should count for something; and you are getting ridiculous, to say nothing of being shockingly rude. Run away with your necklace, and put up with Sophie's injured sense of decency."

He became amazingly annoyed at them both; such pettiness of conduct was unbearable. And what the devil was it all about? Couldn't women ever be direct and open, in place of everlasting pretense and acting? At least there was this to be said of men's contentions—like all storms they cleared the air; whereas the animosity of women hung about undischarged—mustard gas in a damp hollow.

Neither Sophie nor Charlotte, however, so much as glanced at him; the former was slowly folding the blue silk, in which her pointed finger nails shone with a hard glimmer. They were both breathing in a disorder of repressed emotion. The sense of strain increased to a pressure wherein there must, it seemed to Howard Gage, be an explosion; when Sophie, with a determination expressed in a convulsive movement, retreated, mentally and physically.

"I haven't finished dressing."

For a moment Charlotte had the appearance of forcing a positive encounter. Her lips parted, trembling but determined, her eyes were mocking. Then reluctantly she accepted Sophie's attitude; she left the room.

"What was that nonsense about?" Howard demanded.

Sophie didn't answer him, and in a louder, more aggressive tone he repeated the question.

She still ignored him. In a burst of exasperation he turned her abruptly with a hand on her shoulder.

"Did you hear me?" he almost shouted. "Well, answer! You're not china too."

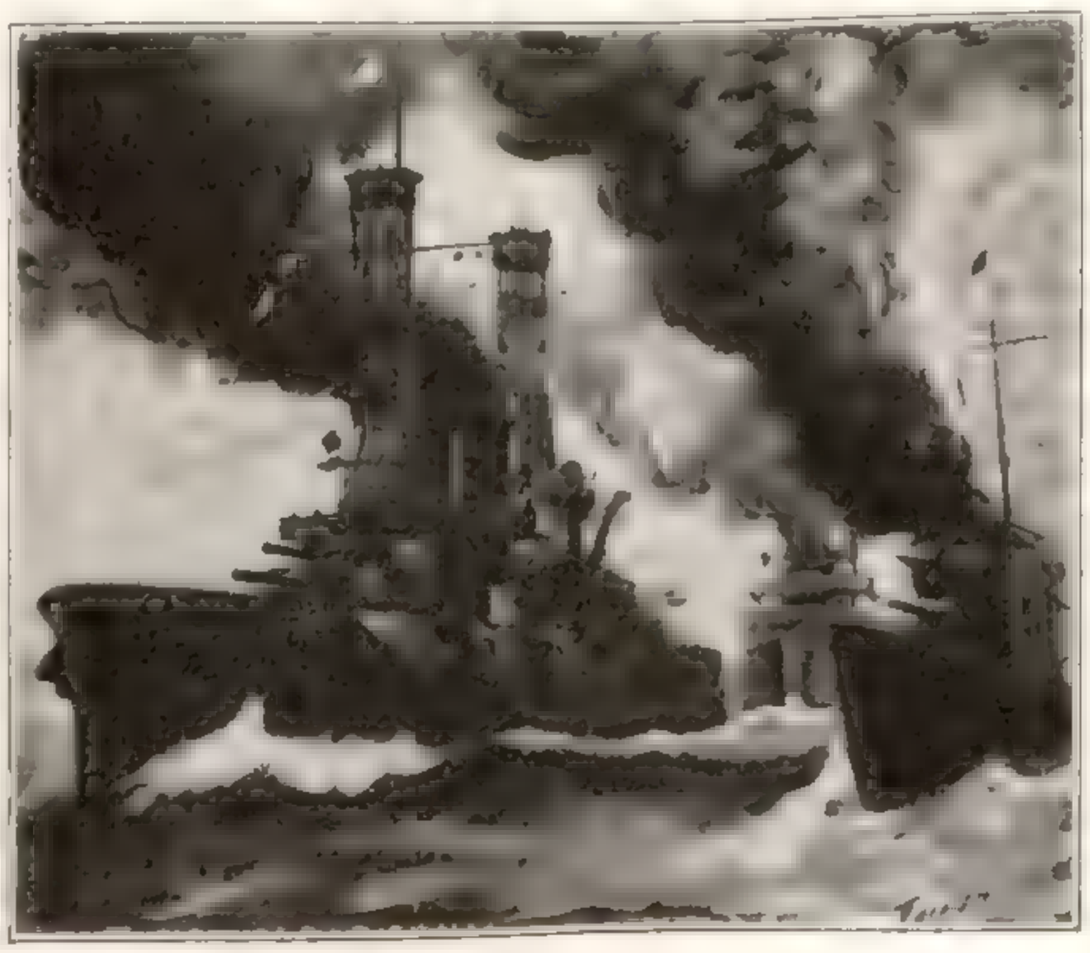
"Let go of my shoulder," she replied in a low, intense hatred. "You have pinched it horribly. What a coward you are, after all, in spite of your fighting in the war. But I suppose it only needs drunkenness for that. You can't frighten me; it isn't in Southern blood. I'm not helpless, you know, like some women; principally because I don't love you. If I did it would kill me, but I don't, I don't, I don't! Can you understand that?"

"I'm sorry, Sophie," he admitted, "and about a lot of things, but for the shoulder most. It gave you the right to be extremely unpleasant."

The confusion of the past minutes had prevented his preparation for dinner, and he walked into the bathroom, turning the water into the tub; then in a sullen silence he combated a score of small, irritating accidents—the cuffs of one shirt were so stiff with starch that it was impossible to double them and insert the links, a pearl fell out of its platinum setting, a shoe string broke, the laundry had returned a great sheaf of collars other than his, socks had been rolled improperly together. He straightened up, crimson with anger, to discover that Sophie had gone on below, leaving a cigarette that, burned to an ash, had permanently scarred the inlaid wood of her dressing table. A heap of discarded garments lay forgotten on the floor; the bed was mussed where she had sat, considering what?

When he reached the dining room the cocktails on their silver tray were already in evidence; and with ironic politeness, motioning Moreland to drink, he overlooked the latter's bow toward Sophie and Charlotte.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



NEW DEPARTURE
Ball Bearings
For everything that revolves
THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO. BRISTOL, CONN.

This actual photograph, taken April 1, 1920, shows the Los Angeles factories of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company in process of construction

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

An Effort that Spans the Continent

ON a site of more than six hundred acres in the City of Los Angeles, this Company is now completing the construction of a model industrial community.

There, under the white Californian sunshine, great factories rear upward toward the sky; nearby, hundreds of workmen's homes likewise are rising.

Already there is in daily operation an immense tire manufactory, soon to be reinforced by a cotton mill wherein our own raw materials will be spun and woven into fabric.

Los Angeles thus joins Akron, Ohio, Goodyear, Conn., Toronto and Bowmanville, Canada, Goodyear and Litchfield, Arizona, in an effort that now spans the continent.

The sum of this effort, as it applies to better tire construction, is scrupulously carried into every phase of the manufacture of Goodyear Cord Tires.

On our rubber and cotton plantations, in our weaving mills and in our factories, the common aim is the accomplishment of that quality which protects our good name.

Today the results of this endeavor are seen in the capacity of Goodyear Cord Tires to deliver a kind of performance unapproached in any earlier type of tire.

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

CORD TIRES

Crisp and fresh as long as they last

In the glass jars, PLANTERS PENNANT SALTED PEANUTS are guaranteed to be fresh and crisp if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession. No other salted peanuts are packed by the vacuum process—the only way to keep them *always* fresh and crisp. They retain all the delicious flavor that makes them such a tempting and satisfying delicacy.

Planters PENNANT BRAND PEANUTS

"THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT"

are convenient to keep on hand. A dainty confection that's always ready to serve instantly, and one that every appetite delights in. PENNANT PEANUTS are as wholesome as they are tasty. You can eat as many as you like without any discomfort.

Sold everywhere in familiar 5c. glassine bags with "THE RED PENNANT." Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag: they are not PENNANTS.

10-oz. jar, 50c

6-oz. jar, 35c

Glassine bag, 5c

(In the Eastern Section)

Mr. Peanut Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TO DEALERS—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly

PLANTERS NUT AND CHOCOLATE CO.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Suffolk, Va.

THE SALESMEN'S KINDERGARTEN

(Continued from Page 15)

when he ducked or feinted or bluffed Wiley hammered through and broke down his defenses. At the end of ten minutes Rankin, listening now with a good deal of pity for the unfortunate, decided that Knapp would have hesitated a long time before swearing to his own name.

In the end he bowed himself out of the place, very haughty and with a very red face. The purchasing agent turned toward his volunteer pupil.

"I'm glad Knapp came in," he said, taking a long breath. "He is one of the crack salesmen of that company, as they rate him, and yet in my opinion he is at the bottom of the scale as a modern sales agent."

"But, good Lord, man!" the sales manager exclaimed; "you certainly didn't expect a mere salesman to answer all those technical questions, did you?"

"Why not?"

"Because no one but a first-class engineer could do more than guess at those details."

"Is that so? Well, I'll tell you something, Rankin, without boasting. With a very few exceptions I could have answered every question I asked."

"But where did you learn so much about ditch-digging machinery?"

"Studying. I bought the first ditcher the company ever used on this coast three years ago. At that time I took two weeks to post myself. Of course I have forgotten some of the finer points, but then I think I could have built a fair imitation of a digging machine with my own hands. Why shouldn't a salesman know as much as I do about his own article?"

"If you knew, why did you ask this bird?"

"Moral effect," Wiley retorted promptly. "The Saxon Machinery Company manufactures the best line of heavy machinery that I know anything about. But this salesman, Knapp, is content to know that, and to let his sales success depend on it. Some of his machines I am going to need one day; and when I do I want to be able to ask him about them and get real answers to my questions. Mark my word—the next time he comes in here he will know what he is talking about or he won't come!"

Rankin contemplated the floor thoughtfully.

"There is a whole handful of ideas in that," he said. "I wonder if that was what our new vice president was driving at?"

A Favorite Talking Point

"How much do your salesmen know about the company's products?" Wiley demanded. "When I met your man Fessenden that was one of the points I made to him, because I had had some of your boys in here and had found them hazy and given to generalities, or else trying to bluff through and get over with it. I didn't tell him that; I talked education to him. I told him that I believed your whole selling method was built too much on the reputation of the Petroleum Products Corporation, and not enough on knowledge of your own goods and confidence in them as salable wares.

"You might be surprised to know how many salesmen operate on this faulty basis, Rankin. One of the favorite talking points of the average salesman is the reputation of his company or house. In my opinion that is no more a talking point than it would be to assert that a woman is virtuous. Of course your company—my company—any company—has a reputation for achievement and honesty and quality, or else it wouldn't be in business. When a salesman comes to me and wants an order because his firm was established in 1850 and has a splendid reputation he makes just as much impression on me as though he told me that they bought Liberty Bonds during the war! I take the reputation for granted; what I want to know is what their products will do when put to the test of use in my business. And not only that, but what they will do specifically and exactly, and not in the generalizations that a catalogue editor writes about. If I were buying for Petroleum Products Corporation, Rankin, I wouldn't recommend the use of our own oils and greases and gasoline in our own branches and plants on this coast unless I could be shown that they were the best I could get in the market at any price. How does that sound to you?"

"It sounds like heresy, Mr. Wiley. Do you mean to say that you would buy from a house competing with your own, for example?"

"I would, and have. And other purchasing agents do. Can you keep a secret?"

"Till it's hoary with age."

"Do you remember that your heavy-duty lubricating oil was made over about two years ago on a new formula, or whatever you call it?"

"Extra Four-A? Yes."

"I had a hand in that change. At the time Preston Shields was purchasing agent for Petroleum Products, before he was taken back to Chicago. One day he came to me and asked me what heavy-duty lubricant I used. I told him. He said: 'You don't like Extra Four-A, then?' 'I do not,' I said. 'I don't either,' he replied. 'It's gummy and it induces carbon deposits. I'm going to buy your brand for an experiment.'

"I suggested that he would have trouble with your company if he bought a competitor's product for its use. 'I know it,' he said, 'but I'm purchasing agent—not one of the stockholders. And even if I were a stockholder I think I would be making money for myself by the change.'"

The Keynote of Salesmanship

"The upshot was that he ordered a carload of the lubricant I used, with deliveries extending over a year. Petroleum Products raised Ned. Shields stood pat. It looked for a while as though it would cost him his job, but he hung on. Finally the higher-ups began to get reports from substations and plant engineers showing that the new lubricant was giving twenty to thirty per cent better service and higher efficiency results than P. P. Extra Four-A. I imagine that the chemists of the corporation came in for pretty rough handling, but in the end they produced a new extra-heavy-duty lubricating medium. Petroleum Products spent a lot of money advertising its new and startling discovery, and the new Four-A Heavy went with a bang."

"That is an interesting story; I never heard it before," Rankin said. "But to return to salesmanship ——"

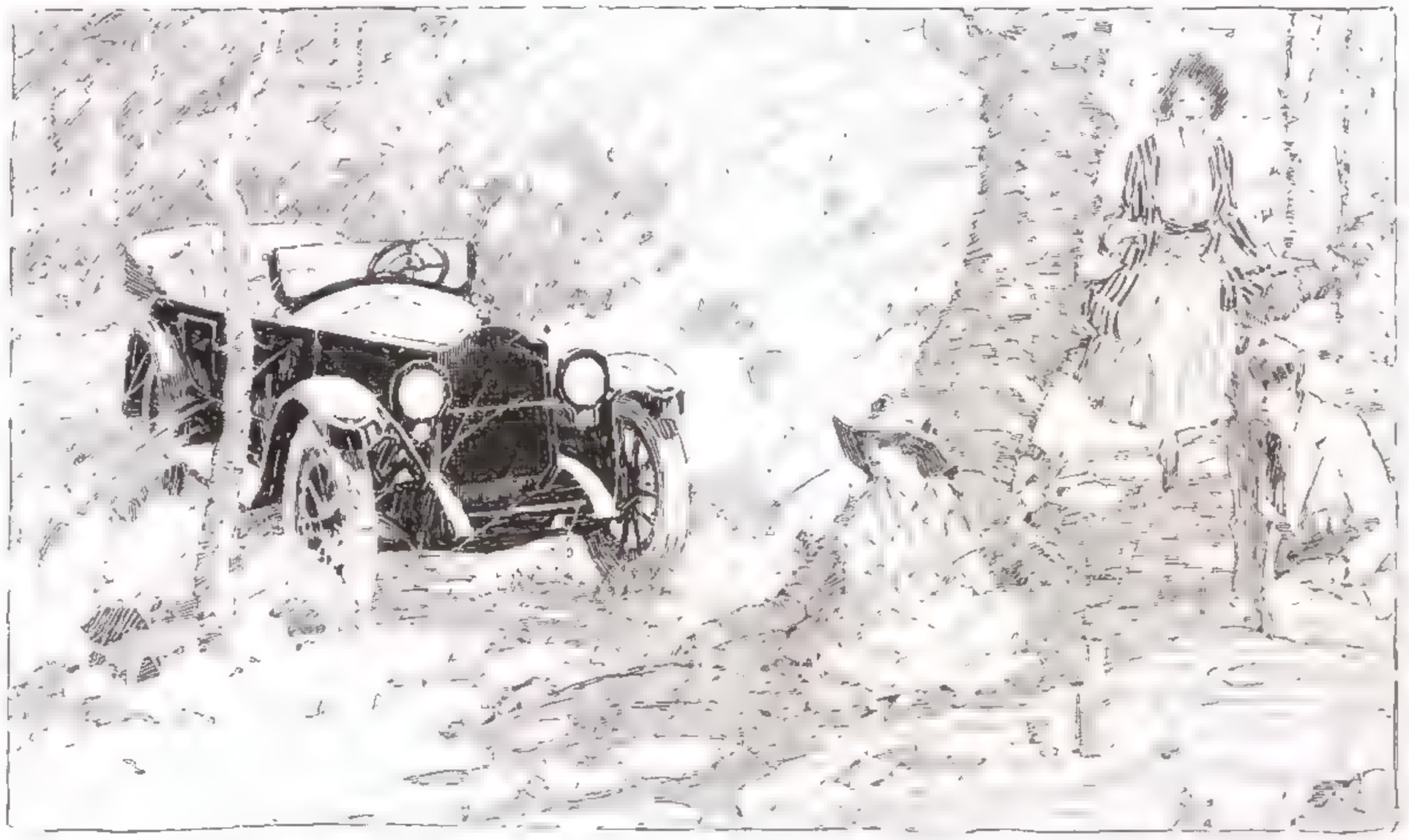
"Man, oh!" Wiley interrupted sharply. "Can't you see the bearing of that incident on salesmanship? It is only a part of the very thing I am talking about—knowing your line. If your salesmen had been half as well informed as they were well dressed and polite they would have found something wrong with their extra-heavy lubricant years before. As it was, it remained for a man they pretend to look down on to tell them how to double their sales on one commodity in a year's time. Know what you are selling! That's the keynote of successful salesmanship. Don't know it like a parrot, either. Don't know it because the catalogue says thus and so. Don't take the word of anyone else for it. And when you have that sort of knowledge the p. a. will come out to the elevator to meet you with a bouquet of American Beauties in one hand and an order in the other, every time you call!"

Rankin grinned ruefully.

"But if I admit you are right, Wiley," he complained, "it will mean that I will have to get in and burn a little midnight electricity on my own hook. I would certainly be afraid to come here and try to sell you oil."

"You would have to know as much as I pretended to, at least, wouldn't you?" Wiley asked good-humoredly. "And why not? Don't forget that buying has become a profession in the last few years, and that any first-class purchasing agent is as keen for accurate and detailed information as I am. It isn't enough nowadays for a salesman to wear a ninety-dollar suit and carry half a dozen Havana cigars in his vest pocket. He must have something above the collar besides a pleasant smile and an easy delivery!"

(Concluded on Page 104)



Who Pays for all the Discarded Cars

HOW many car owners are still running the cars they bought five years ago—or three years—or even two?

As an individual, the motorist can no doubt afford the cost of replacing his car every couple of years.

As a business man, can he afford the enormous depreciation in value—the thousands of hours of skilled workmanship; the iron, steel, aluminum, fine wood and leather discarded year after year?

As business men, car owners must be interested in Packard *unified engineering*—the balancing of one part against another, matching power with ample strength, the basis of true economy and long life.

In the Packard, search for materials of *permanent value*. For example, Packard second growth hickory for wheels. Seasoned a year and a half. 6000 lbs. breaking test to the spoke.

In Packard *heat-treating* of steel—the finest plant and process of its kind today.

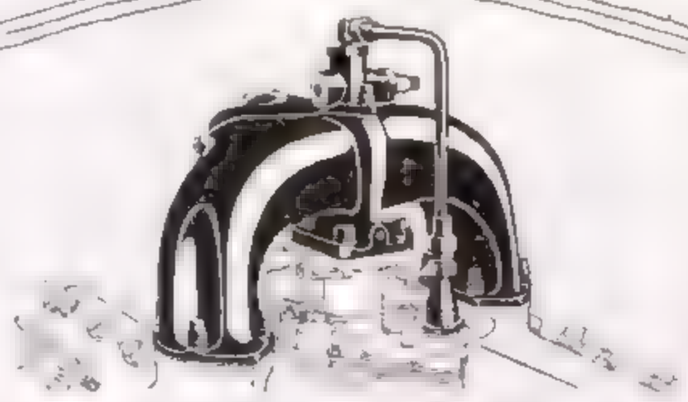
In Packard *inspection*—an inspector to every twenty workmen, and every Packard supervised from start to finish.

These things make the difference between a motor car that can go around the world if necessary and a car tied to the apron-strings of a garage mechanic.

Between a car so well designed that wear from road strains is taken up by a few simple replacements and one whose parts wear beyond replacement.

Your typical Packard owner makes the present serve the future, and sees clearly what each dollar is going to *do for him* before he spends it.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *DETROIT*



The Fuelizer—the latest Packard achievement, making any gasoline a perfect fuel.

(Concluded from Page 102)

Just before noon a smiling salesman appeared who answered to the name of Skidmore, who had a ready wit and a gift of gab, and whose greeting took the form of a clump on the back that very nearly pitched Mr. Wiley through the window.

"Well, well!" Skidmore blared effusively; "how's business? Haven't seen me for a month, have you? Missed me, I suppose, too! But I was away on a party—buried my mother-in-law in San Diego. Ha, ha! Going to lunch with me to-day, aren't you, Wiley? Come on. Drop in at the St. Francis and look the girls over and have a tidy bite! How's that? Cigar? Oh, that's right—you don't smoke, do you? Funny! I have to have my little nerve restorer—don't see how a man gets through this vale of tears without Aunty Nic! That's a fact! Listen, Wiley; want to make a little easy money?"

At his first opportunity, Wiley hedged. "Not in the stock market, I don't."

"This isn't stocks—it's real estate. I can let you in on the ground floor, or a little below. You know I wouldn't mind having you make a little on a tip from me. Probably wouldn't hurt my business standing with you, eh, what? Here, lean in!"

Wiley leaned out instead.

"This is my busy day, Skidmore," he said tartly. "I haven't any orders for you; I have no time for joking; and I have no intention of accepting bribes of any sort, from lunch and cigars to real-estate tips. If that isn't enough for you I can probably add a few remarks that will be. Good day!"

Skidmore flushed.

"That's going pretty strong, Wiley," he said stiffly. "I don't know whether you are trying to be personal or not ——"

"If it comes to a show-down, Skidmore," the purchasing agent interrupted, "I am not only trying to be personal but I hope I am being! Your line of humor and your slap-'em-on-the-back style went out of date about the year of the Spanish-American War, but you haven't discovered it yet. I have suggested that you would try commercial bribery of a very offensive sort if you were given any encouragement. A little while back I heard a story about your methods in the matter of that steel contract with the Western Metals and Reduction Company, and it lets you out with me. As I said before—good day!"

Skidmore flushed, hesitated, clenched his fists, and then walked out, slamming the door. Purchasing Agent Wiley rose and crossed the room twice, his own face red.

"There you have the sort of salesman, Rankin, who drives a self-respecting p. a. to strong language. Speaking generally, Skidmore is only a harmless ass, but it is his small-town bribery game that makes him impossible. He has been trying to bribe me with piker favors for a year; now he has cooked up some sort of real-estate game that he thinks might hook me. He never made a greater mistake in his life."

"You certainly waded into him right from the tap of the ball!" Rankin exclaimed. "What was the steel-contract story you reminded him of?"

Mr. Skidmore's Methods

"More small-town stuff!" Wiley exclaimed indignantly. "Western Metals and Reduction wanted something like a thousand tons of scrap steel, and Chase & Barrows was among the four or five firms that had it and wanted to get rid of it. They put Skidmore on the job. He knew that the young purchasing agent was newly married and very much in love. So this bright young scoundrel began sending small presents to the wife, at first anonymously. When he came out into the open he seemed surprised that the husband was indignant and wanted to return the presents. But he would not hear of taking them back. The p. a. was in a quandary. He was afraid Skidmore might tell if the steel was bought of someone else; he thought it might embarrass his wife; and he knew the story would not sound right at headquarters. He almost bought Skidmore's scrap."

"But not quite?"

"Not quite. He got up spunk enough finally to go to the general manager of his concern and tell the story like a man. Gordon Barrows, one of the partners, kicked Skidmore out of the office with his own boot toe. The story leaked out; I have an idea now that the end of Mr. Skidmore is already in sight. Before he fades entirely I wanted to get in my little dig and have it out of my system."

There were several other callers that afternoon; Rankin watched them and their methods with an interest that grew as he realized what it meant to see a salesman from the viewpoint of a buyer. Several of them had obvious weaknesses, mostly curable; two or three had everything on the ball, as he expressed it to Wiley. One red-headed youth who had nothing to sell but carbon papers was particularly effective, he thought. He mentioned his favorable impression to the purchasing agent.

"You're right," Wiley said. "That boy worked for the Sessions Typewriter Supply Company for about two years; now he is out for himself. He will put it over. He has all the essentials to successful salesmanship but one."

"What is that?"

"Knowledge of men. Experience will teach him. At present he treats all buyers alike. This is a mistake, proved by the fact that two or three p. a.'s I know can't deal with Warner at all. I know why; they are men who have the haggling habit, and Warner never haggles. He names his best price—take it or leave it. I prefer that method, but we aren't all constructed that way. Some day he will learn to play the fish a little, then he will be a wonder."

Just before five o'clock that evening a man came in whose first line brought Rankin forward in his chair.

A Clever Approach

"My name is Bannister," he said to the purchasing agent. "I am representing the Midland Valve and Pipe Company, but at present I have nothing to sell. I have come in to ask a favor."

Wiley laughed.

"The opening paragraph catches the reader's eye, all right," he said pleasantly. "If you don't want my filing system or my overcoat I'll take a chance and grant the favor. Name your poison."

"Thanks. This is new territory to me; before I tackle it I want to know something about it. Could you arrange to let me visit your factories?"

"I think I could. When?"

"Any day this week if it is convenient. And the more I can see the better it will be for me."

"How about me?" Wiley asked a little whimsically.

"I think the better for you, too, Mr. Wiley. I might make myself useful to you."

"You might at that. Leave your telephone number and I'll arrange with the superintendent of production. Glad you came in."

When the new man was gone Wiley turned to the sales manager of Petroleum Products.

"You make him, don't you?" he asked.

"I should say I do! That's the cleverest selling approach I have heard of in years. When that lad is through with your plants he will know more about them than you do—that sticks out all over him. And then he will be able to talk intelligently to you."

"That's one strong point," Wiley agreed. "But the most important, from his viewpoint, is that he has my curiosity roused now. I can't help wanting to know what he will do next! This Bannister man has a hat filled with ideas; I'll let you know how he pans out on them. And let's call it a day."

It was the first of many days. Rankin's education progressed encouragingly; he found hints and pointers in almost every encounter between the professional buyer and the professional salesman. His observations inevitably suggested comparison—he found himself checking up his own men against the ideals he was beginning to develop of the perfect salesman. What he discovered rather surprised him.

"I will have to confess that the boys don't know much about the oil business," he said to Wiley one day after a month's quiet investigation. "They are all right on the surface, but if you were to ask the majority of them how viscosity is determined, or the chemical difference between asphalt and paraffin base oils they would be out of their depth. And yet I can't figure out any way for them to learn."

"Why not suggest a little study? If I remember correctly that ——"

"But when would they find time, man? They are on the go from nine or ten o'clock to four or five ——"

Wiley interrupted him with loud laughter.

"And after that they have to make out their reports! The poor devils; how I pity them! Do you know what time I get down here in the morning?"

"Nine or nine-thirty, I suppose."

"I wish I could. I'm on the doormat at eight; and if I leave before five-thirty or six it's a red-letter day. You have been here long enough now to see something of the amount of detail work a p. a. has to keep up—orders, invoices, accounts, catalogues, filing systems, credits, letters—well, I'll say there is enough to do. Buying is only a minor part of the game for me. I have to watch markets, prices, manufacturing activities, raw-material sources, scientific discoveries, transportation conditions, world exchange; I have to keep continually in touch with our factories and selling forces; I have to be on the job constantly looking for new markets for by-products, because there I coöperate with our sales forces. Those are some of my jobs, and after they are finished I have nothing to do until to-morrow except seven or eight little things."

"You take buying pretty seriously, don't you, Wiley?"

"You bet I do. Don't you take selling seriously?"

"I thought I did, but in comparison—well! It never occurred to me before, for instance, that I ought to be a petroleum engineer in order to sell distillate and floor-cleaning compounds."

Wiley reached for a scratch pad and wrote three lines on it; then he passed it over.

"Eliminating ineffectives and cripples," he said, "there are the three classes of salesmen as I know them to-day. Check your own force against that list and see how they stack up."

The sales manager read aloud, slowly: "'Order takers, patter talkers and bell ringers.' What's the key?"

"Order takers are the men who blow in briskly, ask you pleasantly if you have anything for them, and breeze out. Patter talkers are in the majority. They learn something about their respective lines—perhaps from their managers, perhaps from catalogues, perhaps from experience—and they run through their lingo like trained birds. As long as you listen patiently or ask questions that he has anticipated and has answers for, the patter talker can do eighty miles an hour without a skid. But drop one unexpected inquiry into his machine and it blows a tire and goes over into the ditch!"

"That leaves the Swiss."

"It does—the bell ringers. You would be surprised if you knew how many graduate engineers and middle-aged experts and specialists come in here now to sell me. Salesmanship used to be a matter of a check suit, a line of funny stories and a neat way of avoiding technicalities. Then buyers became more intelligent and better posted, and that compelled salesmen to learn the patter I was just speaking of. Now the time is coming when a successful salesman must come pretty near to being an expert—know his line thoroughly. And by that I mean know it thoroughly!"

An Expert as a Salesman

"A little while back a salesman for an Eastern machine-manufacturing concern dropped in to talk to me about the equipment for the little machine shop we have just finished at Arlington. Up to that time I had bought almost no shop machinery; I had to confess that I was Little Red Riding Hood in the woods there. This fellow Griggs impressed me favorably from the start because he could answer all my questions and then go on and ask himself a few I would never have thought of. There were other salesmen on the job, but I got from them just what I would have gotten from their catalogues, and no more. While I was hesitating between the representatives of firms I knew and had dealt with, on the one hand, and this stranger, Griggs, and his strange firm, he came in one day and asked me if I had time to go to a machine shop with him and have a look at some of his equipment in actual operation. I didn't have the time but I took it. When we reached the shop he took me into an office and pulled out two pairs of overalls.

"'I want you to do this thing right,' he said, 'and I don't want to have to buy you a suit of clothes afterward. Will you slip these things on?'

"I could and did. So did he. Then he began with the A B C of machine-shop installation and operation, not theoretically but by shoving the man at the machine out of the way and running it himself—and making me. We came to a lathe that had been out of adjustment, and Griggs grabbed a couple of wrenches and a screw driver and in ten minutes he had that lathe scattered round the floor like automobile parts. I held tools and handed parts while he reconstructed the thing, and in an hour it was running as true as a micrometer. I spent two days in that shop and learned more artisanry than I had ever expected to know in a lifetime. The upshot of the matter was that our shop installation was made by young Mr. Griggs, from the calipers in the testing room to the two-hundred-horse-power motor. And I have never had any reason to regret it, either."

"That's all right for your Mr. Griggs," Rankin said. "He was probably one of these rare birds who start life as mechanics and develop the selling ability that ——"

"Wrong again, Algernon. Griggs was never a mechanic in his life. He started as a clerk in a hardware store and attracted the notice of some traveling man. This led to a salesman's job for him with the machinery company. Griggs wanted to know—he wanted to be able to answer questions. So he put on a pair of overalls and worked the night shift during a rush season, graduated from that to a special course his company sent him to Carnegie Tech to take, and then went on to the road. He doesn't brag about all this; I had to drag it out of him piece by piece. But when I want machinery of any sort I send for Griggs. And there you are!"

Salesmanship Means Work

"And there I am!" Rankin growled. "The smell of crude oil makes me sick and when you get it into your hair you might as well shave your head one time as another. But I suppose I have to come to it!"

"Cheer up, man," Wiley laughed. "There are twenty technical experts in your office building who will give you a course in anything, from oil geology to chemistry, for the asking—and you could leave your overalls in the garage and keep your hair, at that."

"Do you suppose they would?" Rankin inquired. "I'm ready to try it."

"If you do," Wiley warned, "don't expect to get home every night for a hot supper at six and a show afterward, though. It means work."

"Listen, man!" Rankin snapped. "If you think work is something I'm afraid of you've got the wrong slant on me. I've got to qualify to sell your firm oils, haven't I?"

Some months later, with Petroleum Products' sales forging steadily ahead toward the high mark set by Vice President Fessenden, Rankin the sales manager dropped in on Purchasing Agent Wiley, of the food-products corporation.

"Do you remember that salesman Bannister who wanted a permit to see your plants, Wiley?" he inquired.

"Sure I do. He came in two weeks later and told me why we were having trouble with the valves in our factories. It was a little thing—a matter of a few hundred dollars a year, perhaps—but it converted me to the Bannister method on the spot. I haven't seen him lately, though. I suppose he was too good to last."

"You'll see him soon. I've hired him. What I really came in for to-day, though, is to ask you where I can reach that boy who can make a lathe sit up and beg."

"You mean Griggs?"

"Griggs is the name. Won't they make a team—the man who knows his own line backward and the one who makes it a business to learn all about his customers' lines? I'm going to take this territory of mine by the scruff of the neck and shake it like a rat when I really get to going."

Wiley laughed. "The salesmanship course helped some, then?" he inquired.

"Did it? It started something too—that kindergarten of yours. I'm giving my boys a little of your Montessori system myself now, and most of them are pretty nearly ready to graduate into the primary class. They'll get to college yet—if Vice President Fessenden leaves me alone long enough."

"How do you mean—leaves you alone?"

Rankin blushed. "I'm ashamed to tell you," he said; "but he has developed an idea that I know something, and he is talking about a vice presidency. It seems there's one going to be vacant next year. I'm trying now to talk him into giving it to you, but he won't believe a word I say. He still thinks it's me!"

Makes Your Hair Look its Best

EMULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
ALCOHOL 3%
THE R L WATKINS COMPANY CLEVELAND OHIO U.S.A.
NET CONTENTS 4 FL OZ

Each Bottle Now Packed in a Carton

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

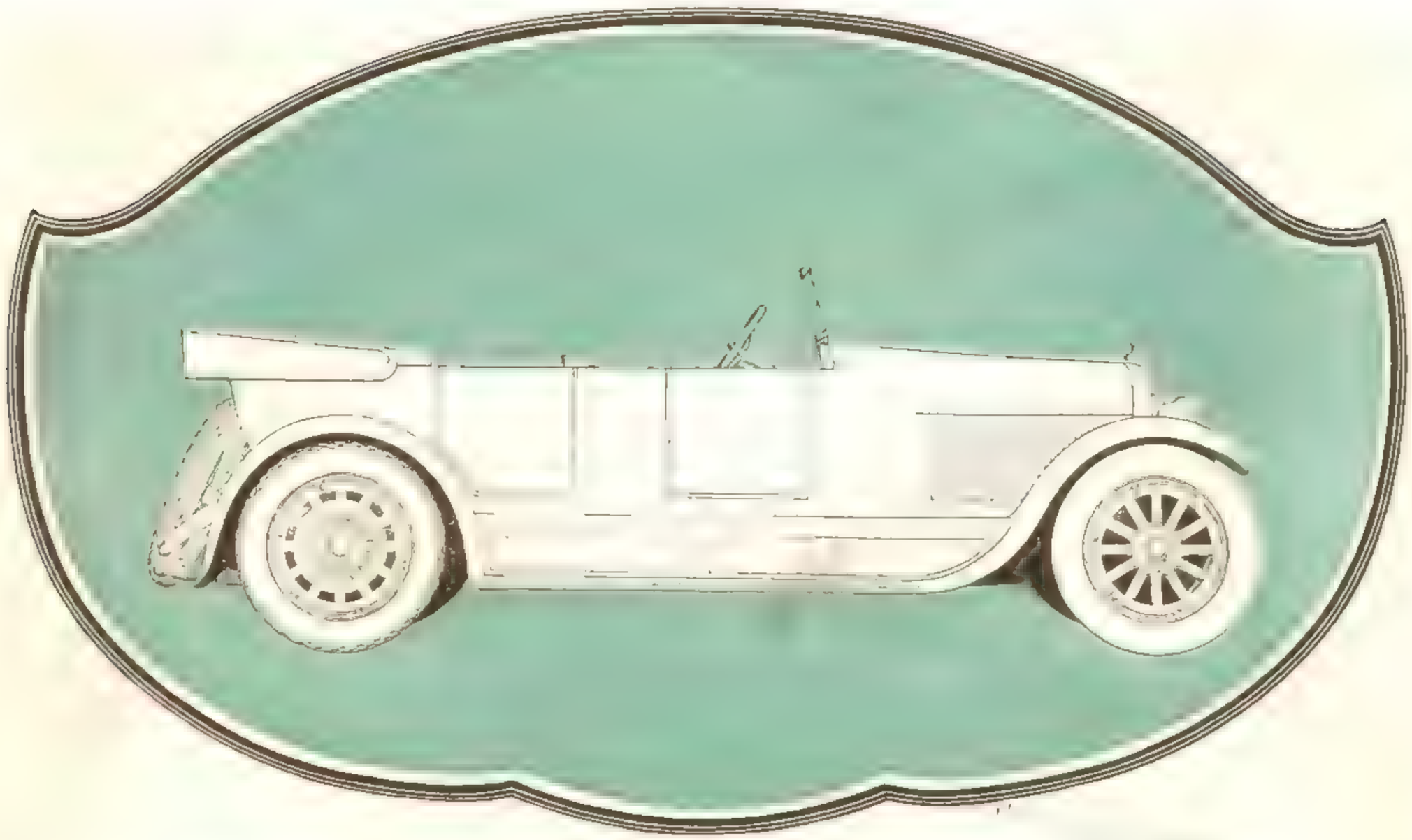
WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Be SURE it's
WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED

Splendid for Children



The JORDAN Silhouette

WOMEN, with a natural appreciation of comfort, atmosphere and poise, find this car irresistible in its compelling colors and fashion.

To satisfy the needs of discriminating men and women the Jordan was developed only after a most exhaustive and careful study of all that is best in American and foreign built cars.

The result is a car comfortable to a delightful degree—graceful of line—correctly proportioned—perfectly balanced—instantly responsive—easy of control—quick-about. In fact, a car that any man or woman may be proud to drive on all occasions, in all circumstances, under all conditions.

Hammock swung, on extra long springs, deeply upholstered and so rich and individual in appearance that driving a Jordan becomes a glorious experience of which one never tires. In this car you ride with an ease that is comfort and luxury combined.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

Birthplace of History-Makers—Boston

JORDAN

NINETY DAYS

(Continued from Page 21)

less joke I saw in it. I'm going to make good—inside ninety days. And to make good I've got to land that cargo in Hilo on time out of the Homer Shaver. There isn't a skipper in our employ who can do it. You are my man. You'll go."

"Oh, I will, will I?" Hardy snorted.

"You promised me to back me up to the limit."

"I never promised to quit my job and make a fool of myself handling that Shaver packet. Not me!"

Henderson leaned back and smiled wearily. "All right! I thought so! D'ye really want to know what's wrong with this line? Why things are going to pieces right and left? Why ships depart and wireless for help? Why crews lag and bicker and listen to anyone who will tell them they are abused? You. You're the rotten spot in the apple. You're the sticking point. You're to blame for the troubles of the Pacific, Island and Orient."

Hardy narrowed his eyes and his jaws worked slowly on his chew. A slight significant flush mounted his face clear to his thinning hair. Men who knew the president of the line would have known that a thunderstorm was brewing. But Milton Henderson merely glared into those piercing eyes and waited.

Suddenly Hardy opened his lips and uttered a very quiet "Why?"

The strain was over. The younger man relaxed slightly.

"Because you sit here and plan things for other men to put through, and then forget all the intervening steps and watch for results only."

"It's my business to look after policies, not details," Hardy reminded him.

"And the details are wrecking your policies."

"As how?"

Henderson threw out one hand in deprecatory gesture. "I've puzzled over how to tell you - how to make it all plain to you," he answered. "But it can't be done. Old Grey knew something was wrong and tried to bluff it through. It didn't work. The day of bluffs is gone. That sugar machinery must be in Hilo in eleven days. A detail, Mr. Hardy, of course. But if that cargo doesn't arrive in eleven days—you lose. You've got no other ship to load it except the Homer Shaver. You have no skipper who will guarantee to get her across on time. And I can't explain to you why the Pacific, Island and Orient hasn't got that necessary skipper or the kind of men for a crew. But I can show you. I can teach you the bottom facts by sending you to sea as master of the Shaver. And when you have the chance to make good as president you turn me down. You won't go. You haven't the nerve. You quit."

Hardy reflected. "I quit? You insinuate that our employees are quitting on us because I quit on them?"

"If you like to put it so," Henderson replied stiffly.

The older man smiled easily. "Why don't you take the steamer yourself, Captain Henderson?" Then he added: "If you need a real good man."

"I have other work to do," was the reply. "And less than seventy days to do it in."

Hardy rose and took his visitor by the shoulder and thrust him toward the door. "I want to think," he rumbled. "Wait outside for me."

The superintendent left, with a shrug of his heavy shoulders, and Ebon Hardy took a fresh chew and seated himself and closed his eyes. He spent twenty minutes that way, roused up, opened the door and called Henderson in.

"I'll go skipper of the Homer Shaver," he said. "I'll sail as scheduled on Saturday, arrive in Hilo Sunday week, discharge and be back here nineteen days from my departure. I'll leave Miss Hazzard to manage my office while I am gone. I am probably a dratted fool and you will spill what beans aren't burnt to the bottom of the pot. But I'll go—and heaven help you when I get back!"

"Heaven help you to get back," Henderson replied solemnly.

He nodded and went out.

The next morning Hardy dispatched his routine business and called his secretary into private conference. He looked at her searchingly for a moment as she stood before his desk. He saw for the first time that she was well dressed, neatly shod, splendidly groomed. A little glimmer of approval shone in his eyes. Miss Hazzard, for the only time in her long experience with her employer, felt embarrassed. No personal note had ever been sounded in their relations.

"I'm going away day after to-morrow," Hardy announced. "You will take absolute charge in my absence." He paused. "I am going as captain of the Homer Shaver to Hilo with that cargo of sugar-mill stuff."

Utter incredulity shone in the girl's face. Then she nodded stiffly.

"You will stick to the routine, use your judgment—and steer clear of that smart young general superintendent, Milton Henderson."

"I'm not to interfere with him?" she asked formally.

"I wouldn't if I were you," Hardy responded. "He'd probably ship you to Guayaquil as stewardess of a hide-and-tallow boat. No, don't interfere with him. I'll want you here when I get back."

At noon entered Captain Grey, bristling. He had smashed his way through the outer office and a clerk hung anxiously to the skirt of his coat. He flourished a slip of paper.

"Look here, Hardy!" he blurted out. "You've got to act!"

"How dare you break into my office, you old fraud?" Hardy demanded in assumed wrath. "What is it, seeing you're here?"

The clerk vanished discreetly and the former superintendent flung the slip of paper under Hardy's eyes. He read it quickly. It was a wireless commercial message from the Pacific, Island and Orient steamer Martha Rolls and signed by her commander, Henry Tomlinson. It ran:

"Messages sent you as general superintendent and to Hardy asking assistance answered by some understrapper who tells me no assistance needed and to make port under my own power. Abandon ship tomorrow morning if no assistance sent and notified."

"What the dickens does Tomlinson mean by relaying a dratted wireless to you—already discharged from the line?" Hardy asked quietly.

Grey ruffled his gray hair, swallowed and forced himself to clarity.

"The Martha Rolls left Balboa eighteen days ago with general cargo for this port. I find Tomlinson reported his fuel-oil tanks leaking five days ago and his ship listed eight degrees to starboard. Your cub—your new superintendent wirelessed him back to never mind his tanks but hurry home with his freight."

"Well?"

Grey slapped the paper with his open palm. "Tomlinson and I were shipmates in the old days. A better seaman never stepped a deck. And you let him lie out there and cry for help and tell him to beat it on home! Naturally he sends me word of it—can't understand it! I come here and tell you your ship is going to be abandoned and you bawl 'Well?' in my ear. I won't stand it! When Tomlinson and his crew get in I'll back him up! I'll show all San Francisco what kind of an outfit the Pacific, Island and Orient is! I'll prove you let good ships and good skippers sink without help!"

Ebon Hardy scanned the paper again and glanced up at his belligerent caller. "Explain yourself," he said mildly. "What the dickens does a leaky fuel tank matter? He doesn't say he's out of oil, does he?"

Captain Grey stared, picked up the paper and laughed shortly. "The Martha Rolls—your own steamship—tanks leaking—and you look up and want to know what it matters! You're not fit to be head of this line, or any line, and I'm here to tell you so!"

Grey flung out, slamming the door behind him. Hardy looked over at his unperturbed secretary.

"Now there you are!" he grumbled. "Suppose I was gone and you in charge—what would you think?"

"I never did approve of sending steamers to sea on long voyages with old-fashioned tanks built against the outer plates," she replied coldly.

Her employer snapped a question, then another. He summoned a subordinate and demanded information. Then he got Henderson on the telephone.

When that official replied Hardy said curtly, "What about the Martha Rolls? Are you aware that her fuel tanks are built so that the ship's outer plates are one side of the tanks? Do you understand that when the oil leaks out water leaks in and raises heck with everything?"

The voice floated back with distracting calmness: "Yes, sir. I know all that. Do you?"

"But her fires are out, man!"

"I didn't send her to sea," Henderson responded coolly, waited and hung up.

Hardy stared at the telephone a long time. Then he laughed grimly, rose and got his hat. At the door he turned to Miss Hazzard.

"I'm going down to the pier and have a look-see at the Homer Shaver. If I'm going to take her to sea I'd best be getting acquainted with her."

The secretary looked up with perfect composure. "What shall I reply to Captain Tomlinson if he wirelesses again?"

"He won't," Hardy replied curtly and strode off.

On the pier the watchman saluted the president respectfully and Hardy felt better. He went down the long shed amid the bustle and clamor of the working gangs till he came to a comparatively open space. Through the huge doorway in the side he saw the rusty flanks of the steamer berthed alongside. It was the Homer Shaver. He waited till a great mass of machinery had been safely swung from the pier, slipped by the panting men and to the gangplank. A moment later he was on the deck. A greasy overalled mechanic whom he recognized as the engineer started to push past him, looked, backed off and apologized.

"How's tricks, Mr. Harrison?" Hardy asked, reaching for a cigar.

But the chief merely nodded hastily and departed. Mr. Hardy felt snubbed. And he realized that in some way this employee resented his question. He proceeded forward along the saloon deck to the break, whence he looked down into the forehold. What he saw fascinated him. He gazed long and intently. Then he hastened ashore, sought the chief stevedore and drew him aside.

"What the dickens do you mean by building all that machinery and stuff into that hold like the skeleton of a bridge? What's the idea? You're wasting space by hundreds of tons!"

The stevedore started to speak, remembered his position and smiled uneasily. "Oh, we'll stow her all right, sir. Leave it to me, sir. We're not finished!"

For the second time the president of the Pacific, Island and Orient felt the intended snub. He opened his lips to say something that would put this man in his place. But the stevedore was gone, his voice rolling out above the clangor of winches and rumble of trucks and whine of wire in sheaves. Hardy drew far into a shadow, leaned against a packing case, stopped a sweating laborer and asked for a chew. Having obtained this he sank back, closed his eyes and so remained till a shrill medley of whistles and bells told him it was noon. Then he returned to his office, transacted business in an abstracted fashion till four, called for his car and departed. The following day he spent but little time with Miss Hazzard, gave her some last instructions and bade her good-by.

"Of course," the secretary said amiably, "I can always get you by wireless if anything turns up that requires your personal attention."

Hardy smiled his relief. "Of course! Be sure and do so!"

The next morning Ebon Hardy went through the routine of enrolling himself as master of the steamship Homer Shaver, received the humorous and respectful remarks of officials with what geniality he could muster, and reported on the pier at ten o'clock, half an hour before the time set for his new command to sail for Hilo. He found Milton Henderson in the chartroom, talking with the chief mate. Hardy almost balked when he perceived that his reliance during the voyage was to be on a man whom he had lately discharged at Captain Grey's vociferous demand.

However, he shook hands briefly and said, "All right, Mr. Cable. As Captain Henderson has told you, I'm going master this trip."

The mate's jaw dropped. He glanced at the imperturbable superintendent, nodded distractedly and made excuse to be off.

"Now I've seen my chief officer," Hardy remarked grimly. "Who else have you picked?"

"You will take Ronald Anderson as engineer, Tackett as second mate, Rich as third," Henderson answered quietly.

Hardy blazed up. "Every one of 'em a trouble-maker!"

"Who told you?"

Hardy swallowed his wrath and went to another question: "Who is bos'n?"

"Mike O'Halloran."

"I'll be—well, what's the use?" the new commander of the Homer Shaver snapped. "You've picked a pretty lot of ruffians for this trip, and no mistake. But I'm going to make the voyage, as I promised. But you'd better watch out when I get ashore again!"

"I still have sixty days," Henderson answered, and proceeded with perfect calmness to lay down the law. "And you understand," he concluded, "that this line is not in the business of hiring tugs to drag its ships into port. I want no wild calls for help from you."

Hardy gulped his dignity and humiliated himself. "By the way, what did you do for Tomlinson?" he asked.

Henderson's keen eyes met Hardy's steadily. "Unless Captain Tomlinson wants to spoil the record of a lifetime he will berth the

(Continued on Page 110)

"I'll Show All San Francisco What Kind of an Outfit the Pacific, Island and Orient is! I'll Prove You Let Good Ships and Good Skippers Sink Without Help!"

Essex Endurance Almost

Its 3037 Miles in 50 Hours Was Never Equalled by Any Car Irrespective of Class

At the outset, few Essex owners expected its upkeep cost to be less than the big, high-priced cars with which its performance ranked it.

The past had taught fine quality and ability in a motor car were rarely accompanied by economy. The definition between fine cars and "economy cars" was too well established to permit the hope their qualities could ever be merged in a single moderate-priced type.

Motorists knew distinction of appearance, riding comfort and endurance were held in practical monopoly by the big, costly car field; that speed and power were bought at the price of high fuel, oil and tire consumption.

The light car field was candidly welcome to buyers who must make economy a consideration. And the light field left much to covet in fine performance and the better qualities which enhance the enjoyment and pride of possessing a car.

Thus Essex economy has been as much of a revelation to owners as its speed, its notable riding ease or its endurance.

Its Economy an Unlooked for Revelation

They now know these qualities are not irreconcilable. And today a vastly altered condition has made economy a leading issue everywhere. Men have found a new understanding of what constitutes genuine motor car thrift.

It is natural in the light of this interest that conspicuous economies should excite comment in a car so noted for performance and so widely talked about as Essex. It is obvious, too, that with more than 40,000 owners such comment should circulate widely.

Many reports of Essex economy seem so incredible that sheer self interest compels us to take steps towards curbing their effect.

But These Incredible Savings Are Not Average

We do not want expectations based on cases of phenomenal tire and gasoline mileage to impeach the really important savings the Essex does make in these respects.

For example we would not have you buy an Essex in the belief that you will get 27,000 miles on a set of tires or 28 miles to the gallon of fuel.

Those instances are authentic. So, too, are a score of cases in our observation in which Essex owners got over 20,000 miles to the set of tires, and many instances of individual tires exceeding the 20,000 mile mark.

But they are not average. They can only be accepted as maximums. Yet do they not reveal the

Doubles Light Car Economy

And Essex Holds All Records for Cars Its Motor Size from 1 to 50 Hours

actual very high mileage which Essex is regularly giving more than 40,000 owners in tires, fuel and oil?

With respect to the most important of all Essex economies, however, we hold no reservation. Endurance accounts for it, and with it combines the most abiding and steadfast satisfaction that Essex owners know.

This is Essex Greatest Satisfaction

How often you must have heard Essex owners speak of their exemption from repair needs and motor troubles that are a constant source of expense and annoyance in less durable cars.

That sort of dependability you can look forward to in your Essex with sure confidence that enthusiasm has not overtold the story, nor that the case is exceptional. The endurance and reliability that one Essex owner knows, 40,000 know with equal certainty.

It is a proof that carries more conviction than even the famous world's endurance records of Essex. And what car can equal these? Its 3037 miles in 50 hours is the greatest official long distance endurance proof ever made by any car, regardless of size or cost.

And the same stock Essex chassis, in three tests, drove a total of 5870 miles, at an average speed above a mile a minute. This too was under official observation.

This is Why Essex Made a World's Sales Record

Another stock Essex touring car holds the world's 24-hour road record of 1061 miles, made over snow-covered Iowa country roads.

And for cars of its piston displacement the Essex holds every official speed record from 1 to 50 hours.

Other cars cannot share these abilities which have distinguished the Essex among the world's fine cars. They are controlled by patents. All its supremacies result directly from its motor, which is an Essex invention, and exclusive in Essex cars.

The patented Essex motor develops 55 H. P.; thus without greater weight or the sacrifice of any advantage of lightness the Essex has power like the big, costly cars. Except for its economy of fuel, oil and tires, and its size, it is in no respect like the light cars you may have known.

Is it any wonder that Essex set a world's record in its first year, or that for corresponding months this year its sales have doubled even that previously unequalled mark?

Essex Motors, Detroit, Michigan

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Resists Water

Trousers made of this material are always strong and durable—soft and comfortable.

CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink or lose its color even if you get it wet.

Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

CROMPTON
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Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
31 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 107)

Martha Rolls four days hence right at this pier. He's too old a bird to be yelling for help when he isn't hurt."

The pilot arrived, soothed Hardy's feelings by appearing duly impressed at the thought of the president of the Pacific, Island and Orient taking a ship for a trip, and gave the orders that started the voyage. Henderson was the last ashore, shaking hands vigorously with Hardy, according to the immemorial custom of the sea.

Within ten minutes after the Homer Shaver had backed out of the slip the superintendent was busy on another vessel and apparently oblivious of the fact that he had dispatched his superior to the outer ocean on a barely seaworthy steamer with a crew wholly undependable.

Miss Hazzard filed the history of the next six days in the form of slips of paper headed WIRELESS ex SS HOMER SHAVER Vge 46.

Let us look over her smartly clad shoulder:

1. HENDERSON P I & O 10 am Oct 27
Hove to heavy sea restow cargo No 2 hold. One member crew hurt. Hope to proceed 9 pm if weather lightens. HARDY.

And this was the reply:

HARDY SS Homer Shaver 12.01 Oct 27
You are scheduled to arrive Hilo 6 am Nov 4.
HENDERSON.

2. HENDERSON P I & O 1 am Oct 28
Must return to port to land injured men unless cargo can be restowed immediately. Heavy sea and moderate gale. HARDY.

The reply ran:

HARDY SS Homer Shaver 4 am Oct 28
You are scheduled to arrive Hilo at 6 am Nov 4 without fail. HENDERSON.

3. HENDERSON P I & O 9 am Oct 29
Proceeding half speed. Heavy head sea. No 5 boiler leaking. HARDY.

Miss Hazzard gazed at the response to this thoughtfully:

HARDY SS Homer Shaver 11 am
You are due Hilo 6 am Nov 4 this year.
HENDERSON.

4. HENDERSON P I & O Nov 2 8 am 9 15 am 10 10 am
Chief engineer reports low pressure head cracked, No 5 boiler leaking, feed pump out of order. Six members crew injured. Send tug from Honolulu.
HARDY.

The answer to this oft-repeated cry was brief:

HARDY SS Homer Shaver 12.01 pm Nov 2
Make all possible speed to port under your own power. All tugs busy other matters. Send six injured men to hospital if they live or to graveyard if they die. HENDERSON.

5. HAZZARD P I & O S F 4 Nov 4 pm
Fire Henderson and get Grey back on job. Send tug from Honolulu assist me 150 miles east-by-south Koko Head. Notify all offices. HARDY.

The reply to this was the neatest of the lot in typing:

HARDY SS Homer Shaver 6 pm 4 Nov
Former Superintendent Grey at sea as master SS Harlow Hardy. Henderson remains in charge. Directs you to make Hilo as ordered immediately, discharge cargo, turn over papers to resident agent and turn vessel over to Chief Officer who will take command. When your accounts are verified you will be free to seek other employment.
HAZZARD, act'g for President.

6. HENDERSON P I & O 10 pm 7 Nov Hilo
SS Homer Shaver arrived 9 pm leaking badly, thirty degree list to port, eight members crew injured. Will discharge cargo and proceed to Pearl Harbor to drydock. HARDY.

The response to this was in the general superintendent's own script, crabbed but plain:

HARDY SS Homer Shaver, Hilo 9 am 8 Nov
Discharge cargo and proceed to San Francisco to drydock. HENDERSON.

This was the history of the voyage which the Homer Shaver made under command of the president of the Pacific, Island and Orient Line. On the seventeenth of November Milton Henderson entered his superior's office and sought Miss Hazzard. She received him, as usual, with the composure of indifference. He came bluntly to his object.

"I haven't heard a word from the Shaver for four days," he told her. "Have you?"

Miss Hazzard looked critically at the point of her perfectly sharpened pencil.

"No."

Henderson sat down wearily. "You know," he remarked conversationally, "that old packet was in no shape for the voyage."

"I believe Mr. Hardy cabled you that fact," she suggested.

"He did," the young man admitted, fixing his keen eyes on her face. "And I told him the truth—that we could allow him only eight days to make the trip home in, three days in drydock and then two days to load again for Balboa. He sailed all right. If it were any other skipper but him I'd known where I get off. But—between you and me—I don't trust him."

"You mean you expect to see him turn up any fine morning without a word of warning?" Miss Hazzard answered with a faint tartness in her voice.

"I mean I'm darned near afraid he won't turn up at all!" The superintendent shifted uneasily in his chair. "You don't know all about my getting this job, Miss Hazzard. It was a kind of queer chance, I guess. And the first thing I knew I got interested. I've been with the Pacific, I. & O. for two years. I was about to quit the outfit when this happened. I admit I was in the dark a while. Then it got me. I wanted to show old Hardy and Grey and a few others how a line ought to be run. The only way to do that was to get Hardy out of the office and on a ship's deck. He came to the scratch pretty well, went off, and all that. I'll bet he learned a lot getting the old Shaver into port. But I stirred him up once too often. Now he's trying to go me one better and bring his steamer in on his own. I'm worried."

The secretary turned cool eyes on her caller.

"I possibly know more about your getting this position than you think," she remarked. "I happen to know that Mr. Hardy had been thinking a good deal about the way the line was going to pieces and preparing to try an experiment."

"But he'd never heard of me, except in passing," Henderson protested. "I heard how that happened. Old Grey mentioned my name because he'd been hauling me over the griddle not an hour before. Hardy simply grabbed at the name and sent for me. Then he couldn't very well back out—and here I am."

Miss Hazzard considered this dispassionately. "How could you expect Mr. Hardy to have a successful voyage when you gave him as officers the most unruly and dissatisfied men the line ever employed?"

Henderson flushed. "Those were good men," he insisted. "All they needed was handling right."

"He got into port all right."

The young man's face flushed more deeply. His eyes brightened. "It was fine work!" he burst out. "It was simply splendid. And that's why I feel so hanged rotten to think that Hardy is out there somewhere in a crippled steamer cursing me and trying to win home without a word or a whimper." He leaned forward earnestly. "Don't you see?"

Miss Hazzard studied her desk calendar with exasperating calmness. "I see that you still have forty-two days to be general superintendent of the P., I. & O.," she remarked.

He rose and smiled down on her. "I suppose you wouldn't feel equal to accepting my resignation?"

She shook her head decidedly. "I should not. You persuaded Captain Grey to take a ship and there's really nobody left but you. I'm afraid you can't resign, Captain Henderson."

Their eyes met and something at once subtle and profound passed between them. Milton Henderson nodded.

"I have a notion," he said coldly, "that the whole trouble with Ebon Hardy was that he didn't know just who he had beside him in his office."

Miss Hazzard flushed faintly. A smile quivered at the corners of her mouth.

"You won't resign, then?"

"No. I reckon it's my business as general superintendent of this company to stick to my job and get the Homer Shaver home—and my boss back on the job." Henderson glanced thoughtfully at his watch, then at the lowering sky visible through the window. "Southeast storm warnings were hoisted an hour ago all along the coast. Please call up the pier and order the Washougal to be ready with steam up in an hour."

Miss Hazzard obeyed. Then she adjusted her wrist watch, signed a few letters, received a basket of newly arrived mail and waited for her visitor to depart. But he sat at Hardy's old desk and stared into vacancy. At last she turned round and said with emphasis, "Did you really want the tug got ready for sea?"

Henderson looked up quickly. "Certainly."

He got to his feet and strolled over to her. There was an entire change in his manner. His voice was hard, businesslike and sharp. He spoke rapidly and clearly.

"Send a wireless every hour to the Shaver—broadcast it, and have other ships relay it—in these words: 'HARDY, SS Homer Shaver: Tug Washougal dispatched to your assistance at four P. M., seventeenth, with orders to cruise for small boats if need be. HENDERSON.'"

Miss Hazzard dotted the i's heavily, nibbled her pencil and asked, as if it did not matter really, "Who will take the tug to sea? Captain Ames?"

Henderson laughed roughly. "No man for the job at all. This is no harbor picnic."

She seemed to review in her mind the men who were possible skippers. Henderson initialed the transcript of the wireless he had just ordered sent, picked up his hat and said, "I'm going myself. Good day!"

The door had closed after him before Miss Hazzard could rise from her desk. She caught him in a hallway, where only an office boy sat. The superintendent heard her hurried "Captain, captain!" and swung about in surprise.

"Yes?" he said civilly.

The secretary seemed at a loss. Her usual serenity was prodigiously disturbed. She glanced at him quickly. He took off his hat and looked at her doubtfully.

"The—what am I to do with any answers that we get from the Shaver?" she asked after several vain attempts to find words. "You know the tug has no wireless!"

"It has not," he replied. "One of the P., I. & O.'s little economies. But she's the only craft available, and I can't wait, you see."

"No," Miss Hazzard agreed, flushing; "you can't wait."

Henderson surveyed her thoughtfully. She looked exceedingly wholesome, pretty and embarrassed. It puzzled him. This was surely not the young woman who had maintained the chill dignity of Hardy's austere office all these weeks.

"Good heavens!" he burst out suddenly. "It never entered my head!" He reached out and patted her arm clumsily. "Don't you worry! I'll have him safe ashore in ten days for you!"

Instantly she froze. She threw him a single look which made him withdraw his hand hastily as if burnt. Then she turned and went gracefully back to her office. Henderson went on his way, thinking of what an ass he had made of himself. Mingled with this sense of his own left-handedness was a profounder melancholy.

"Hardy is a bigger fool than I thought not to know the kind of girl in his own office. Lucky man!"

He sighed, and devoted his thoughts to the task ahead of him.

On the fourth day thereafter the tug Washougal, now very much the worse for wear, rounded to a quarter of a mile to leeward of the Homer Shaver, and her red-eyed, gray-faced skipper, Milton Henderson, helped launch a boat and soared off over the crested seas toward the wreck. His practiced eyes took in the grim details swiftly.

"Just in time!" he murmured to himself.

After half an hour's jockeying under the dipping flanks of the disabled steamship, Henderson gained the deck and faced Hardy. The president of the P., I. & O. showed him an unshaven haggard countenance. But his voice was unshaken and his manner brusque as of old.

"Well?" he boomed at the younger man.

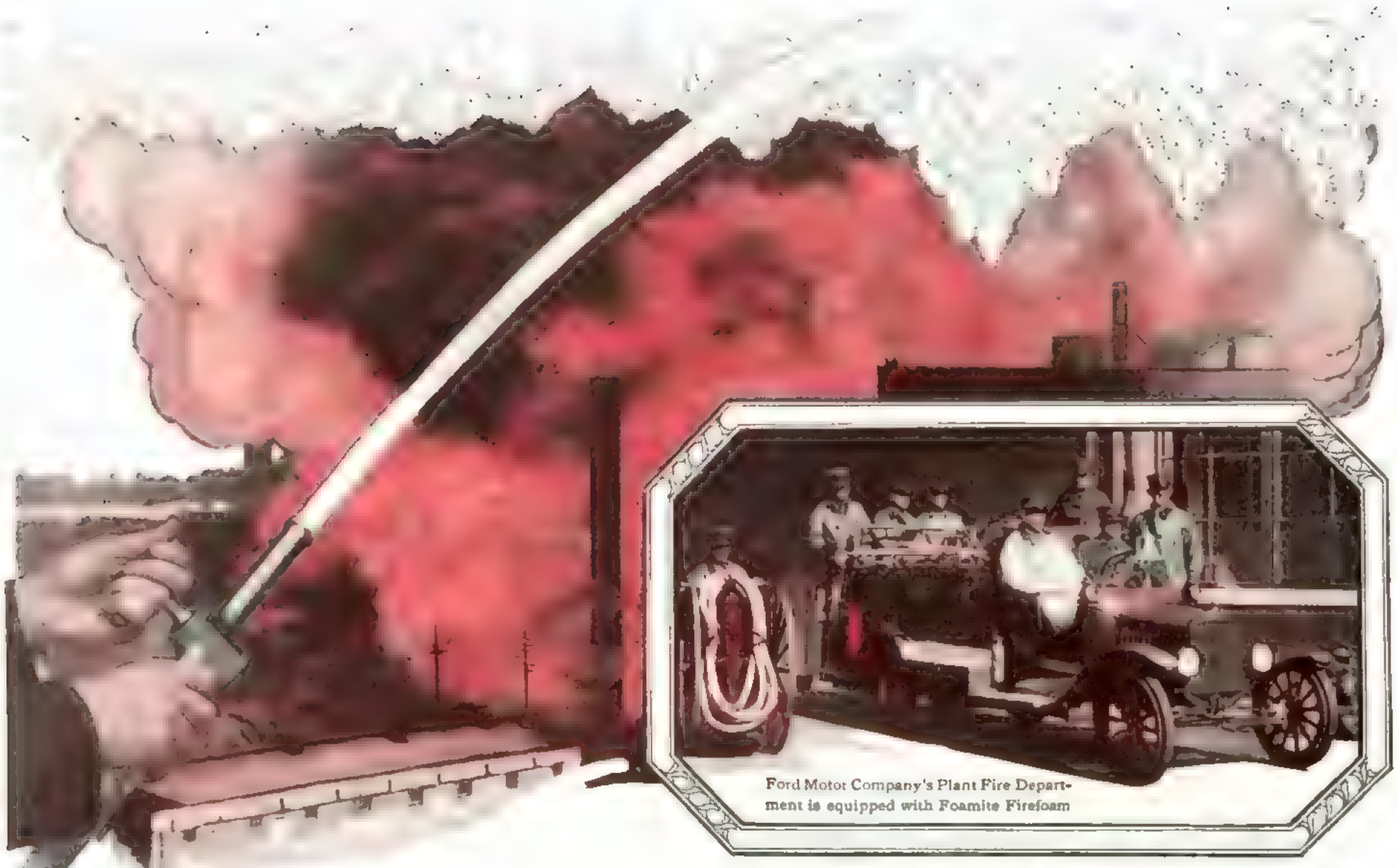
"I will pass you the pennant of my twelve-inch hawser," Henderson remarked huskily. "Can you make it fast anywhere?"

Both men glanced forward to the deeply sunken bows of the wallowing Shaver.

"Better make fast aft and tow us stern first," Hardy replied. "She may hold together a few hours."

Henderson nodded. "Send a wireless to the coast giving position and fact that the Washougal has hold of you," he said.

(Concluded on Page 114)



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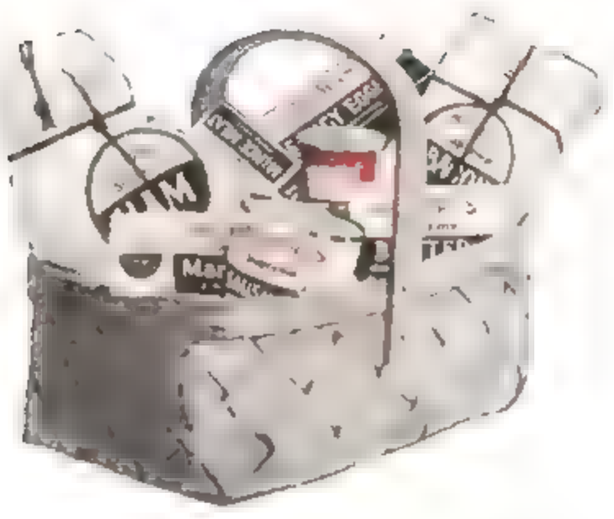

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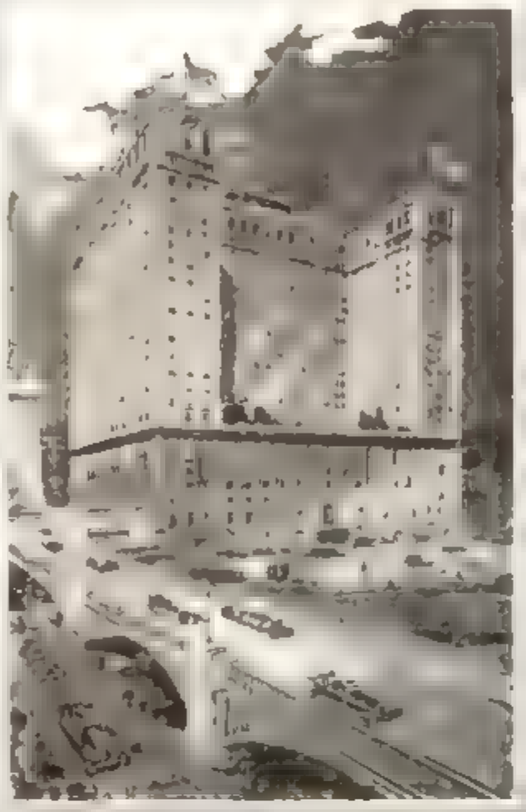

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PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 110)

Hardy grinned. "No wireless, captain."

"In that case," Henderson answered, with a responsive smile, "I reckon we better tuck into our job. The tug is not what I could wish."

"She was never built for this kind of work," Hardy returned. "What possessed you to bring her out here? You ought to have sent a full-powered steamer on this job."

Henderson shook his head. "The line has none to spare. Anyway, it's up to me. I'll pull you in if you'll stay afloat."

"She won't," Hardy said briefly.

The superintendent's eyes flashed frostily. "I didn't come out here to keep your ship on top of the water, captain. I came out to tow you in. Stand by to take my line."

An ashen-faced mate stumbled up, clutching at handholds. "Better not wait too long!" he cried. "We've got to abandon ship inside an hour."

Hardy turned on him with amiable calmness, though his cracked lips quivered with weariness

"We're going to take the tug's hawser and start in for the coast, Mr. Tackett."

The man gulped, glanced sheepishly at his superior and gathered himself together. He even raised his voice a note.

"Right, sir! Stand by to take a line!" He went off bawling hoarsely for his men

Hardy looked intently at his superintendent, the man he had made on the impulse of a moment.

"I want you to understand that there isn't one of my officers who hasn't done three times what any dratted company has a right to expect of the best," he croaked. "And I'll sail hell with 'em any time!"

Henderson's face lit up. "They need you back in the office," he said simply. "And I'm going to get you there!"

"It's a big two hundred miles!"

Henderson merely waved his hand and went back to his tug.

At three in the morning of the fifth day the Washougal swung off the Pacific, Island and Orient pier, dropped back to her tow, cuddled under the Shaver's side and nosed that almost submerged hulk tenderly in toward her berth. A freight ferry rumbling across the bay swerved with great splashings of paddle wheels, cries from the lofty pilot house and eloquent curses. Then she threw a searchlight beam across the obstacle in the fairway and withdrew, muttering amazement. Henderson felt the impact as the Homer Shaver nudged the pier, kicked his engines ahead to the extent of their poor power, floated clear and left the wheel. He had got his tow safely home. The Washougal drifted on up into the shadows of the slip and came to rest. Her commander rang his engines down and sank back on the sodden leather of the wheelhouse. He relaxed and slept, his white face upturned to the stars that twinkled down through the shattered beams.

At nine in the morning President Hardy entered his office quietly, nodding this way and that to his employees, seated himself at his desk and summoned Miss Hazzard.

She came in without any variation of her usual civil "Good morning, Mr. Hardy," took her accustomed place, notebook on knee, and poised a neatly sharpened pencil.

"Take a letter to the general superintendent, Captain Grey," he said smoothly, and dictated:

Dear Sir: Please give the officers and crew of the SS Homer Shaver an extra month's pay apiece and shore leave from this date for six weeks on full pay. Notify all members of the crew to hold themselves in readiness to appear, if called upon, before the inspectors to testify as to the cause and nature of the damage incurred by the SS Homer Shaver during Voyage 46 from this port to Hilo and return.

Miss Hazzard completed this, murmured "Is Captain Grey superintendent again?" and proceeded, as though she had not asked the question: "Do you want this immediately?"

"Have it in type for me to sign right away," Hardy replied. "Call up the pier and ask Captain Henderson to step up here, please."

The secretary obeyed. Her employer glanced at her several times, caught a faint flush on the usually pale cheek and allowed himself a smile. When Henderson appeared, freshly shaven, bathed and dressed, Hardy motioned him to a chair, told Miss Hazzard to remain and said curtly, "You have still thirty-one days of the term we set for your employment as general superintendent. You will have thirty-one days' leave of absence on pay from this date. Captain Grey will take over your duties."

Henderson nodded indifferently and waited. Hardy stared at him, dropped his eyes to his desk, stirred impatiently and went on: "At the end of the thirty-one days you will come back to this office and take up the duties of vice president and general manager."

The young man made no response to this.

He sat very quiet. It was evident that his thoughts were on another matter. Hardy watched him intently, frowned, looked round, got up and opened the door.

"I want to think," he told Miss Hazzard.

Alone with Henderson, who still seemed buried in a reverie, the president got out his hidden plug of tobacco, bit off a hearty chew and leaned back, with half-closed eyes. He remained thus for half an hour. Then he roused, got rid of his tobacco and pressed a button. Miss Hazzard returned, slightly flushed and without her customary cool composure.

"You will also take thirty-one days' leave of absence with full pay," Hardy told her.

Milton Henderson glanced up quickly, caught the secretary's startled eyes, blinked and looked at his superior. Ebon Hardy met that stare sternly.

"You think you are a very smart chap, captain. I admit that you showed me a thing or two. But you have something still to learn. I refer you to Miss Hazzard—and the files of the wireless messages sent the Homer Shaver."

He rose, picked up his hat and walked out without further words. Henderson stared after him, then at Miss Hazzard.

"Now what ——" he began.

She rose capably and drew from its place the little file of wireless slips and laid it silently before him. Henderson picked the sheets up one by one, studying them carefully. At last he uttered a startled exclamation. He laid an accusing finger on the one marked "5—Reply" and signed with Miss Hazzard's name in her own indubitable writing. He read it aloud:

Former Superintendent Grey at sea as master of SS Harlow Hardy. Henderson remains in charge. Directs you to make Hilo as ordered immediately, discharge cargo, turn over papers to resident agent and turn vessel over to Chief Officer who will take command. When your accounts are verified you will be free to seek other employment.

HAZZARD, act'g for President.

"You fired him!" he said solemnly. "Took it on your own responsibility to send a message I never saw! And he—he refers me to you!"

He gazed at her sternly.

Miss Hazzard's eyes shifted. She looked down, anywhere but at the young man who confronted her so gravely. Then her mouth curved slightly at the corners and her face was flooded with color.

"It was the only thing to do!" she said unsteadily. "I—I wanted you to make him see you were master! I—I hate a man who can't carry a thing through! I—I thought you might not like to send such a message, so I—I sent it anyway!"

Henderson surveyed her wonderingly. A curious decisiveness hardened his face. He rose and thrust the file away.

"You are quite right," he admitted. "I wouldn't have sent it. I'd ha' backed down at the last minute! You've taught me a lot. And we've thirty-one days for you to teach me the rest!"

Miss Hazzard recovered her poise and met his eyes calmly. "I'm afraid it will take you more than thirty-one days to finish your education, Captain Henderson!"

"Oh, make it thirty-one years and—ninety days," he replied rashly. "Starting with dinner to-night!"

She tried to stare his bold eyes down, failed—and took refuge in Eve's protest: "But I don't know you well enough!"

Henderson shook his head solemnly. "It took Ebon Hardy just fifty-nine days to get thoroughly acquainted with me. I'll allow you the full ninety. I'll call at six o'clock!"

The door opened and Captain Grey came in, like a gale. He stared round, saw Henderson and shook hands cordially.

"By ginger, you saved my life, Mrs. Grey tells me, by sending me on that voyage. It fixed my digestion up for another ten years. Where's Hardy?"

"On the pier," Henderson said promptly.

Grey nodded and brushed back his thick white hair. "Seems like he'll spend more time on the pier from now on. And two steamers in this morning with full cargoes two days ahead of time! Real action for our money!" he said.

"I want you to come down and straighten out things a little. Not that there's the least trouble—but you have the details down pat."

"I'm busy," Henderson returned briefly.

The superintendent stared, shook his head doubtfully and turned to Miss Hazzard. "Probably you know all about what I want," he suggested. "You usually do."

"She's busy, too," Henderson interposed firmly.

Captain Grey scowled, brightened up, smiled and prepared to depart.

"This always was a one-man concern," he remarked. "I seem to be the man this morning."

Ebon Hardy appeared in the doorway, saw Grey and said curtly, "I want to see you, Grey, about alterations on the Shaver while we're repairing her. I never knew before that ——"

Their voices fell to a low murmur.

Henderson looked at Miss Hazzard and said, "Six, shall we say?"

She pressed the button that summoned her assistant, gave that young woman her instructions and lifted starry eyes to Henderson. He made a quick step forward, but Hardy's voice rose suddenly, arresting every movement in the office.

"You think Tackett unreliable? Man dear, he was a mate with me on the Shaver! I don't give a hang if he preaches that salvation comes only by destroying all ships and drying up the sea. I can use him! And you don't like Mike O'Halloran? You're crazy! He was bos'n with me! Listen, I want to tell you something: You stop ashore and give your orders in the morning—and fire the men who don't carry 'em out before five P. M. If a man comes to work at eight and you don't fancy the color of his hair at noon—you send him to the timekeeper. Ships aren't run that way. Look at me! I took the Homer Shaver to sea with not less than eight men I didn't have any use for. But the moment I got outside the Golden Gate I was up against the real fact: There was work for forty men, I had thirty-six. I couldn't hire any more nor fire the ones I had. I turned to and did the forty men's work with my thirty-six, including the eight I'd ha' fired and you'd ha' fired if the Shaver had been the pier with a gate at one end. Now that's the secret of running a line: Don't hire and fire, but do the work you have to do with the men you have. And then show 'em all you know the job yourself and can tuck into it at a pinch and give 'em all cards, spades, high and low casino and the game, and still win.

"Now about those frames ——"

Henderson edged toward the door. Miss Hazzard softly slipped out with him. They were unnoticed by the two men holding high debate.

They gained the door and turned, like children escaping from a schoolroom, glanced at the absorbed dictators of the P., I. & O., and fled.

Captain Grey's stentorian tones carried clear to the elevator: "I tell you those boys I have on the Harlow Hardy don't need any instructions from you. I'll bet you ninety dollars they bring her in shipshape and on time."

"Clear out!" Hardy roared back. "I want to think!"

They saw Grey's bulky figure in the doorway, his white hair bristling. "Think, confound you! Think for ninety days, and you won't alter the fact!"

Captain Henderson and Miss Hazzard looked at each other shyly. He rang the bell with a firm finger.

"They can't alter the fact," he said, and turned his eyes on his companion boldly.

The Figure 8 to the rescue

THE 1900 Cataract Electric Washer with its wonderful figure 8 movement comes to rescue you from the work and worry of wash day!

Here is why the figure 8 is so wonderful—it forces the soapy, cleansing water through your clothes in a figure 8 motion—and *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer, so it washes the clothes faster. You see, the water rushes through the clothes with every movement of the tub.

And then the 1900 is so safe and dependable. You can be sure that when the clothes come out, there will be no buttons missing and no button holes torn out. That's because there are no parts in the tub to cause wear and tear.

You'll be delighted with the reversible wringer, too, which also works electrically. Swing it from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch!

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Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

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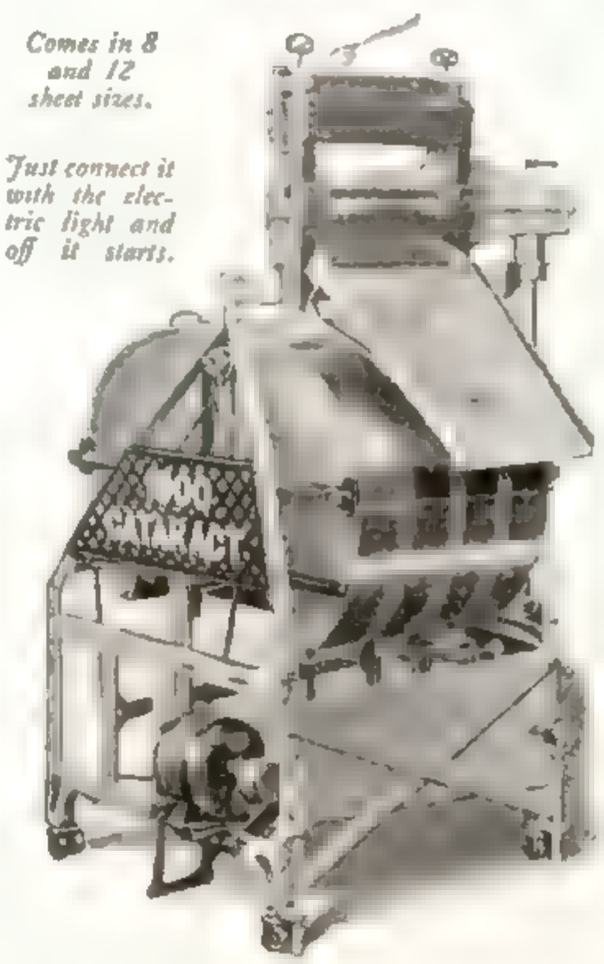

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

G. P.

(Continued from Page 13)

She was as serious and as concerned as he had hoped.

"Aren't you proud of your profession?"

"Yes, I am."

"And don't you know you'd succeed in it?"

"Absolutely."

"So it's just money?"

He spread his hands.

"I'm so damnably sick of a doctor's income. And whenever I think of the Street—I spent a good deal of time down there this winter looking the ground over."

"There's a big shortage of doctors, isn't there?"

"Since the war, yes."

"And you're all trained and competent and everything?"

"Oh, yes, but ——"

"If you were in a hospital, where the staff wasn't large enough and all the wards were jammed full and the patients needed you terribly, would you just walk out because somewhere else you could earn more money?"

"That's different. I'm only visiting physician to ——"

"No, but the whole world's your hospital. You've got one of the most important specialties there is, or ever could be. You're needed, really needed, by somebody, somewhere, every single day. Do you think it's fair for a doctor to think of money, anyway? Money's only an incident to a good doctor." She was thoroughly roused now, and emphatic. "You're not really as mercenary as that. You can't be. I don't believe it."

"It isn't a question of fairness. The universe isn't crying for me. The trouble is, I want to be two people, and I can't be but one."

"And you think you'd be satisfied in Wall Street? Not satisfied with Wall Street, but with yourself in it? Do you think you ever would be?"

"If I knew," he said gloomily, "I wouldn't have bothered you."

Miss Leonard leaned toward him.

"I was brought up in a doctor's family—there's been three generations in a row. Back in the little village where he lived they still call the first one of the three the great Doctor Leonard. He wasn't great at all; he was just a country doctor. He wasn't famous, and he didn't get honorary degrees and things, but the whole region loved him and respected him and believed in him and called him the great Doctor Leonard. Perhaps you can see what an inspiration that was to his son, and to his son's son. None of them was ever rich, but people loved them all. They were unselfish and brave and strong, and they thought that a doctor didn't belong to himself: he belonged to the world. They thought that simply to be a doctor was the greatest privilege a man could possibly have. I can imagine what my father would say if he'd heard what you've told me. He'd say: 'Well, if he is a man he'll stay a doctor, and if he isn't why, the medical profession is better off without him.'

"You'll have to listen to me now. You said you wanted me to talk to you. With all your education and skill and experience, when the world needs good doctors more than it ever did, if you go into business simply because you've got a craving to make money I'd be ashamed of you. Oh, it's incredible! It's incredible! It's almost as bad as though you deserted under fire. A man who thinks about money hasn't any right to be a doctor, or try to be a doctor.

"And you were born to it. It's exactly the thing for you. And you could be so splendid; you've got it in you. Not when you let yourself be upset like this, though. You could be so splendid, and you're talking about leaving medicine to go into a broker's office and make money instead of saving people's lives! I don't believe it! I don't believe you can be so small and so selfish as all that!"

"I don't know," he said apathetically. "I've been fighting it out with myself every day for six months. I'm still fighting. The Lord only knows what'll happen! I'm afraid you can't help me after all—nobody can help me. I've got to fight it out myself. Let's not talk about it any more."

For several minutes she sat obedient.

"But if you should get this money, couldn't you use it in your work somehow? Couldn't you have your own laboratory or something? You wouldn't have to use it to buy your partnership, would you?"

"I'm afraid—I would. I don't know. Sometimes I'm so happy in my practice, and then again I'm so depressed. I love the actual work, and I'm so happy when I've done something worth while; and then I get to thinking about my friends in the Street, and I haven't any money myself ——" he suddenly covered her hand with his, and his voice altered. "I haven't acted very gratefully, have I? I've been a blamed nuisance. Here you've taken such an interest ——"

He removed his hand, and sat introspective and dumb. At length when the silence had become unendurable she broke it tremulously.

"Don't you want to talk about it any more?"

"I guess not. I'd rather not. I'm sorry I've been such a calamity howler."

"We—we really ought to be going back then."

He raised his head.

"Oh, not so soon!"

"We really ought," she said, and stood up, knowing that to remain for another minute was beyond her endurance. He took his place by her side, and they went a few slow yards toward the veranda.

"I hope you know what I'm thinking about you," he said, downcast. She had no answer, and he ventured to possess her arm. "It's mighty comforting to have anybody willing to—to be so interested—just on my account. You know what I'm trying to say, don't you?"

Again her reply was lacking. He had the temerity to squeeze her arm. Miss Leonard trembled.

"I think," she said carefully, "you've got it in you to be the finest man I ever knew in my life—if you only would."

The lights of the hotel were just ahead of them.

"I think you're a darling," he said thickly. "I think you're a darling. Good night!"

In the morning he failed to appear at the mounting blocks, and when she had allowed him a fair latitude she rode out through the woodlands alone, and—what was far more significant—lonely. The day wound past and another day came, and again she rode out and rode home—alone. As she went in to breakfast the blasé horsewoman stopped her.

"My dear, have you heard the news? The public stenographer typed the will, and it's all over the hotel. Old Mrs. Stanwood died at five o'clock this morning. She left your Doctor Temple half a million dollars. What do you know about that?"

In the matter of her health Mrs. Stanwood had put her faith in a very young doctor, but in the matter of her money she relied upon a lawyer of forty years' experience. He was a New York lawyer whose time was worth whatever he chose to charge for it, but when he received an urgent telegram from Temple he caught the next available train south.

Behold then the three of them—Doctor Temple, uncommonly forbidding; Mrs. Stanwood, a frail and wrinkled sprite of a woman lost in a huge mahogany four-poster; and Judge Story, as solid and impressive and imperturbable as the façade of the county courthouse.. A sudden bombshell of thought had fallen in among them, and to the doctor it meant apparently the ruin of a golden hope.

"Yes, one thing we can take for granted," observed the judge presently, "and that is, that if you do execute this new will, Mrs. Stanwood, there's going to be a contest."

The old woman in the big bed made a grimace at him.

"God gave us our relatives, judge, but can't we even pick out our own legatees? Do you honestly think, if I tried to leave Billy anything, those flannel-faced cousins of mine would claim—what was it you said they'd claim?"

"Undue influence."

"Well, suppose they did contest it, they certainly couldn't break a will you'd drawn, could they, judge?"

He had to smile at the ingenious flattery.

"No one can say. It would all depend on the court and the evidence."

It was obvious that she had little strength to spare, and yet she spent it royally.

"But, Judge Story, isn't there anything I can do? Isn't there anything you can do to make it safe? What's the safest possible way there is?" She shook her head at the doctor, who had grown very restless. "Please don't go away, Billy. We all know you're here simply because I want you to be. We all understand that."

The judge was frowning.

"It's all guesswork, Mrs. Stanwood. They surely wouldn't try to break the present will, and they couldn't if they tried, but if you go ahead with the idea of making the doctor your chief beneficiary ——"

Here he paused for a moment; and the doctor seized the opportunity to break in. His voice was low and a trifle unsteady.

"Let me say something. I hadn't the faintest idea until to-day that there could possibly be any such complication as this. I don't know what to say about it, except that it changes the whole situation as far as I'm concerned. Perhaps the—the easiest way is just to leave me out of it entirely. Just think what my feelings would be if I had to fight with your cousins on the subject of undue influence! I couldn't do that. I couldn't do it. There isn't any use in even discussing it on that basis. I didn't want to sit in this conference at all, but——"

The little old woman gestured weakly.

"Please sit down, Billy. You're exciting me dreadfully. Didn't you tell everybody else to be so quiet? Listen, dear. You know why I want you to have this money. It's so you can make so many, many people live longer and not be sick any more. You wouldn't waste the money; you'd do good with it; and the other people would just waste it. So won't you please try to help us, Billy, and not hinder us?"

The doctor swallowed hard. He wanted to tell her of the conflict in his soul, but he lacked the final spark of bravado. The potentiality of wealth had blinded him; and yet, now that a fortune was imploring him to take it, his eagerness was vaguely dampened. He found himself wondering whether Miss Leonard were spiritually incapable of caring for a mere broker. He gazed at Mrs. Stanwood, and when he remembered that by his own unaided effort and skill he had lengthened her life by a solid eighteen months he was suddenly flooded with a pride so fierce and lofty that it was almost a physical pain.

"There's no guaranty that I wouldn't waste it," he said. "But there's one more thing you'll have to take for granted, too, and that is that I won't fight for it." He stooped thoughtfully over his patient and took her pulse. "You mustn't bother about this any more just now," he said gently. "It's time for you to rest a little, and after that perhaps we can talk it over again. And it doesn't need money to make me love you, Mrs. Stanwood. Don't forget that either."

They talked it over again, and twice again, with no better result. The sessions became shorter, and ended with an abrupt assumption of command by the doctor, who saw his patient weakened and unstrung because of a situation which he could clarify only at the expense of his highest principles. To receive her benefice, to be compelled to defend it against the claims of her own blood, and then perhaps to use it as he knew he should be powerfully tempted to use it this couldn't be set down among his best ambitions. And he wanted to be rich great heaven, how he wanted to be rich! If only the price had been less prohibitive! If only he had been warned of the complications before he had visualized the fulfillment of his dreams! If only Mrs. Stanwood hadn't told him so often during the past month that she intended him to have a fraction of her estate!

On the morning of the second day the judge cornered him in the library.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm going to give you some free advice, and I'm surprised that you need it. She's pretty near the end, and you're making it mighty hard for her. Why in the devil won't you let her go ahead with this will, and if you don't want the money, or don't want a fight, then waive your claim afterward? But let her be happy in her own way. Let her imagine you're going to do what she wants. Of course I think you're a fool. You'd let the money go to a pack of rum hounds who'd blow it in for nothing instead of using it for a lasting contribution to science like you would. But can't you make her happy now?"

The doctor's expression was of hopelessness.

"It isn't that I don't want the money, judge."

"I know; you don't want the mess afterward. Well, here's a possible solution: She's given a good deal to certain hospitals in the last twenty years, and she's told me that if you won't take this legacy she'd like it to go to those same institutions. I think that if she set up a trust fund, with the income to go to you for life and the reversion to the hospitals that she's always favored anyway, these relatives wouldn't dare to open their heads. Suppose she did that, and left a couple of millions to the relatives and half or three-quarters of a million in such a trust fund, wouldn't that settle your scruples for you? I tell you frankly there isn't one chance in thousands that anybody would attack such an arrangement as that. No decent lawyer would advise 'em to."

The doctor wavered, and the visions of wealth came back.

"That's different. I—I'll think it over," he said.

Mentally he did a sum in simple interest. What couldn't he do with an uncontested life income of, say, forty thousand dollars a year? As a matter of fact, what would he do with it?

When next he sat at Mrs. Stanwood's bedside she grasped his hand.

"Billy, dear, don't you remember when you were a little boy and you used to come over to my house and talk to me about what you were going to be when you grew up? You always said you were going to be a doctor. All the other little boys were going to be cow-punchers and train conductors and firemen and rich people, and you were always going to be a doctor. And you were always taking care of dogs with broken legs, and everything, weren't you? And everybody laughed at you but me, and it used to please you so much when I said that when you grew up you could be my doctor, anyway. Don't you remember all that? And then in college and medical school and Vienna—you were my boy, Billy, and you were my doctor, and I wanted you to be a good doctor and a great doctor. And you've done so well so far, but I know what your dreams are, and they're mine too. You want to study and spend time in research and discover things for all the doctors in the world to use.

"Judge Story says he can fix it. You'll have an income just as long as you live, to use any way you choose, and I know you'll use it well. And when you die other doctors will go on using it forever. Oh, Billy, every time I've seen the sun, every time I've seen the trees and flowers, every time I've seen the stars, ever since two years ago, I've told myself it was you who gave them to me. And with your little fund, dear, you can go on and make a larger present of the sunshine and the trees and flowers and everything to dozens and dozens of people just like me. It isn't manly of you to refuse, Billy; it isn't fair to me, and what's more, it isn't fair to yourself."

"To use any way I choose?" he repeated dully.

"Any way you choose, dear. Absolutely any way at all."

The doctor stood up and wet his lips. He looked down at her, and was aware of dizziness and a strange wave of exaltation. The wave passed over him, and his brain cleared and he was calm and resolute. The image of Miss Leonard flickered before him and faded. His plan was formed irrevocably, and he marveled that he should ever have doubted his desires. Mrs. Stanwood's last assurance was ringing in his ears. He smiled down at her and his conscience was content.

"Maybe you're right," he said. "Maybe you're right. Maybe it wouldn't be fair to myself to refuse."

To Miss Leonard, emerging from the dining room, the crowning gossip of the season came as the bitterest of her recent disappointments. For thirty minutes she had hoped with all her heart that the rumor of the legacy was incorrect, for she knew that Temple stood on the threshold of a great medical career and that nothing but his boyish avarice could divert him from

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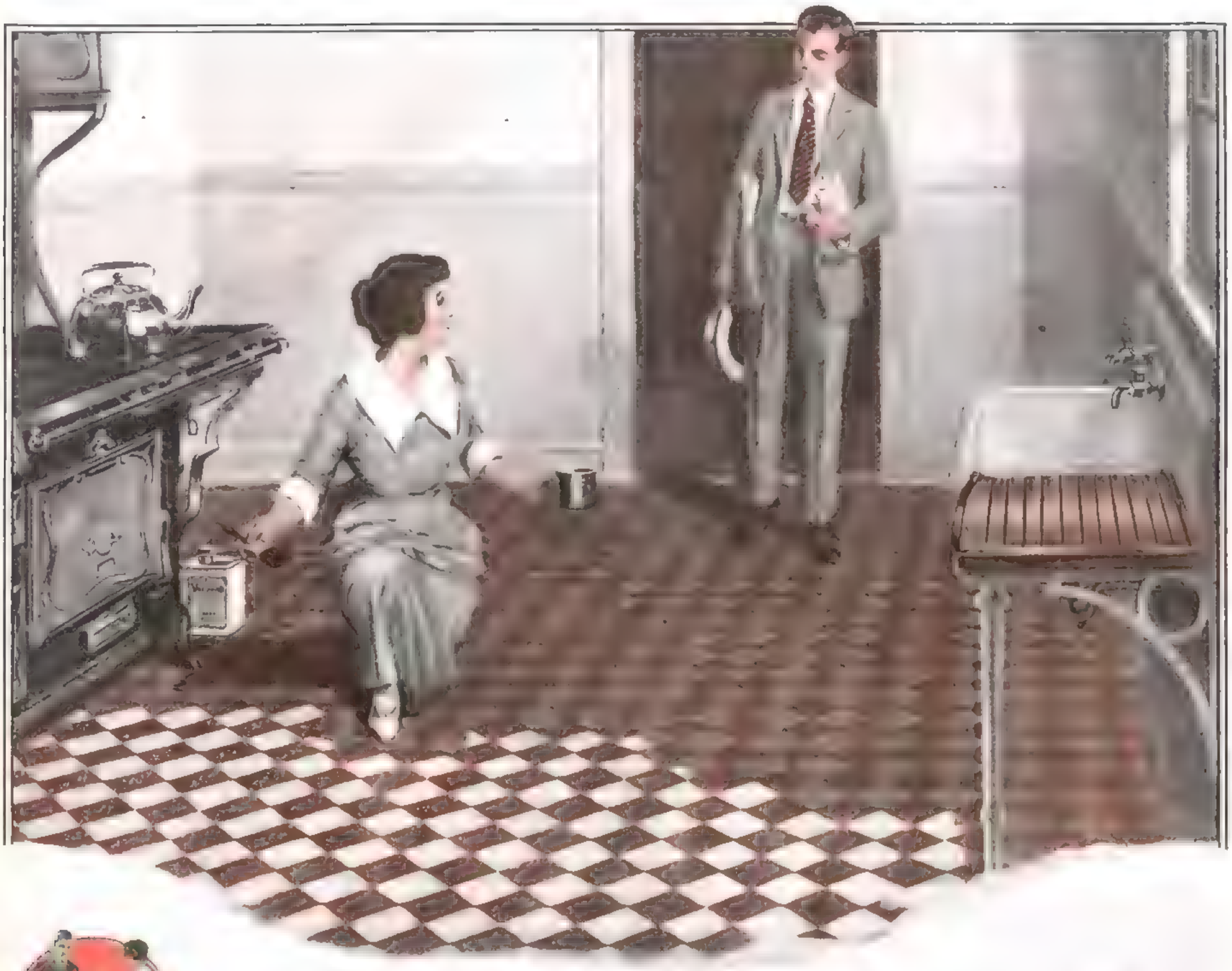

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(Concluded from Page 116)

it. She knew that if he abandoned that career he could never be quite so fine and sensitive and unspoiled as now; he could never again be the man whom once she had appraised so swiftly when he had run away with her imagination. Money would spoil him for himself, and spoil him infinitely more for her. In another decade, when his true ambitions were stabilized, it wouldn't matter.

But the present news was entirely divorced from rumor; it was based upon solid fact. In the lobby there were people to whom the public stenographer had announced the actual figure—and the figure wasn't half a million; it was three-quarters. Everyone in the lobby was talking about it and saying that it was exactly what might have been expected, and that the doctor must have played his cards expertly.

Miss Leonard went up to her own room and cried tumultuously. She told herself that she didn't know what on earth she was crying about, but just the same she couldn't seem to stop. It was a funny thing to cry about—that someone had left a man three-quarters of a million dollars—but under all the conditions it affected her as though it had been a positive tragedy. It meant the end of his reign in her heart as the only man she had ever thought equal to her father.

While she was crying she determined never to ride through the pine woods again on any consideration, and even when the morning came fair she held to her determination. Nevertheless, she couldn't avoid the bitter luxury of thinking about him. Indeed, she could think of no one else. But her thoughts were jarring and accusatory, as though he had turned traitor to the ideals of his guild.

Not many girls would have suffered a similar reaction, but Miss Leonard had been brought up in a home where the practice of religion was regarded as a scientific religion, so that the desertion of her hero was the equivalent of a heavy fall from grace. If he had been a broker in the first place, and she had happened to fall in love with him, she would never have entertained a moment's displeasure of his business. But when he exchanged the emblem of the caduceus for that of the golden calf he had simply come down from the pedestal and left it vacant.

In the afternoon she was sitting on the sunny loggia of the country club ostensibly knitting, and in reality still thinking about him, when intuition bade her to look up. Instantaneously her heart took to racing at top speed. She would have died before she would have looked up prematurely.

"Alice!"

It was the first time he had ever called her by her given name. She raised her eyes.

"Oh, Doctor Temple!"

He was very much more repressed than usual, and his eyes betrayed the additional strain of the last few days.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

Miss Leonard knitted diligently. "Well?"

It was as much as she could do to speak without choking. He sat down heavily.

"Well, it's all over. Had you heard?"

"Yes," she said; "yes, I heard."

His whole appearance suggested the utmost weariness. Even his voice was lax and listless.

"She was more than a grateful patient, Alice. You weren't ever out of my mind during those days." He brushed his hand over his eyes. "Well, it's all settled for me. It's all settled now. I said nobody could help me, but I was wrong. Mrs. Stanwood did. She didn't know it, but she did. And except that she's gone—I was awfully fond of her—I'm happier than I've been for months. I couldn't come to you any sooner. I couldn't leave her." He got unsteadily to his feet. "I just came over to see you for half a second, and tell you. I suppose the hotel is having a wonderful gabfest about it. That's all right. Maybe they think I care, but I don't. They can say anything they like. I'm satisfied, and that's enough. I don't mean to be rude, but I've got to go back now. I'm all in. I haven't had any sleep for two nights. I had to see you a second, though."

Involuntarily she said the next thing that came to her. He had tossed away the greater part of her respect, but he could never crush her solicitude.

"I wish you'd take care of yourself now, doctor. You're looking dreadfully. You've got to have a rest."

He looked down at her with an expression she was slow to forget.

"Rest is a state of mind," he said.

She believed that she knew—she prayed that she knew—the one prescription he wouldn't disregard.

"Riding would be the best thing you could do, wouldn't it?"

"I've missed it a lot."

Miss Leonard burned her bridges.

"So have I."

His tired eyes brightened.

"Truly?"

"Didn't I say so?"

He bent toward her, and her knitting went disregarded.

"Do you still ride early?"

"At seven generally."

"Not generally—specifically."

Miss Leonard wouldn't let him see her face.

"Well, specifically then—to-morrow anyway."

When they first went out they were both constrained and incommunicative. Into the woods they rode, along the familiar pathway bordered with holly and Judas trees and blackjack oaks. Hoofs padded daintily in the soft sand; the pace slackened to a walk; the doctor looked at the girl and she caught her breath.

"One of the things that puzzles me," he said, "is how the world has ever let you alone."

"H-how do you mean that?"

"You ought not to be riding down here with me at a winter resort; you ought to be in a home of your own somewhere—long ago. This is no kind of life for a girl of your age."

"I'm an old maid, doctor; I'm twenty-four."

His sense of humor was absent.

"That's why it puzzles me."

"I've liked to be independent, I guess."

The doctor rode a little nearer to her.

"It puzzles me—but I'm glad of it just the same."

"Are you?"

"Because it's made possible so much that wouldn't have been possible otherwise. But what I'm wondering now isn't how other people have got along without you, but how I'm going to get along without you."

She fought back the vertigo which had seized her.

"I—I'll miss our nice rides together too."

"Will you, honestly? Will you miss them a little?"

She shook her head.

"No."

"No? I—oh—why, you—you don't mean that you'll miss them more than a little? Is that it?"

The swiftest of glances informed him that he had a right to his own judgment. But in the next instant she had recalled her disillusionment.

"But I'm so disappointed in you—so really hurt and disappointed."

"Disappointed?" he echoed.

Now she was able to look at him steadily and judicially.

"Didn't you know I'd be?"

"But I don't understand."

"After all I said to you that night? To have you give up your practice and ——"

The doctor's interruption was prompt.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Dazedly she stared at him, and then her expression melted into an incredulous delight. She reined in close to him and put her hand on his sleeve.

"You don't mean—you don't mean, with all that money, you—you are going to stay in medicine? Oh—Billy!"

Dazedly he stared back at her.

"Of course I'm going to stay in medicine. But 'with all that money'?" He shook his head. "If you can say that I can't believe you really know what's happened."

Miss Leonard gasped.

"Didn't she make a new will and ——"

"It was all drawn, but she died just as Judge Story gave her the pen. She hadn't signed it. Under the old will—she made it twenty years ago—I get a thousand dollars and part of her library." Her hand was lying limp on his sleeve; he put his own round it. "For heaven's sake, Alice, didn't you understand?"

There were tears of self-indictment trembling on her lashes.

"B-Billy! Oh, Billy! If you knew what I'd thought you wouldn't forgive me ever in all this w-world!"

He was still staring in blank wonder.

"Why, I came on purpose to tell you yesterday. If I'd had the money I was going to take it and build a research laboratory with it. I'd decided that. Why, even before she died I decided ——"

Here he perceived what miracle was in her eyes. The horses stopped short.

"Alice," he said under his breath, "I'm going to be frightfully poor."

"I—I'm used to that," she said almost inaudibly.

"But I'm going to be happy just the same."

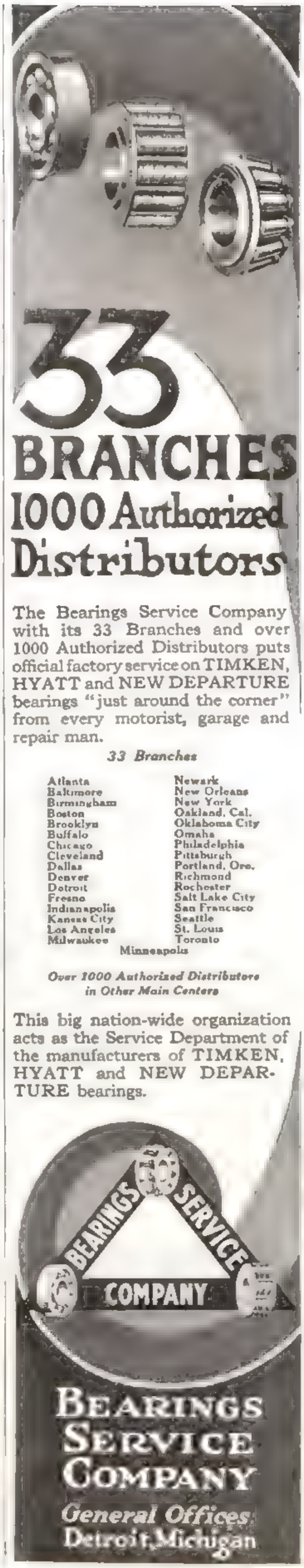
"I—I'm used to that," she said again.

The doctor leaned far over, and she swayed to him. The horses remained motionless.

"D-do you mean you could love me a little, dearest?"

"I—I'm used to that too," she whispered.

(THE END)



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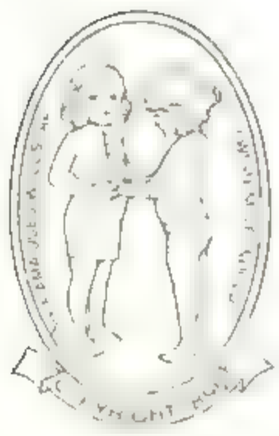
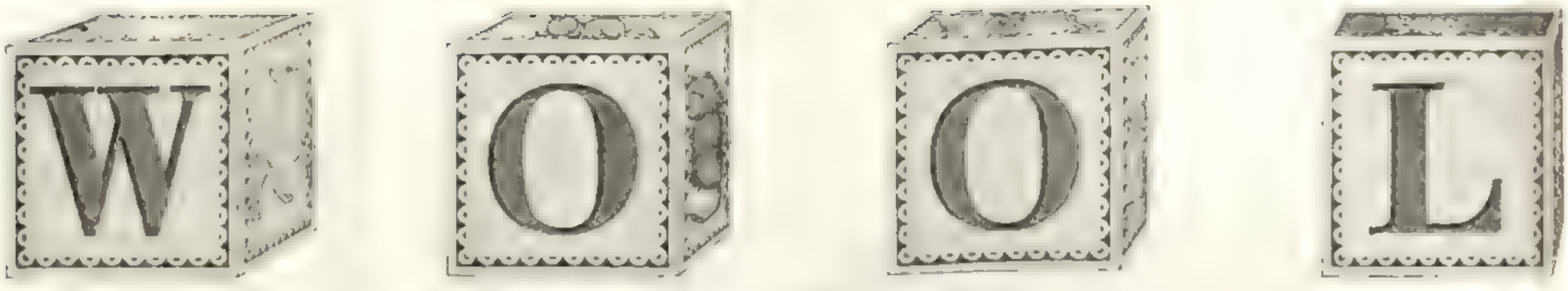




A Fleecy Lather

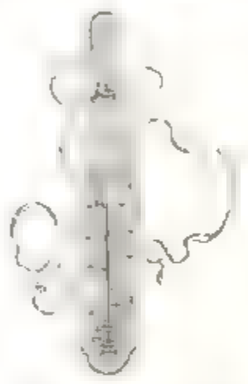
Facts every mother should know about baby's summer baths

Now is the time when tender skins need the greatest care

MIDSUMMER brings the time when every experienced mother knows her children must receive the most scrupulous bodily care.

A child's skin is subject to greater danger at this period than at any other. Its function of eliminating the body's waste must be faithfully performed, or the skin itself is marred, the child becomes irritated and irritating, and its general health is threatened.

Hence the great emphasis laid upon the child's summer baths by all authorities.



According to Dr Holt, in his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," the temperature of bath water should be

First few weeks 100° F
Early infancy . 98° F
After 6 months . 95° F
During 2nd year 90° F

What child experts advise

First, every child over ten days old should have at least one soap-and-water cleansing bath a day. During very hot weather one or two additional sponge baths may be given.

Second, the best time to give the cleansing bath is just before the child's feeding and sleeping time. Never bathe immediately after feeding.

Third, the temperature of the water should be as shown in the table accompanying picture of the thermometer.

Method of bathing

Wash, and dry, head and face before undressing. Then strip body and place child in tub. Work up a rich fleecy lather of Wool Soap and gently spread it over the whole body *with the hands*. Do not rub—let the gentle cleansing action of the lather do its work alone. Then with a soft cloth or sponge rinse the lather and dirt thoroughly from the skin, and pat dry with a soft towel.

Authorities agree upon the importance of using a soap exactly suited to children's skins. Too much care cannot be exercised to get just the right one.

Wool Soap is made to meet just this delicate requirement. The fats from which it is made are so fine and pure you could eat them. Its saponification is so complete Wool Soap cannot harm the bloom on the most delicate skin.

It does for this day just what the genuine old Castile soap of our mothers' day did for them.

May we send you a trial cake?

We have a dainty little trial size cake of Wool Soap ready to send you. Wouldn't you like to try it? Send 4c in stamps with the coupon below. Swift & Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago

Enclosed is 4c in stamps, for which please send me Trial Cake of Wool Soap.

Name

Address

4256

Work up a rich fleecy lather of Wool Soap

For Children's Skins

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

(Continued from Page 27)

over this protection-of-the-people idea?" demanded Corson with heat.

"Maybe so! I'm not sure. I may be a little muddled. But I see a principle ahead and I'm going straight at it, even though I may tread on some toes. I believe that the opinion doesn't hold good any longer, as a matter of right, that because a man has secured a franchise and his charter permits him to build a dam across a river or the mouth of a lake he is thereby entitled to all the power and control and profit he can get from that river or lake without return in direct payment on that power to the people of the state. We know it's by constitutional law that the people own the river and the lake. I'm putting in a report on this whole matter to the incoming legislature, Senator Corson."

"Good heavens, Morrison, you're not advocating the soviet doctrine that the state can break existing contracts, are you?" shouted the senator.

"I take the stand that charters do not grant the right for operators of water power to charge anything their greed prompts 'em to charge on ballooned stock. I assert that charters are fractured when operators flagrantly abuse the public that way! I'm going to propose a legislative bill that will oblige water-power corporations to submit in public reports our state engineers' figures on actual, honest, profit-earning valuation; to publish complete lists of all the men who own stock so that we may know the interests and the persons who are secretly behind the corporations."

Corson displayed instant perturbation.

"Such publication can be twisted to injure honest investors. It can be used politically by a man's enemies. Stewart, I am heavily interested financially in Daunt's syndicate, because I believe in developing our grand old state. I bring this personal matter to your attention so that you may see how this general windmill tilting is going to affect your friends."

"I'm for our state, too, sir! And I'll mention a personal matter that's close to me, seeing that you have broached the subject. St. Ronan's Mill is responsible for more than two hundred good homes in the city of Marion, built, owned and occupied by our workers. And in order to clean up a million profit for myself I don't propose to go into a syndicate that may decide to ship power out of this state and empty those homes."

"You are leaping at insane conclusions," roared Daunt.

"I'll admit that I have arrived at some rather extreme conclusions, sir," admitted Stewart, putting his threatened nose a little nearer Daunt's finger. "I based some other conclusions on your own statement to me that you proposed to make my syndicate holdings more valuable by a legislative measure that would permit the consolidation to take over poles and wires of existing companies or else run wires into communities in case the existing companies would not sell."

"That's only the basic principle of business competition for the good of the consuming public. Competition is the demand, the right of the people," declared Daunt.

"I'm a bit skeptical, still basing my opinion on your own statements as to common-stock dividends, as to the price per kilowatt after competitors shall have been sandbagged according to that legislative measure," drawled the mayor. He turned to the senator. "You see, sir, your guest and I are still a good ways apart in our business ideas."

"We'll drop business—drop it right where it is," said the senator curtly. "Mr. Daunt has tried to meet you more than halfway in business, in my house, taking my indorsement of you. When I recommended you I was not aware that you had been making radical speeches to a downtown mob. I am shocked by the change in you, Stewart. Have you any explanation to give me?"

"I'm afraid it would take too long to go over it now in a way to make you understand, sir. I don't want to spoil my case by leaving you half informed. Mr. Daunt and I have reached an understanding. Pardon me, but I insist that I must keep my promise to Miss Corson."

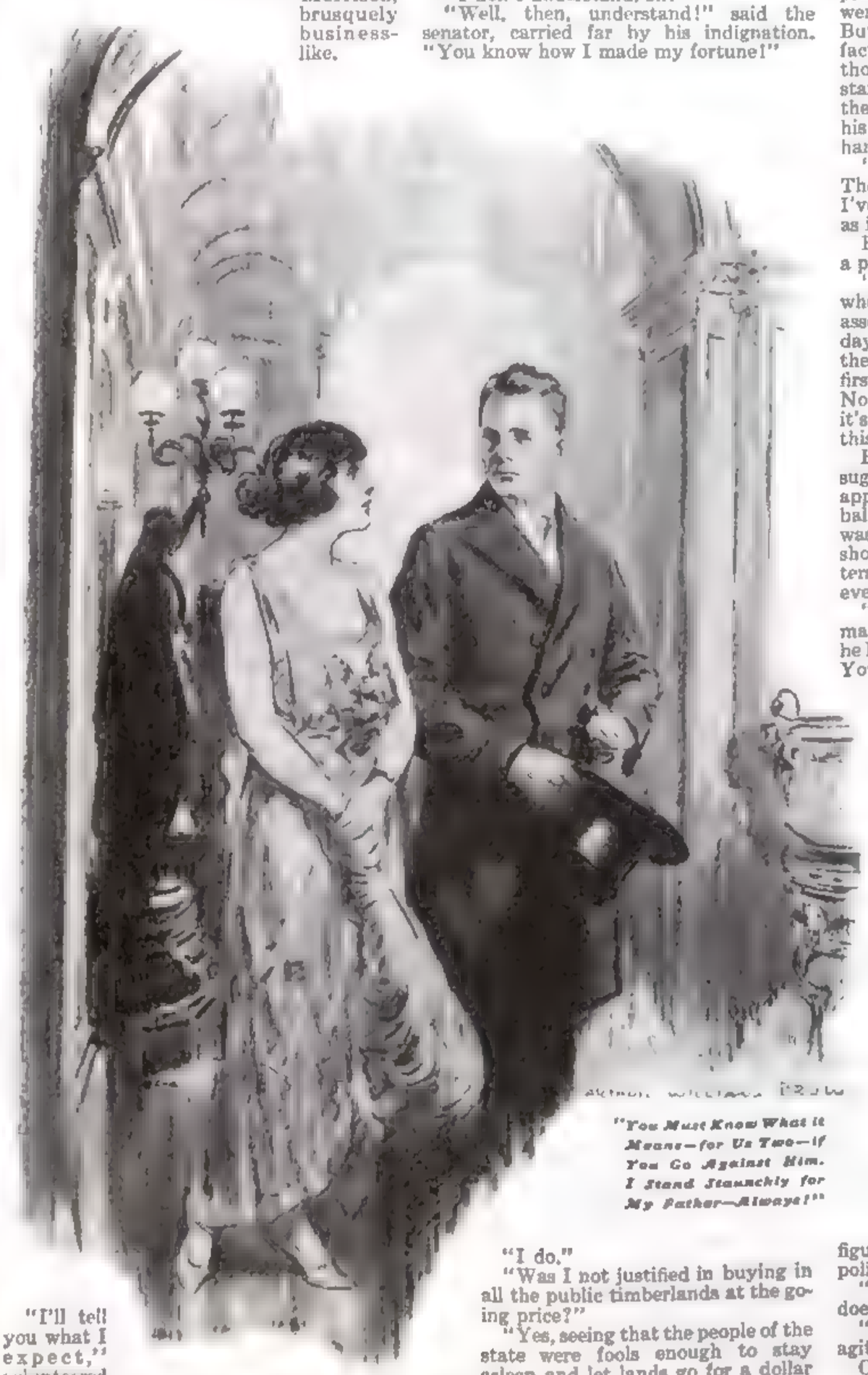
The father did not welcome that announcement.

"I trust that the understanding you mention includes the obligation to forget all that Mr. Daunt has said under my roof this evening."

"I have never betrayed confidences in my personal relations with any man, Senator Corson," returned Morrison.

"Then your honor naturally suggests your course in this peculiar situation."

"Let's not stop to split hairs of honor! What do you expect me to do?" demanded Morrison, brusquely businesslike.



"You Must Know What It Means—for Us Two—if You Go Against Him. I Stand Staunchly for My Father—Always!"

"I'll tell you what I expect," volunteered Daunt. "You have possession of facts——"

"I did not solicit them, sir. I was practically forced into an interview with you when I would much rather have been enjoying myself in the ballroom."

"Nevertheless, you have the facts. Under the circumstances you have no right to them. I expect you to show a gentleman's consideration and keep carefully away from my affairs."

"I also must ask that much, as your mutual host," put in Corson.

"Gentlemen," declared Stewart, setting back his shoulders, "by allowing myself to stretch what you term honor to that fine point I should be held up in a campaign I have started—prevented from going on with my work—simply because Mr. Silas Daunt is among the men I'm fighting. I'm exactly where I was before Mr. Daunt talked to me. I propose to lick a water-power monopoly in this state if it's in my humble power to do it. If you stay in that crowd, Mr. Daunt, you've got to take your chances along with the rest of 'em."

"Stewart, your position is outrageous!" blazed Corson. "You're not only throwing away a wonderful business opportunity on lines wholly approved by general usage—simply to indulge a whim for which you'll get no thanks—taking a nonsensical stand for a mere dream in the way of public ownership—but you're insulting me, myself, by the inference that may be drawn."

"I don't understand, sir."

"Well, then, understand!" said the senator, carried far by his indignation. "You know how I made my fortune!"

"I do."

"Was I not justified in buying in all the public timberlands at the going price?"

"Yes, seeing that the people of the state were fools enough to stay asleep and let lands go for a dollar or so an acre—lands to-day worth thousands of dollars an acre for the timber on 'em!"

"I paid the price that was asked. That's as far as a business man is expected to go."

"Certainly, senator. I'm glad for you. But, I repeat, the people were asleep! Now I'm going to wake 'em up to guard their last great heritage—the water power that they still own! I'll keep 'em awake if I've got strength enough in this arm to keep on drumming and breath enough to keep the old trumpet sounding!"

"The corporations in this state are organized; they will protect their charters; they will make you let go of your wild scheme," bellowed the banker. "By the great Jehoshaphat they will make you let go, Morrison! By the——"

"Hush!" pleaded their host. "They can hear outside. No profanity!"

Stewart had started toward the door; he paused for a moment when he had his hand on the knob.

"We will not let go!" he said calmly. "We won't let go—and this is not profanity, Senator Corson—we won't let go of as much as one dam site!"

x

AFTER Stewart had closed the door behind him Senator Corson rose hastily. For a few moments he surveyed the panels of the oaken portal with the intentness of one who was studying a problem on a printed page. Then plainly his thoughts went traveling beyond the closed door. But he appeared to be receiving no satisfaction from his scrutiny or from his thoughts. He scowled and muttered. He stared into the palms of his soiled gloves: the suggestion they offered did not improve his temper. He ripped them from his hands.

"What the mischief ails 'em down here? They're all more or less slippery, Daunt! I've been sensing it all the evening! I feel as if I'd been handling eels."

Banker Daunt was calming himself by a patrol of the room.

"I can view matters like a statesman when I'm in the senate chamber," Corson asserted, "but down here at home these days I can't see the forest on account of the trees! I don't know what tree to climb first, Daunt, I swear I don't! What with North getting the party into this scrape it's in, and playing his sharp politics, and this power-question fight and—and——"

He gazed at the door again. It now suggested a definite course of procedure apparently. He crumpled his gloves into a ball and threw them on the table. There was a hint in that action; the senator was showing his determination to handle matters without gloves for the rest of the evening.

"There's one thing about it, Daunt. A man can't do his best in public concerns till he has freed his mind of his private troubles. You wait here. I'll be right back."

"Where are you going, senator?"

"I'm going to regain my self-respect! I'm going to assert myself as master of my own home. I'm going to tell Stewart Morrison that I have business with him, and that I'll attend to it in a strictly business office, later, where he can't insult my friends and abuse my hospitality!"

"Wait a minute! I've had an acute attack of it, too, this evening—the same ailment—but I'm getting over it. Don't lose your head and your temper, both at the same time. You're not in the right trim just now to go against that bullhead. Let's estimate him squarely. That's always my plan in business."

Mr. Daunt plucked a cigar from a box on the table and lighted up leisurely, soothing himself into a matter-of-fact mood. Corson waited with impatience, but his politician's caution began to tug on the bits, moderating the rush of his passion, and he took a cigar for himself.

"Outside of this petty mayor business, does Morrison cut any figure—have any special power in state politics?" the banker asked.

"Not a particle—not as a politician. He doesn't know the A B C's of the game."

"How much influence can he wield as an agitator, as he threatens to become?"

Corson's declaration was less emphatic.

"We're conservative, the mass of us, in these parts. Starting trouble isn't wielding influence, Daunt. He'll be going up against the political machine that has always handled this state safely and sanely—and we know what to do with trouble makers."

"This communistic stand of his certainly discredits him with the corporations. Despeaux has been doing good work, and practically all of 'em have come over to the Consolidated camp. Of course Morrison is also antagonizing the banking interests. Is he a heavy borrower?"

"He doesn't borrow. He works on his own capital. St. Ronan's is free and clear," admitted the senator crossly.

"That's too bad! Calling loans is always effective in improving a radical's opinions. Then this friend, whom you have held up to me as so important in our plans——"

"I did consider him important, Daunt. I do now. I know him. I have seen him

(Continued on Page 125)

PUMPS

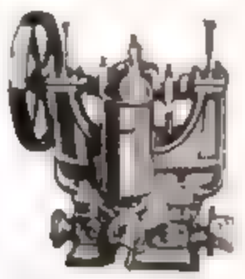
TRIPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND

Why Bill Henion is still young at 71

GOULDS people and Goulds pumps both last a long time.

Bill Henion, for example. He is seventy-one years old. Eight years ago Bill completed his fiftieth year of service at Goulds. And he is still at work, hearty and hale, every morning. He seems to prefer being "on the job" to taking the pension he so richly deserves.

Maybe Bill's continued good health and disposition are in a measure due to the nature of his job—for many, many years he was the "trouble man" at Goulds. Take a good look at Bill Henion and judge for yourself how much "trouble" customers have had with Goulds Pumps in the last fifty years.

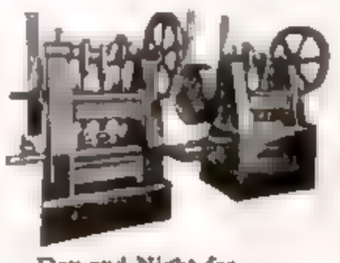


Still Reliable after 27 Years

Out in Branson, Mo., a fifty-year-old Goulds Pitcher Pump is still at work. A Goulds Triplex in Olean, New York, installed in 1892, is still giving 100 per cent. service. A woolen mill in Skaneateles, New York, boasts of a Goulds Pump that has been working efficiently since 1893. A Goulds Triplex in a Pennsylvania oil refinery had made, when last heard from, six hundred and thirty million, seven hundred and twenty-odd thousand revolutions during its more-than-twenty years of almost continuous day and night operation.

22 Years of Steady Service

It appears to make little difference what kind of work Goulds Pumps are called upon to do—it may be supplying water to Canandaigua, New York, for twenty-two years; or pumping cyanide solution in a Montana mine since 1899; handling paper pulp in Massachusetts, oil in Texas, hot tar in New Jersey, freezing brine in New York City, paraffin, shoe-blacking, beverages, bread dough, milk, ink, paint or mud.



Day and Night for 20 Years

The reason Goulds Pumps are not trouble makers is because Goulds engineering service is sound—all the way from design to installation.

When touring the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of Central New York, you are invited to visit our plant at Seneca Falls

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Boston · New York · Pittsburgh · Houston
Philadelphia · Chicago · Atlanta · Detroit

AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

GOULDS

MIDWEST
Dependable Power

Every Tiller of the Soil Needs this Machine

Therefore it sells rapidly and is a great money maker for the dealer who can secure a Utilitor contract

The Utilitor is what far-seeing dealers have been wanting—a steady, dependable money maker.

It sells at a price that any land owner can pay.

It sells readily because any man, in the food raising business to make money, sees for himself how it will cut down his production costs. It stays sold because it *really does* plow, cultivate, harrow and do the general work of one horse; and because it is so well designed and well built that it keeps going.

It sells the *year 'round* because it is just as good for belt work as it is in the field, and its usefulness is not affected by the seasons.

Automobile dealers are taking on the Utilitor because it is a necessity and stabilizes their business. *Truck dealers*, especially those going after the farm truck business, find it a most profitable adjunct.

And *tractor dealers* find that the Utilitor fills in with a big tractor beautifully, rounding out their line, thus enabling them to sell the man who cannot use a *big piece* of motive power economically. They are taking on the Utilitor for precisely the same reason that the wise automobile dealer with a big car fills out his line with a smaller car.

If you are an automobile, truck or tractor dealer find out what the Utilitor situation is in *your* territory.

The Utilitor pulls business into your salesroom when all else fails—because it's an inexpensive necessity

MIDWEST ENGINE COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, - - U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 122)

go after things ever since he was a boy. That storage-commission scheme is his own device, and as the head of it he occupies a strategic position."

"But it's only a scheme; he has no actual organization of the people behind it."

"Confound it, I'm afraid he will have!"

"It's an impractical dream—trying to establish such shadowy ownership of what vested capital under private control must naturally possess and develop. We have sound business on our side."

"It may not seem so much like a dream after he puts that report into the legislature," complained the senator. "I tell you I know Stewart Morrison. He indulges in visions, but he'll back this particular one up with so many facts and figures that it will make a treasury report look like a ghost story by comparison. Talk about sound business! That's Morrison's other name!"

"What's going to be done with that report, Corson?"

The senator hesitated a few moments.

"Understand that I'm no kin of old Captain Teach, the buccaneer, either in politics or business, Daunt. But I'm not fool enough to believe that the millennium has arrived in this world, even if the Battle of Armageddon has been fought, as the parsons are preaching. We still must deal with human conditions. The tree is full of good ideas, I'll admit. But we've got to let 'em ripen. Eat 'em now—and it's a case of the gripes for business and politics both. Therefore"—the senator paused and squinted at the end of his cigar—"well, Daunt, we'll have to apply a little common sense to conditions, even though the opposition may squeal. That ownership of the water power by the people isn't ripe. The legislative committee will pocket Morrison's report or will refer the thing to the public-utilities commission."

"Both plans meaning the same thing?"

"I won't put it as coarsely as that. It only means handling the situation with discretion. Discretion by those in power is going to save us a lot of trouble in times like these."

"You are sure of the right legislative committee, are you?"

"Certainly! North is on the job up at the State House. I'll admit that he isn't tactful. He's very old-fashioned in his political ideas. But he doesn't mind clamor and criticism, and he isn't afraid of the devil himself. Between you and me," continued the senator judicially, "I think that North is skating pretty near the edge this time. I would not have allowed him to go so far if I had been in better touch with conditions down here. But it's too late to modify his plans much at this hour. He must bull the thing through as he's going. I can undo the mischief to the party by the selection of an able diplomat for the gubernatorial nomination next year. But jumping back to the main subject, Stewart Morrison—seeing what he is in the water-power matter, I hoped I could smooth things by your getting next to him. I'm sorry you have been so much annoyed, Daunt! He may make it uncomfortable by his mouth, but he can't control anything by direct political influence. Absolutely not!"

The senator was recovering his confidence in himself as a leader; he started up from his chair and stamped down an emphatic foot. "He is a nonentity in that direction. Politics will handle the thing! The legislature will be all right! The situation on Capitol Hill is safe. However, I think I'll pass a word or two with North."

He went to the wall of the study, slipped aside a small panel and lifted out a telephone instrument.

"A little precaution I've held over from the old days," Corson informed his guest with a smile. "A private line to the executive chamber."

From where he sat Daunt could hear the governor's voice. The tones rasped and rattled and jangled in the receiver, which for the sake of his eardrum Senator Corson held away from his head. The puckers on his countenance indicated that he was annoyed, both by the news and by the discordant violence of its delivery.

"But it's not as threatening as all that! It can't be!" the listener kept insisting.

"Well, I'll come up," he promised at last. "I'll come, but I think you're overanxious, North!"

There was a sound as if somebody were banging on a tin pan at the other end of the line; His Excellency had merely put more vigor into his voice.

"I think—I'm quite sure that he's still here—in my house," Corson replied. "Yes—yes—I certainly will!" He hung the receiver up.

"You seemed to think, Daunt, that I didn't have a good and sufficient reason for saying a few words to Morrison when I started to hunt him up a few minutes ago. However, this time you'll have to excuse me. I'm going to him."

"But you're not intending to make him of any especial importance in affairs, are you? You said he could be ignored."

"Yes! But I don't propose to ignore his efforts to stir up the mob spirit in a city of which he happens to be mayor. He has been up to that mischief! I have heard straight reports from various sources this evening. The governor has been posted and he is very emphatic on the point."

Corson rubbed the ear that was still reminding him of that emphasis.

"That's the trouble with men like Morrison, when they begin to talk people's rights these days, senator! They go up in the air and jump all the way over into Bolshevism. I'm sorry now that I counseled you to smooth your temper. Go at him! I'll sit here and finish my smoke."

At the head of the broad staircase Senator Corson came upon Mrs. Stanton and Coventry Daunt. They wore expressions of bewilderment that would have fitted the countenances of explorers who had missed their quest and had lost their reckoning. Mrs. Stanton put out her fan, and the striding father halted at the polite barrier with a greeting, but evinced anxiety to be on the way.

"I'm so glad to see you, Senator Corson!" This with delight. "But isn't Lana with you?" This with anxiety. "I mean—hasn't she been with you?"

"My dance contracts with Miss Corson have been shot quite all to pieces," said Coventry.

"I have searched everywhere for her—I think I have," supplemented the sister. "But we guessed she must be with you, and we didn't venture to intrude."

"And you are sure she is not in the ballroom?"

"Absolutely!" Young Mr. Daunt plainly knew what he was talking about.

"Coventry, if you and Mrs. Stanton will go there and wait a few moments I am positive that Lana will come to you very promptly."

Senator Corson also seemed to know what he was talking about.

XI

AGAIN was Stewart a close listener, his chin resting on his knuckles, his serious eyes searching Lana's face while she talked. A cozy harbor was afforded by the bay of the great window in the library. When Stewart had returned to the girl he noticed that she had provided the harbor with a breakwater—a tall Japanese screen; waiting there she had found the room drafty, she informed him.

He was placid when he returned. His demeanor was so untroubled and his air so eagerly invited her to go on from where she had left off that she did not bother her mind about the errand that had called him away.

"I'm really glad that we adjourned the executive session for a recess," she confided. "I've had a chance to think over what I was saying to you, Stewart. While I talked I found myself getting a bit hysterical. I realized that I was presumptuous, but I couldn't seem to stop. But I have been going over it in my mind and I'm glad now that my feelings did carry me away. Friendship has a right to be impetuous on some occasions. I never tried to advise you in the old days. You wouldn't have listened anyway."

"I've always been glad to listen to you," he corrected.

"But it makes a friend so provoked to have one listen and then go ahead and do just as one likes. I want to ask you—while you have been away from me have you been reflecting on what I said?"

He stammered a bit, and there was not absolute candor in his eyes.

"To tell the truth, Lana, I allowed myself to be taken up considerably with other matters. But I did remember my promise to hurry back to you, just the minute I could break away," he added apologetically.

"I'm a little disappointed in you just the same, Stewart! I've been hoping that you were putting your mind on what I said to you. I was hoping that when you came back——"

"Well, go on, Lana!" he prompted gently when she paused.

"It's so hard for me to say it so it will sound as I mean it," she lamented. "To make my interest appear exactly what it is. To find the words to fit my thoughts just now. I know what they're saying about me these days in Marion. I know our folks so well! I don't need to hear the words; I have been studying their faces this evening. You also know what they're saying, Stewart."

He confined his assent to a significant nod; Jeanie MacDougal's few words on the subject had been for him a comprehensive summary of the general gossip.

"When I was speechifying to you in St. Ronan's office you thought I had come back here filled with airs and lofty notions. I knew how you felt."

He shook his head and allowed the extent of his negation to be limited to that.

"I'll tell you how I felt—sometime—but now I'll listen to you."

"I was putting all that on for show, Stewart! I felt so—so—I don't know! Embarrassed, perhaps! And I felt that you"—her color deepened then in true embarrassment—"and—and—they were all there!"

It was naïve confession, and he smiled.

"So I said to my wee mither, Lana, by way of setting her right as to meddlesome tongues."

"I am sincere and honest still, Stewart, where my real friends are concerned. I've just complained because I can't find words to express my thoughts to you. Well, I never was at a loss when we were boy and girl together."

She paused, and they heard the sound of music.

"There's a frilly style of talk that belongs with that—down there," she went on. There was a hint of contempt in her gesture. "But you and I used to get along better—or worse—with plain speech." The flash of a smile of her own softened her *moue*.

"I make it serve me well in my affairs," agreed Morrison.

"Do you think I'm airy and notional and stuck up?"

"No."

"Do you think I'm posing as a know-it-all because I have been about in the world and have seen and heard?"

"No."

"But you do think I'm broader and wiser and more open-minded and have better judgment on matters in general than I had when I was penned up here in Marion, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Stewart, you're not helping me much, staring at me and popping those noes and yeses at me! You make me feel like—but honestly I'm not! I don't intend to seem like that!"

"Eh?"

"Why, like an opinionated lecturer, laying down the law of conduct to you! I don't mean to do all the talking."

"You'd better, Lana—for the present," he advised seriously. "If you have something to say to me take care and not let me get started on what I want to say to you."

She flushed. She drew away from him slightly. In her apprehensiveness she hurried on for her own protection.

"I hoped you were coming back just now, Stewart, and put out your hand to me as your friend, a good pal who had given you sensible advice, and say to me, 'Lana, you have used your wits to good advantage while you have been out and about in the world, and your suggestions to me are all right.' Aren't you going to say so, Stewart?"

"As I understand it, putting all you said to me a while back in that plain language we have agreed on, you tell me that I'm missing my opportunities, have gone to sleep down here in Marion, am allowing myself to be everlastingly tied up by petty business details that keep me away from real enjoyment of a bigger and better life, and that there's not the least need of my spending my best years in that fashion."

"You state it bluntly, but that is the gist of it."

"Yes, I was blunt. I'm going to be even more blunt. What do I get out of this prospective bigger life, Lana?" He drew a deep breath. "Do I get—you?"

"Stewart, hush! Wait!" He had spread his hands to her appealingly. "I am talking to you as your friend—I'm talking of your business, your outlook. I must say something further to you."

It was repulse; he winced. He set as firm a grip on his emotions as he had on his anger earlier in the evening when Krylovensky's hand had dealt him a blow. The fire died in his eyes.

"Go on, Lana! I have promised to allow you to have your say. And, once I start, only a 'Yes!' can stop me."

She displayed additional apprehension and plunged into a strictly commercial topic with desperate directness.

"I'm positive that you have no further need of making yourself a slave to details of business. I know that you can be free to devote yourself to the higher things that are worthy of your real self and your talents, Stewart. Father says that through Mr. Daunt there will come to you the grandest opportunity of your life. I suppose that's what Mr. Daunt explained to you when you were with him this evening. Even though you may not consider me wise in men's business affairs, Stewart, you must admit that my father and Mr. Daunt know. You haven't any silly notions, have you? You're ready to seize every opportunity to make a grand success in business, the way the great men do, aren't you?"

There was a very different light in Morrison's eyes than had flamed in them a few moments before. He stared at her appraisingly, wonderingly. His demanding survey of her was disconcerting, but his somberness was that of disappointment rather than of any distrust.

"Has your father asked you to talk to me on the subject of that business?"

She did not reply promptly. But his challenge was too direct.

"I confess that father did intimate that there'd be no need of mentioning him in the matter."

"He asked you to talk to me, then?"

"Yes, Stewart."

"And I thought you were talking only for yourself when you begged me to step up into that broader life!"

His voice trembled. She did not appear to understand his emotion.

"But I am talking for myself," protested the girl.

"You're talking only your father's views, his plans, his ambition, his scheme of life—talking Daunt's project for his own selfish ends!"

"I don't understand!"

"I hope you don't! For the sake of my love for you, I hope so!" He was striving to control himself. "In the name of what we have been to each other in days past, I hope you are not their—that you don't realize they are making you a—but I can't say it! I want proof from you now by word o' mouth! I don't want any more prattle of business! I want you to show me that you are talking for yourself. Come out now wi' your honest self—your own self! Lana Corson, say to me some word from your own heart—something for me alone—something from old times—to prove that you are what I want you to be! I love you. You are mine! I don't believe their gossip. I have never given you up. I've been waiting patiently for you to come back to me. Can't you go back to the old times—and speak from your own soul?"

The intensity of his appeal carried her along in the rush of his emotion.

"Stewart, I have been speaking for myself, as best I knew how! I'm back to the old times! If you need further words from me you shall have them."

Senator Corson stepped round the end of the screen.

"You will postpone any further words to Mr. Morrison! I have some words of my own for him, Lana. Coventry Daunt is waiting for you in the ballroom and I have told him that you will be there at once."

"Mr. Daunt must continue to wait, father. I have something to tell Stewart, and you must allow me to say it—say it to him alone."

"You shall never speak another word to him on any subject with my permission. I have been listening and ——"

"Father, do you confess that you have been eavesdropping?"

"My present code of manners is perfectly suited to the tactics of this fellow, who has flouted me and insulted an honored guest under my roof this evening. Morrison, leave the house!"

"He shall stay at the request of his hostess," declared the girl defiantly.

"On with you to your guests—that's where your hostess duties are!"

(Continued on Page 129)

Herein lies real economy!

IN many factories, increased production may be obtained by *faster operation* of present installations. To accomplish this result and still retain the inherent advantages of mechanical equipment you need only to adopt higher speeds, narrower belts of low tension, and self-oiling bearings. This is real economy—lowest first cost, minimum upkeep expense—maximum production.

Dodge products are dependable—and obtainable. In thousands of plants Dodge pulleys, hangers, bearings, clutches, etc., are operating at higher speeds than ever before after years of previous uninterrupted service.

You can always rely upon Dodge, Oneida or Keystone products to withstand the severest service without probability of "shut-downs" due to burnt-out or worn units which require expert replacement after indefinite periods of lost time.

Dodge products are obtainable from dealers' stocks everywhere on the immediate delivery basis; installed in any plant by the average millwright, Dodge equipment goes together right and operates identically with the millions of tons of Dodge products that, since 1882, have delivered an honest and consistent service in industrial shops all over the world.

Dodge Sales and Engineering Company

Mishawaka, Indiana, and Oneida, New York

Canadian Manufacturers: Dodge Mfg. Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

Chicago St. Louis Atlanta [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] New York
Minneapolis Providence [illegible] [illegible]

DODGE

Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 Years

Why we dare give a Surety Bond

FOR many years we have backed up our belief in Barrett Specification Roofs with a Surety Bond guaranteeing these roofs to be free from repair or maintenance expense for at least 20 years. We are often asked how we *dare* give such a Bond.

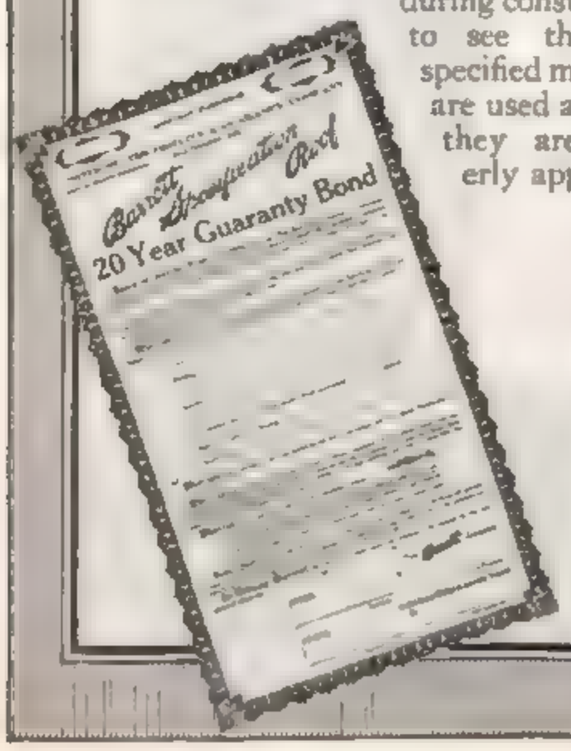
The explanation is simple. We know from 60 years' experience that roofs made with Barrett materials and built according to the detailed directions of The Barrett Specification will greatly outlast the 20-Year guarantee.

We do not lay the roofs ourselves. That is always done by a roofing contractor. We have, therefore, no motive for cheapening the job or passing as satisfactory any faulty construction. On the contrary, it is to our interest to see that every bit of material is of the grade specified, that all of it is used, and that it is used properly.

Furthermore, there can be no temptation for us to permit the construction of a roof that will give just the 20 years of guaranteed service, for we must have a liberal margin of safety beyond that 20 years.

This means that we are going to see to it that you, as a building owner, get all that you pay for—not only for *your* protection, but for our own as well.

Barrett Inspectors watch every Bonded Barrett Specification Roof during construction to see that the specified materials are used and that they are properly applied.



As a further precaution, after the roof is laid, and before the final surfacing of gravel or slag is added, a Barrett Inspector makes an Inspection Cut for every 25 squares of roof area, as shown by photographs at the right.

After the cut sections have been replaced and covered by an equal number of layers of pitch and felt, the final surfacing is applied to the whole roof—75 pounds of pitch covered with a protecting layer of 400 pounds of gravel or slag to every 100 square feet.

Note in the lower photo the thickness of the heavy waterproof blanket of five layers of Barrett Specification Felt cemented solidly together with Barrett Specification Pitch.

Important Notice

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof-covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for twenty years only, we can point to many roofs of this type that have been in service over forty years and are still in good condition.

For those who wish a somewhat lighter and lower priced roof-covering, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof bonded for 10 years.

Both roofs are built of the same high-grade waterproofing materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

The Surety Bond is offered on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares or over in all towns of 25,000 population or more, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.

This Surety Bond is issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., of Baltimore, one of the largest surety companies in America.

Our only requirements are that The Barrett Specification, *revised April 15, 1920*, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of the Barrett Specification free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit New Orleans Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Dallas Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria Atlanta Duluth Milwaukee Bangor Washington Johnstown Lebanon Youngstown Joliet Columbus Richmond Lorraine Hopewell Elizabeth Syracuse Buffalo Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S. Sydney, N.S.

Photograph taken on the roof of the Boston Army Supply Base shows the first step of the test cut, to which every Barrett Specification Roof guaranteed by us is subjected.

Note the thickness of this heavy, waterproof blanket. After the piece of roofing has been replaced and the cut covered by an equal amount of material, 75 pounds of pitch and a protecting layer of 400 pounds of gravel or slag are applied to each 100 square feet

(Continued from Page 125)

Corson reached to take her arm. Stewart hastily raised Lana's hand and bent over it.

"I am indebted to you for a charming evening." He stood erect and his demeanor of manly sincerity removed every suggestion of sarcasm from the conventional phrase he had spoken quietly. "The charm, Senator Corson, has outweighed all the unpleasantness."

When he turned to retire Corson halted him with a curt word.

"Lana, I command you to go and join your partner."

But Miss Corson persisted in her rebelliousness. She did not relish the ominous threat that she perceived in the situation.

"I shall stay with you till you're in a better state of temper, father."

"You'll hear nothing to this man's credit if you do stay," said the senator acridly. "I have just talked on the phone with the governor, Mayor Morrison. He asked me to notify you that your mob which you have stirred up in your own city by your devilish speeches this evening is evidently on the warpath. He expects you to undo the mischief, seeing that your tongue is the guilty party!"

Lana turned startled gaze from her father to Morrison; amazement struggled with her indignation; the amazement was deepened by the mayor's mild rejoinder.

"Very well, senator. I have an excellent understanding with that mob."

"Making speeches to a mob!" Lana gasped. "I'll not allow even my father to say that about you, Stewart, and leave it undisputed."

"Your father is angry just now, Lana! Any discussion will provoke further unpleasantness."

"Confound you! Don't you dare to insult me by your condescending airs," thundered Corson. "You have your orders. Go and mix with your rabble and continue that understanding with 'em, if you can make 'em understand that law and order must prevail in this city to-night!"

The library was in a wing of the mansion, far from the street, and the three persons behind the screen had been entirely absorbed in their troubled affairs. They had heard none of the sounds from the street.

Somebody began to call in the corridor outside the library. The voice sounded above the music from the ballroom, and quavered with anxious entreaty as it demanded, over and over: "Senator Corson! Where are you, Senator Corson?"

"Here!" replied the senator.

His secretary rushed in.

"There's a mob outside, sir! A threatening mob."

"Ah! Morrison, your friends are looking you up!"

"They are radicals—anarchists. They must be!" panted the messenger. "They are yelling 'Down with the capitalists! Down with the aristocrats!' I ordered the shades pulled. The men seemed to be excited by looking in through the windows at the dancers in the ballroom!"

"There'll be no trouble. I'll answer for that," promised the mayor, marching away.

Before he reached the door the crash of splintered glass, the screams of women and shouts of men drowned the music.

Stewart went leaping down the stairs. When he reached the ballroom he found the frightened guests massed against the wall, as far from the windows as they could crowd. A wild battle of some sort was going on outside in the night, so oaths and cries and the grim thudding of battering fists revealed. Before Stewart could reach a window—one of those from which the glass had been broken—Commander Lanigan came through the aperture with a rush, skating to a standstill along the polished floor. Blood was on his hands. His sleeves hung in ribbons. In that scene of suspended gayety he was a particularly grisly interloper.

"They sneaked it over on us, Mister Mayor!" he yelled. "I got a tip and routed out the Legion boys and chased 'em, but the dirty Bullshevists beat us to it up the hill. But we've got 'em licked!"

"Keep 'em licked for the rest of the night," Morrison suggested. "I'll be downtown with you right away!"

But Lanigan in his raging excitement was not amenable to hints or orders, nor cautious in his revelations.

"We can handle things downtown, Your Honor! What we want to know is, What about uptown—up on Capitol Hill?"

"You've had my promise of what I'll do. And I'll do it!"

Senator Corson and his daughter had arrived in the ballroom. The senator was promptly and intensely interested in this cocksure declaration by Morrison.

"Your promise is the same as hard cash for me and the level-headed ones," retorted Commander Lanigan. "But whether it's the northern lights in the skies or plain hellishness in folks or somebody underneath stirring and stirring trouble and starting lies, I don't know! Lots of good boys have stopped being level-headed! I'll hold the gang down if I can, sir. But what I want to know is, Can we depend on you to tend to Capitol Hill? Are you still on the job? Can I tell 'em that you're still on the job?"

"You can tell 'em all that I'm on the job from now till morning," shouted the mayor. He was heard by the men outside. They gave his declaration a howl of approval.

"The people will be protected," drawled an unseen admirer.

Stewart hurried to Senator Corson and was not daunted by that gentleman's blazing countenance.

"I'm sorry, sir. This seems to be a flareback of some sort. I'll have police on guard at once!"

"You'll protect the people, eh? There's a flatterer in your mob, Morrison! You can't even give window glass in this city suitable protection—a mayor like you! I'll have none of your police round my premises." He turned to his secretary. "Call the adjutant general at the State House and tell him to send a detachment of troops here."

"I trust they'll cooperate well with the police I shall send," stated the mayor stiffly. He hastened from the room.

When Stewart had donned hat and overcoat and was about to leave the mansion by the main door Lana stepped in front of him.

"Stewart, you must stop for a moment—you must deny it, what father has been saying to me about you just now!"

"Your father is angry—and in anger a man says a whole lot that he doesn't mean. I'm in a hurry—and a man in a hurry spoils anything he tries to tell. We must let it wait, Lana."

"But if you go on—go on as you're going—crushing Mr. Daunt's plans—spoiling your own grand prospects—antagonizing my father—paying no heed to my advice!" The girl's sentences were galloping breathlessly.

"We'll have time to talk it over, Lana!"

"What! Talk it over after you have been reckless enough to spoil everything? You must stand with your friends, I tell you! Father is wiser than you! Isn't he right?"

"I—I guess he thinks he is—but I can't talk about it." He was backing toward the door.

"You must know what it means—for us two—if you go headlong against him. I stand staunchly for my father—always!"

"I reckon you'll have to be sort of loyal to your father—but I can't talk about it! Not now!" he repeated. He was uncomfortably aware that he had no words to fit the case.

"But if you don't stand with him you're in with the rabble—the rabble!" she declared indignantly. "He says you are! Stewart, I know you won't insult his wisdom and deny my prayer to you! Only a few moments ago I was ready—but I cannot say those words to you unless—you understand!"

This interview had been permitted only because Senator Corson's attention had been absorbed by Mrs. Stanton's hysterical questions.

But the lady's fears did not affect her eyesight. She had noted Lana's departure and she caught a glimpse of the mayor when he strode past the ballroom door with his hat in his hand.

"Yes, I'll be calm, senator! I'm sure that we'll be perfectly protected. Lana followed the mayor just now, and I suppose she is insisting on a double detail of police."

The senator promptly followed, too, to find out more exactly what Lana was insisting on.

"Haven't you joined your rabble yet, Morrison?" Corson queried insolently when he came upon the two.

"I'm going, sir—going right along!"

Lana set her hands together, the fingers interlaced so tightly that the flesh was as white as her cheeks

"'Your rabble!' Stewart! Oh! Oh!"

In spite of her thinly veiled threat of a few moments ago there was piteous protest in her face and voice.

"According to suggestions from all quarters I don't seem to fit any other kind of society just now," he replied ruefully. He marched out into the night.

"Call my car," Senator Corson directed a servant. In the reception hall he encountered Silas Daunt. "Slip on your hat and coat. Come along with me to the State House. I'll show you how practical politics can settle a rumpus after a visionary has tumbled down on his job!"

XII

AT ELEVEN o'clock Adj. Gen. Amos Totten set up the cinch of his sword belt by a couple of holes and began another tour of inspection of the State House. He considered that the parlous situation in state affairs demanded full dress. During the evening he had been going on his rounds at half-hour intervals. On each trip he had been much pleased by the strict martial discipline and alertness displayed by his guardsmen. The alertness was especially noticeable; every soldier was tautly at 'tention when the boss warrior hove in sight. General Totten was portly and came down hard on his heels with an elderly man's slumping gait, and his sword clattered loudly and his movements were as well advertised as those of a belled cat in a country kitchen.

In the interims between the tours of General Totten Capt. Danny Sweetsir did his best to keep his company up to duty pitch, but he was obliged to admit to himself that the boys were not taking the thing as seriously as soldiers should. Squads were scattered all over the lower part of the great building, guarding the various entrances. While Captain Sweetsir was lecturing the tolerant listeners of one squad he was irritably aware that the boys of the squads that were not under espionage were doing nigh about everything that a soldier on duty should not do, their diversions limited only by their lack of resources.

Therefore when General Totten complimented him at eleven o'clock Captain Sweetsir had no trouble at all in disguising his gratification and in assuming the approved sour demeanor of military gravity. Even then his ears, sharpened by his indignation, caught the clicking of dice on tiles.

"Of course there will be no actual trouble to-night," said the general, removing his cap and stroking his bald head complacently. "I have assured the boys that there will be no trouble. But this experience is excellent military training for them, and I'm pleased to note that they're thoroughly on the qui vive."

Captain Sweetsir on his own part did not apprehend trouble, either, but the A. G.'s bland and unconscious encouragement of laxity was distinctly irritating.

"Excuse me, sir, but I have been telling 'em right along that there will be a rumpus. I was trying to key 'em up!"

"Remember that you're a citizen as well as a soldier!" The general rebuked his subaltern sternly. "Don't defame the fair name of your city and state, sir! The guard has been called out by His Excellency, the commander in chief, merely as a precaution. The presence of troops in the State House—their mere presence here—has cleared the whole situation. Mayor Morrison agrees with me perfectly on that point."

"He does?" demanded the captain eagerly, showing relief. "Why, I was afraid ——" He checked himself.

"Of what, sir?"

"He didn't look like giving three cheers when I told him in the mill office that we had been ordered out."

"Mayor Morrison called me on the telephone in the middle of the day and I explained to him why it was thought necessary to have the State House guarded."

"And what did he say?" urged the captain, still more eagerly. Again he caught himself. He saluted. "I beg your pardon, General Totten. I have no right to put questions to my superior officer."

But General Totten was not a military martinet. He was an amiable gentleman from civil life, strong with the proletariat because he had been through the chairs in many fraternal organizations, and therefore handy in politics; and he was strong with the governor on account of another fraternal tie—his sister was the governor's wife. General Totten as a professional mixer enjoyed a chat.

(Continued on Page 132)

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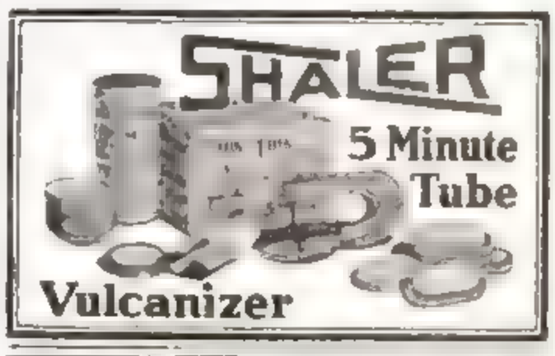

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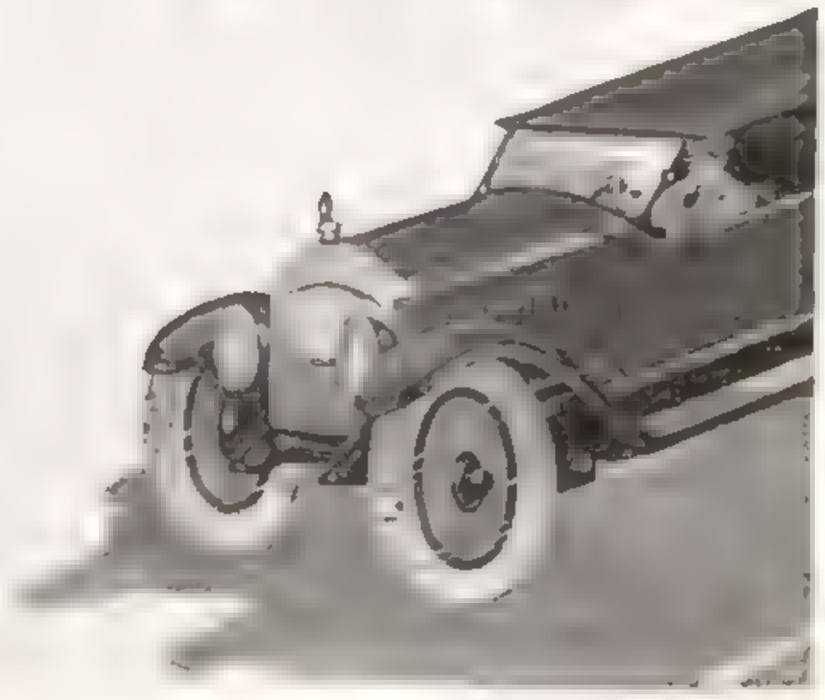

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(Continued from Page 129)

"That's all right, captain. What did the mayor say, you ask? He courteously made no comment. Official tact! He is well gifted in that line. His manner spoke for him—signified his complete agreement. He was cordially polite! Very!"

The general put on his cap and slanted it at a jaunty angle.

"And he still approves; is very grateful for the manner in which I'm handling the situation. He called me only a few minutes ago from his residence! I informed him that all was serene on Capitol Hill."

"And what did he say when he called you this time?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing by way of criticism. Distinctly affable!"

Captain Sweetsir did not display the enthusiasm that General Totten seemed to expect.

"Let's see, captain! You are employed by him?"

"Not quite that way. I'm a mill student—learning the wool business at St. Ronan's."

"Aren't you and Mayor Morrison friendly?"

"Oh, yes! Certainly, sir! But ——"

Captain Sweetsir appeared to be having much difficulty in completing his sentences now that Stewart Morrison had become the topic of conversation.

"But what?"

"He didn't say anything, you tell me?"

"His cordiality spoke louder than words. And of course I was glad to meet him halfway. I have invited him to call at the State House, if he cares to do so, though the hour is late. And now I come to the matter of my business with you, Captain Sweetsir," stated the general, putting a degree of official sanction on his garrulity in the case of this subordinate. "If Mayor Morrison does come to the State House to-night, by any chance, you may admit him."

"Did he say anything about coming?"

"Mayor Morrison understands that I am handling everything so tactfully that an official visit by him might be considered a reflection on my capability. His politeness equals mine, captain. Undoubtedly he will not trouble to come. If he should happen to call unofficially you will please see to it that politeness governs."

"Yes, sir. But the other orders hold good, do they, politeness or no politeness?"

"For mobs and meddling politicians, certainly. I put them all in the same class in a time like this."

General Totten clucked a stuffy chuckle and clanked on his official way.

Captain Sweetsir heard a sound that was fully as exasperating as the click of dice; somebody somewhere in the dimly lighted rotunda was snoring. He had previously found sluggards asleep on settees; he went in search of the latest offender. But his thoughts were occupied principally by reflection on that peculiar reticence of the Morrison of St. Ronan's; Mill Student Sweetsir was assailed by doubts of the correctness of General Totten's comfortable conclusions. Mr. Sweetsir, in the line of business, had had opportunity on previous occasions to observe the reaction of the Morrison's reticence.

The adjutant general did not bother with the elevator. He marched up the middle of the grand stairway.

The State House was only partially illuminated, with discreet stint of lights. All the outside incandescents of dome, porte-cochère and vestibules had been extinguished. The inside lights were limited to those in the corridors and the lobbies. The great building on Capitol Hill seemed like a cowardly giant, clumsily intent on being inconspicuous.

General Totten did not harmonize with the hush. He was distinctly an ambulatory noise in the corridor which led to the executive department. He was announced informally therefore to His Excellency. There was no way of announcing oneself formally to the governor at that hour, except by rapping on the door of the private chamber. The reception room was empty, the private secretary was not on duty, the messenger of the governor and of the executive council had been informed by Governor North that his services would not be required for the rest of the evening.

Being both adjutant general and brother-in-law Totten did not bother to knock. The governor was at his broad table in the center of the room; the big chandelier above the table was ablaze, and the shadows of the grooves on North's face were accentuated. He was staring at the opening door with an expectancy that had been fully apprized as to the caller's identity, and he was not cordial.

"You make a devilish noise lugging that meat cleaver round, Amos. What's the use of all the full-dress nonsense?"

"Official example and"—the general bore down hard on the conjunction—"the absolute necessity of a civilian officer getting into uniform when he exercises authority. I know human nature!"

"All right. Maybe you do. But don't trip yourself up with that sword and fall down and break your neck," advised the governor, satirically solicitous as one of the family. "Anything stirring downstairs?"

"The situation is being handled perfectly. Everybody alert. It's wonderful training for the guards."

"I haven't liked the sound of reports from the city. Has any news come to you lately?"

"Nothing of special importance. Only a little disturbance, or the threat of one, in the vicinity of Senator Corson's residence. His secretary called up. I sent a few boys down there."

"A disturbance?" barked North.

"I didn't quite gather the details. The man ran his words together." General Totten helped himself to one of his brother-in-law's cigars.

"This sounds serious. Why the infernal blazes don't you wake up?"

"An officer commanding troops mustn't be thrown off his poise by every flurry. What would happen if I didn't keep my head?"

"When was this?"

"Oh, maybe half an hour ago," replied the adjutant general with martial indifference to any mere rumblings of popular discontent.

"That's probably the reason why Corson hasn't got along yet. I'm expecting him. I sent for him." North twitched his nose; his eyeglasses dropped off and dangled at the end of their cord. "I have sent explicit orders to Mayor Morrison to tend to that mob that he has been coddling. He's letting 'em get away from him if what you say is so."

"Oh, the mayor and I are in perfect accord and are handling the situation. I have just been talking with him on the telephone." Totten settled his cigar into the corner of his mouth.

"Where is he?"

"At his residence. Showing that he isn't any more worried than I am."

"Well, if he has got the thing in hand again I hope he'll stay at his residence. If reports are anything to go by he didn't help matters by going downtown and making speeches to that rabble."

"Politeness wins in the long run, Lawrence, whether you're talking to the mob or the masters. I make it my principle in life. Tact and diplomacy. Harmony and ——"

"Hell and repeat!" stormed North. "You and Morrison are not taking this thing the way you ought to! In accord, say you! He is torching 'em up and you are grinning while the fire burns! Fine teamwork! Amos, you get in accord with me and my orders! You keep away from Morrison till I can make sure that he stands clean in his party loyalty!"

His Excellency was stuttering in his wrath, and the general determined to be discreetly silent as to his recent tender of politeness to Morrison through the captain of the guards. Furthermore, Totten's self-complacency assured him that the mayor of Marion was leaving the affairs on Capitol Hill in the hands of the accredited commander on Capitol Hill.

Governor North pulled open a drawer of the table. He threw a bunch of keys to his brother-in-law.

"I had the messenger leave these with me. Lock up all the doors of the council chamber. Leave only my private door unlocked."

The adjutant general caught the keys.

"But you certainly don't expect any trouble up here, with my guards ——"

"It's plenty enough of a job for a cat to watch one rat hole! Lock up, I tell you!"

XIII

WHILE General Totten was bruising his dignity in the menial work of a turnkey, Governor North received two visitors. They were furred gentlemen who entered abruptly by the private door—the before-mentioned rat hole—but the waiting cat did not pounce. On the contrary one

(Continued on Page 134)

The Message That Can't Be Printed

A big limousine passed my car this morning.

Two men occupied it. They were well past middle age and wear the same sized hat. I have known them both since childhood.

But—one man wore a chauffeur's uniform and drove. The other man owned the car.

And the difference between the two was simply that the man who rode had received the message that can't be printed and the one who drove had not.

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It can't be printed—or written—or spoken—simply because it is a message that can come only from You to You.

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And all of them delivered to themselves the message that can't be printed, before they acted—before they took the first step toward the insurance of their Future by enrolling with this University.

Our daily mail brings scores of letters telling of promotion—of one hundred and even one thousand per cent increases in earnings—proof that the man who acts upon the realization of the fact that what he does Today makes his Tomorrow, is on the right road.

Life to the majority of men seems to be a deep, dark mystery—the reasons for success shrouded in an impenetrable cloak of darkness studded with question marks.

Yet—ask these same men how to become a swimmer, a ball player, a boxer, etc., and they'll give you the correct plan in a jiffy.

And if they only knew it, the governing principles of success in Life are identical, no matter whether applied to business or pastime.

No man who wanted to become proficient in athletics would take up a dozen different sports and expect to excel in all of them. He would concentrate on one line—boxing—swimming—golf—or whatever it might be.

Business is identically the same. To attain success, win promotion, a man must specialize and concentrate on one branch. Every man can't be a champion in sport—every man can't be a millionaire—but—every man who specializes and trains is certain to become more efficient, more productive than the millions who drift aimlessly along.

That is why LaSalle offers specialized training—training in law, higher accountancy, banking and finance, business administration, business correspondence, industrial management efficiency, foreign and domestic traffic, etc.

The men who take up LaSalle training become specialists. And in the specialized fields of business, opportunities always have and always will outnumber the men available to fill them.

Now your man who took up a sport and wanted to become proficient in it, would first go to someone who knew to learn the basic principles, and then train so that he could efficiently practice them.

Having decided on a specialized branch of business, when you enroll with LaSalle you are given the bedrock principles and the LaSalle problem method of training makes you efficient in the use of knowledge you acquire, so that when you graduate, you are above all a *practical* man—ready to step into and properly fill one of the many openings that await you.

That's the whole story; whether in pastime or business—choose one branch—become a specialist—a really practical trained man—and that moment you lift yourself above the mass of untrained humanity and your reward is only limited by You, yourself.

No, I'm not getting away from the "message"; I'm keeping close to it. These are the facts that go with it.

Many men have questioned the practicability of extension training—of spare-time instruction at home.

There are two elements which assure the serious man success under the LaSalle plan.

First of all, we have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in perfecting extension training methods that give our students maximum results.

And then; the man who takes up specialized training through the medium of the mail is in deadly earnest; he wants promotion—progress—more money—the better things of life. And that attitude of mind foreordains success.

One case comes to my mind of a LaSalle man trained by mail, who passed the bar examination in his state with honors above those of men who studied law at some of the greatest resident universities in the world.

Now—back to the "message." Its delivery to yourself is simply the resolution to act on the things you realize are so—to take the step that you know will insure your future and that of those you care for.

But—that message can't be delivered by any man but You.

What are You going to do?

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CALORIC

THE ORIGINAL PIPELESS FURNACE TRIPLE-CASING PATENT

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(Continued from Page 132)

of the furred intruders did the pouncing. It was Senator Corson, and he was furiously angry.

"What kind of a damnable fool has been giving off orders to those soldiers? I have been tramping round outside this State House from door to door, held up everywhere and insulted by those young whelps"

"I don't see how that could happen," protested the governor.

"Who gave off such orders?"

"There were no orders, not in your case. I didn't think it was necessary to specify anything in regard to you, senator. Do you mean to tell me that there's a man down there who didn't recognize you—who refused to allow you to pass without question?"

"They all know me! Of course they know me! And that's the whole trouble. They made that the reason why they wouldn't let me in here."

"How in the devil's name could that be?"

The governor's anger, which promised punishment for the offenders, served Senator Corson in lieu of apology.

"I was informed that there were strict orders not to admit politicians. According to those lunkheads at the doors I came under that classification." The senator threw off his coat. "And Daunt, here, was penalized on account of the company he was keeping. Find out who gave those orders."

General Totten had locked the doors and was nervously jangling the keys.

"Amos, what kind of a fool have you been making yourself with your orders?" the governor demanded.

"I—I think some instructions of mine in regard to admitting any of those persons whose seats are in dispute—probably those orders were misconstrued. My guards are very zealous—very alert," affirmed the adjutant general, putting as good a face on the matter as was possible.

He fully realized that this was no time to mention that exception in favor of Mayor Morrison or to explain that he had intended to have Captain Sweetsir accept the more recent statement about politicians humorously instead of literally.

"There are two of those alert patriots who have had their zeal dulled for the time being," stated the senator, showing his teeth with a grim smile. "I stood the impertinence as long as I could, and then I walked in."

"We did issue strict instructions, as Amos has intimated," the governor pleaded. "Some of those Socialists and Progressives who are claiming their seats hired counsel and proposed to force their way into the House and Senate chambers and make a test case, inviting forcible expulsion. I'm reckoning that my plan of forcible exclusion leaves us in cleaner shape."

"I'm not sure just how clean the whole thing is going to leave us, North." The senator tossed his coat upon a huge divan at one side of the chamber and invited Daunt to dispose of his own coat in like fashion. Corson came to the table and sat sidewise on one corner of it. "You know how I feel about your pressing the election statutes to the extent you have. But we've got the old nag right in the middle of the river, and we've got to attend to swimming instead of swapping. I think in spite of all their howling the other crowd will take their medicine as the courts hand it to them, when the election cases go up for adjudication. But there's a gang in every community that always takes advantage of any signs of a mix-up in higher authority. My house got merry hell from a mob a little while ago. There's no political significance in the matter, however!"

The governor queried anxiously for details, and Corson gave them. He bitterly arraigned Morrison's stand. North came to his feet and banged his fist on the table.

"What! Take that attitude toward a mob in his own city! Strike hands with a ringleader of a riot—do it under a violated roof! Do it after what he promised me in the way of coöperation for law and order! Has he completely lost his mind, Senator Corson?"

"I think so," stated the senator with sardonic venom. "I'll admit that the thing isn't exactly clear to me—what he's trying to do—what he's thinking. A crazy man's actions and whims seldom are understandable by a sane man. But—so I gather, after showing us, as he has this evening, a sample of his work in running municipal government—he now proposes to take full charge of state matters."

"What!" yelled the governor.

"Yes! Promised the ringleader of the mob to come up here and run everything on Capitol Hill. In behalf of the people—as the people's protector!" The senator's irony rasped like a file on metal.

Banker Daunt was provoked to add his evidence.

"It's exactly as my friend Corson says, governor. I have been hearing some fine soviet doctrines from the mouth of Morrison this evening. Not at all stingy about giving his help to all those who need it! Gave pledge of assistance to the fellow in the ballroom, as Corson says. Understood him to say that he is coming up here to help you too!"

"I rather expected to find him here," pursued the senator. "He went away in a great hurry to go somewhere. But after my experience with your alert soldiers downstairs, Totten, I'm afraid our generous savior is going to be bothered about getting in."

The adjutant general pulled off his cap and scrubbed his palm nervously over the glossy surface that was revealed.

"You might give some special orders to admit him," suggested Corson. "He'll be a great help in an emergency."

"This settles it with me as to Morrison and his conception of law and order," affirmed Governor North. "I have been depending on him to handle his city. I'd as soon depend on Lenine and the kind of government he's running in Russia."

"According to the samples furnished by both, I think Lenine would rank higher as help," said the senator. "At least he has shown that he knows how to handle a mob. But we may as well calm down, North, and attend to our own business. We are making altogether too much account of a silly nincompoop. Daunt and I let our feelings get away from us this evening on the same subject. But we woke up promptly. Morrison was in a position to help his friends and to amount to something as an aid in that line. Now that he is running with the rabble for some purpose of his own, he can be ignored. He amounts to nothing—to that!" He snapped a derogatory finger into his palm. "We can handle that rabble, Morrison included." He turned to the adjutant general.

"Your men seem to be alert enough in keeping out gentlemen who ought to be let in. Do you think you can depend on them to keep out real intruders?"

"Oh, yes!" faltered Totten absent-mindedly.

He was trying to clear his troubled thoughts in regard to the matter of Morrison, who was now presented in a light where politeness might not be allowed to govern the situation.

"Have they been put to any test of their courage and reliability? Have they been up against any actual threats from the outside this evening?"

"No, but I can depend on them to the limit, Senator Corson. I have been on regular tours of inspection. They are a cool and nervy set of young men, and I have impressed on them a sense of what a soldier on duty should be."

"Very well, Totten. Nevertheless, let us hope that the mob fools have gone home to bed, including our friend Morrison. He needs his sleep; I believe he still follows the family rule of being in his mill at seven in the morning. He's a good millman, even if he isn't much of a politician."

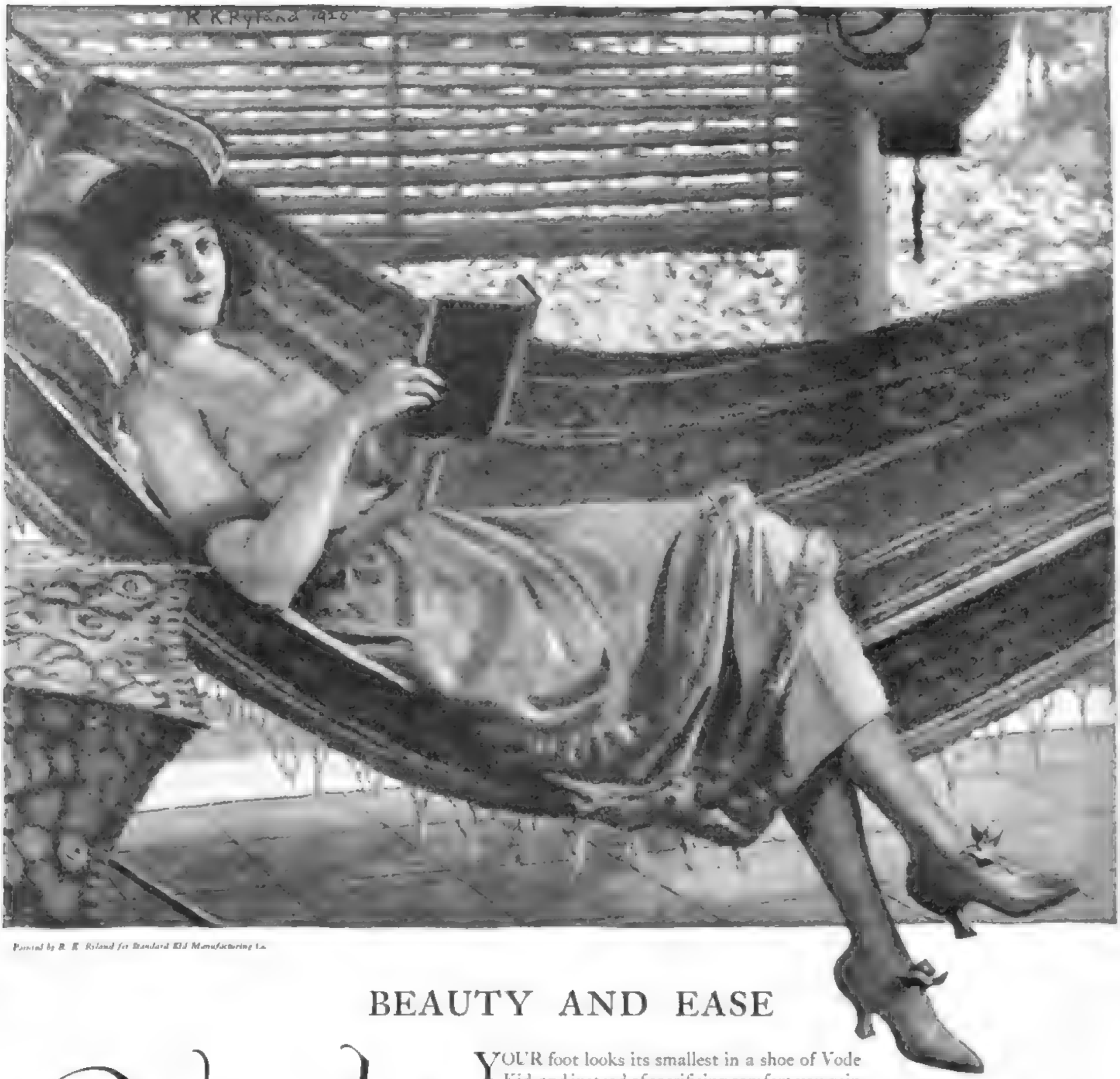
"And I don't look for any trouble, anyway," declared General Totten, adding in his thoughts for his further consolation the assurance that at half past eleven, so the clock on the wall revealed to his gaze, such an early riser as Morrison must be abed and asleep; therefore the exception for the sake of politeness did not threaten to complicate affairs.

But at that instant something else did threaten. Through the arches and corridors of the State House rang the sounds of tumult, breaking on the hush with terrifying suddenness. One voice shouting with frenzied violence prefaced the general uproar; there was the crashing of shattered wood. The rifles barked angrily.

"My God, North! I've been afraid of it!" Corson lamented. "You have crowded 'em too hard!"

"I'm going by the law, Corson! The election law! The statute law! And the riot laws of this state! The law says a mob must be put down!"

(Continued on Page 138)



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(Continued from Page 134)

An immediate and reassuring silence suggested that the law had prevailed and that a mob had been put down in this instance. Corson, whose face was white and whose eyes were distended, voiced that conviction.

"If a gang had been able to get in they'd be howling their heads off. But it was quick over!"

The men in the executive chamber stood in their tracks and exchanged troubled glances in silence.

"Amos, what are you waiting for?" demanded His Excellency.

"For a report—an official report on the matter," mumbled the adjutant general, steadying his trembling hands by shoving them inside his sword belt.

"Go down and find out what it all means."

"I can save time by telephoning to the watchman's room," demurred Totten.

"Incidentally saving your skin!" the governor rapped back. "But I don't care how you get the information if only you get it, and get it sudden!"

Totten went to the house telephone in the private secretary's room and called and waited; he called again and waited.

"Nobody is on his job in this State House to-night!" His Excellency's fears had wire-edged his temper. "By gad, you go down there and tend to yours, as I have told you to do, Amos, or I'll take that sword and race you along the corridor on the point of it!"

"We must be informed on what this means," insisted the senator.

There was a rap on the private door. Again the men in the executive chamber swapped uneasy glances. Corson's demeanor invited the governor to assume the responsibility.

His Excellency was manifestly shirking. He looked over his shoulder in the direction of the fireplace as if he felt an impulse to arm himself with the ornamental poker and tongs.

"May I come in?"

The voice was that of the mayor of Marion. The voice was deprecatory.

"Come in!" invited North.

Morrison entered. He greeted them with a wide smile that did not fit the seriousness of the situation as they viewed it. There was humor behind the smile; it suggested suppressed hilarity; it hinted that he had something funny to tell them. But their grim countenances did not encourage him.

"If I am intruding on important business ——"

"Shut the door behind you! What is it? What happened?" demanded North.

Before shutting the door Morrison reached into the gloom behind him and pulled in a soldier.

Stewart had put off his evening garb. He wore a business suit of the shaggy gray mixture that was one of the staples among the products of St. Ronan's Mill. His matter-of-fact attire was not the only element that set him out in sharp contrast among the clawhammers and uniforms in the room; he was bubbling with undisguised merriment; Corson, Daunt and the governor were sullenly anxious; even the young soldier looked flustered and frightened.

"I have brought along Paul Duchesne so that you may have it from his own mouth! Go ahead, Duchesne! Let 'em in on the joke! Gentlemen, get ready for a laugh!" Stewart set an example for them by a suggestive chuckle.

"Your arrival in the State House seems to have been attended by considerable of a demonstration," commented Senator Corson, recovering himself sufficiently to indulge in his animosity. "Judging from your success in starting other riots this evening I ought to have guessed that you were in the neighborhood."

"My arrival had nothing whatever to do with the demonstration, senator. Go on, Duchesne!"

"I jomped maself," stammered the soldier, a particularly crestfallen Canuck.

"I see you don't grasp the idea," Morrison hastened to put in. "We mustn't have the flavor of the joke spoiled. I know Paul, here; he works in my mill. He has a little affliction that's rather common among French-Canadians. He's a jumper." He suddenly clapped the youth on the shoulder and yelled "Hi!" so loudly that all the auditors leaped in trepidation. The soldier leaped the highest, flung his arms about wildly and let out a resounding yelp.

"That's the idea!" explained Stewart. "A congenital nervous trouble. Jumpers, they are called!"

"What the devil is this all about?" raged the governor.

"Tell 'em, Paul! Hurry up!"

"I gone off on de nap on a settee," muttered Duchesne, twisting his fingers together.

General Totten winced.

"Dere ban whole lot o' dem gone off on de nap, too," asserted the guard, offering defense for himself.

"By way of showing alertness, Totten!" growled the senator.

"So I ban dream somet'ing! Ba gar, I dream dat t'ree or two bobcat he come ——"

"Never mind the details of the dream Paul!" interposed Morrison. "These gentlemen have business! Get 'em to the laugh, quick!"

"Ma big button on ma belt she caught on de crack between de slat of dat settee. And when I fight all dat bobcat dat jomp on maself, ba gee, it was de settee dat fall on me, and I fight dat all over de floor. Dat's all! Oh, yes! Dey all wake up and shoot!"

"And nobody hurt!" stated Morrison. He gazed at the sour faces of the listeners. "Great Scott! Doesn't Duchesne's battle to the death with a settee get even a grin? What's the matter with all of you?"

"We seem to be quite all right—in our normal senses," returned the senator icily. "I believe there are persons who gibber and giggle at mishaps to others—but I also believe that such a peculiar sense of humor is confined largely to institutions for the refuge of the feeble-minded."

"You may go back to your nap, Duchesne."

The mayor turned on the soldier and spoke sharply. He followed the young man to the door and closed it behind Duchesne. He marched across the chamber and faced the surly governor.

"I brought the boy here, Your Excellency, so that you might get the thing straight. I hope you believe him, even if you don't take much stock in me!" Morrison's face matched the others in gravity. There was an incisive snap in his tone. "I happened to be in the rotunda when the ——"

"How did you happen to be in the rotunda, sir—past the guards?"

"I walked in."

"By whose permission?"

"Why, I reckoned it must have been yours," returned Stewart calmly.

"I gave no such permission."

"Well, at any rate I was informed by the guards that a special exception had been made in my case. Furthermore, Governor North, you told me this evening that if I needed any specific information I could find you at the State House."

"By telephone, sir! By telephone! I distinctly stipulated that!"

"I'm sorry! I was considerably engrossed by non-political matters just then. Perhaps I didn't get you straight. However, telephone conferences are apt to be unsatisfactory for both parties. I'm glad I came up. I assure you it's no personal inconvenience to me, sir."

"There's a fine system of military guard here, and a fine bunch to enforce it! That's what I've got on my mind to say!" whipped out the senator. "If one man and a settee can show up your soldiers in that fashion, Totten, what will a real affair do to them?"

"Nobody sent for you, Mayor Morrison. Nobody understands why you're here," stated Governor North. "You're not needed."

The intruder hesitated for a few moments. His eyes found no welcome in any of the faces in the executive chamber. He swapped a whimsical smile for their frowns.

"Well, at all events, I'm here," he said mildly.

He was carrying his overcoat on his arm, his hat in his hand. He went across the room and laid the garment carefully on the divan, smoothing its folds. His manner indicated that he felt that the coat might be lying there for some little time, and consideration for good cloth was ingrained in a Morrison.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CIRCUS GIRL

(Concluded from Page 34)

little bride clinging almost hysterically to her lover's arm while he with whip and voice urged the old spotted horse to put his best foot forward and save the day for romance.

To this good old circus horse's credit be it recorded that he did his devoir nobly and succeeded in landing the runaways at the house of a county justice with enough leeway in point of time to permit the marriage to be solemnized in due form just about sixty seconds before the enemy hove in sight.

They do say that as soon as the old lady found that she had arrived too late she turned her horse about, went back to her circus and has never seen or spoken to the girl from that day to this.

Then there was the romance of Tex McLeod and Emily Stickney. You see Tex was a rider and roper who had come up from the Lone Star State and joined out with the circus. He had won several championships at round-ups and rodeos in various parts of the country, being accounted quite a fellow among mighty knights of the lariat. But in circus parlance, like the eloping musician, he "didn't belong."

And Emily Stickney was as pretty as a June rose, coming honestly by her good looks and equestrian excellence, because she was the only daughter of Robert Stickney, who in the old days used to be called the Adonis of the sawdust ring. Moreover, she had five generations of notable and aristocratic circus lineage behind her. It will easily be seen, therefore, that there was a wide and yawning social gulf between this happy-go-lucky roughrider and the beautiful little star of silken tights and spangles.

One day not so long ago Tex was in a confidential mood and told me the story of his courtship, which perhaps I had better set down as nearly as may be in his own language.

"Oh, ya-as," drawled Tex with pardonable pride, "I got Emily at last. Put all the other roughriders on the toboggan, and those birds haven't forgiven me yet; because I outmarried 'em, that's what.

"Y' see 'twas this way: When first I joined out with the show I didn't pay much attention to the circus side of it. Ridin' and ropin' was my job, and we mostly did our act in the concert after the show. But one day I was in the big top when the main performance was goin' on an' I saw a little girl ridin' in the center ring. Did she look good to me?

"I'll bet four million dollars against a copper cent that she did!

"Well, I ups an' asked one of the property men who were standin' round there, 'Who's that little gal over there?' says I. You should of seen the look that pirate give me. One would think I asked for an introduction to a royal queen.

"'Oh,' says he, 'you want to know who that is, huh? Well, that ain't nobody but Miss Emily Stickney,' says he. 'Do you approve of the lady?' says he, kind of sarcastic-like.

"'Well,' says I, 'I thought perhaps I'd like to talk to her.'

"'Talk to her, huh? You would, huh? Why, you blamed long-legged buckaroo, don't you know that if you was to open your mouth to chat that gal like as not you'd get your head knocked off, besides bein' plastered all over with fines? You'd wear that lariat of yours out before you paid 'em.'

"After that I didn't need anybody to tell me then that I was up against it, but I didn't get a chance to speak to her for a long time. The best I could do was to buy candy and flowers and toss 'em in through the window of the sleeper so that they'd light in the middle of the stateroom which she and her mother had. But of course I didn't put no name onto them and she didn't never guess who was sendin' 'em. Sometimes she would come into the big top durin' the concert and watch me do my ropin' act. Leastways I thought she came in to see me. If she didn't, why, I jollied myself that she did.

"It went on that way for about three months. An' I never did get a chance to speak to her until one day we met in the connection between the menagerie and the big top. 'Twas the only chance I had, so I pulls off my hat an' says, 'Howdy, Miss Emily.' And she says, 'How d'ye do, Mr. McLeod.'

"I was gettin' desperate an' would have blurted the whole thing out, I guess, but just then along come the boss canvas man. I could of killed him right there in the scratch; yassir, tore his heart out and cut it into little bits, but you know how the circus is, an' Emily had to beat it.

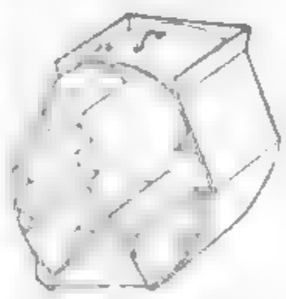
"It went along for a couple of months more an' still I didn't have no chance. The best I could do was to buy some pretty horse jewelry in the way of halters and such stuff and when nobody was round at night I'd slip into the horse tent and put 'em on the big white horse Emily rode in her principal act. That caused some gossip round the show, you may believe; because nobody knew who was doin' it, nor suspected me. I was certainly playin' what you might call a lone hand.

"Wall, I didn't have any luck at all until one day the horse Emily was ridin' in the parade got scared and started out galley west for glory. Believe me, I was the ridin' kid that day. I took after him down a side street, and if it hadn't been for the crowd and the slippery goin' I'd 'a' let him run two miles so as to get away from them people. But I got scared that Emily'd get hurt, so I corralled him before he had gone much over a city block. Then I turned round and seen some of the rest of 'em comin', so I told her as much as I could right there and I guess broke all records for rapid-fire talk.

"But Emily knew. She wouldn't give me her answer then. She just said that I'd have to ask her father and mother. Boy, boy, that was the hardest job I ever undertook in my life! I lay awake nights framing up what I was goin' to say. And the more I thought about it the worse I'd get. So one morning after parade I just walked up to Mr. Stickney, cold turkey, an' says I, 'Mr. Stickney, I want to marry Emily.' Say, perhaps you think he wasn't astonished. He didn't say nothin' because it seemed to take him all of a heap. I expected he was goin' to mention somethin' about my nerve, but he acted like a gentleman, an' thought a long time before he answered.

"Then he said kind of quietly, 'You'll have to see Emily's mother, Tex,' and turned and walked away.

"It took me all the rest of the season to persuade 'em that I was the right kind of a boy to marry their girl. But in the end it come out all right, an' at the close of the season we was married at Amarillo, Texas. No use talkin', I put one over on them other roughriders that time."



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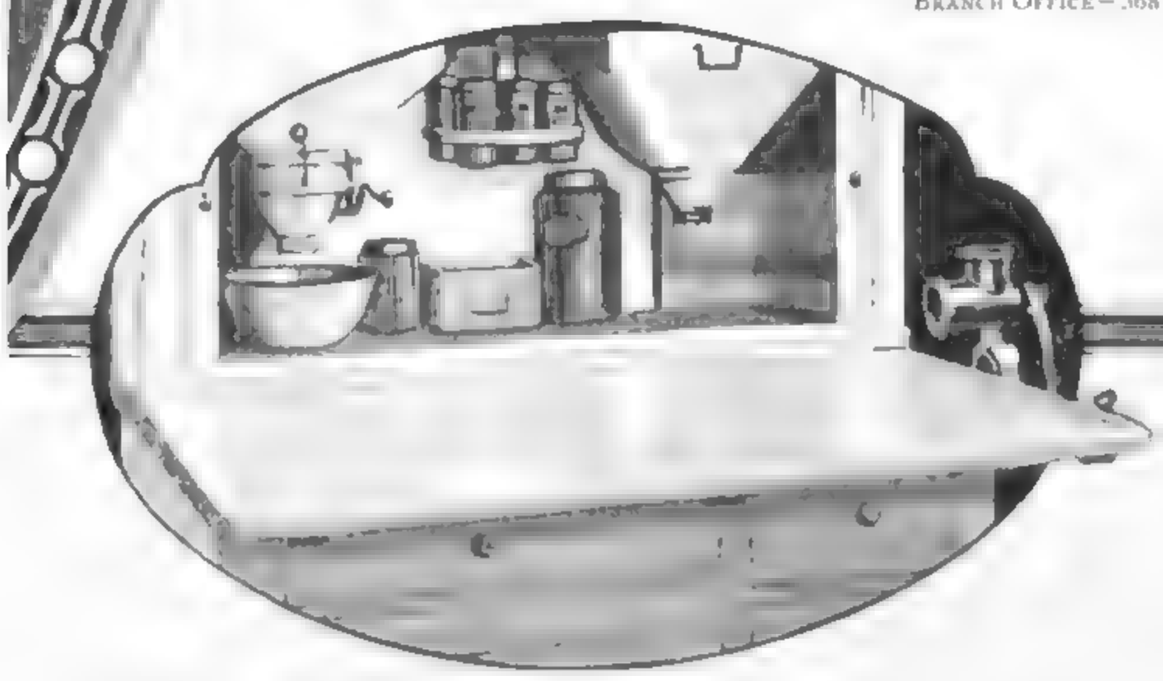

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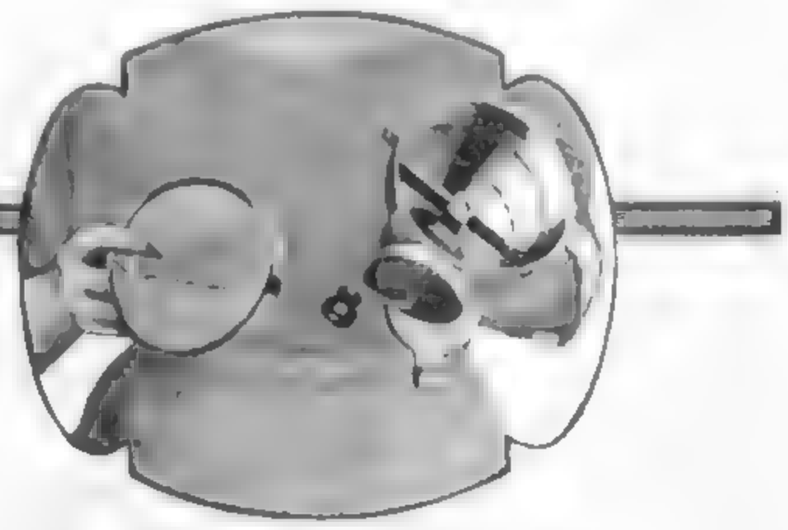

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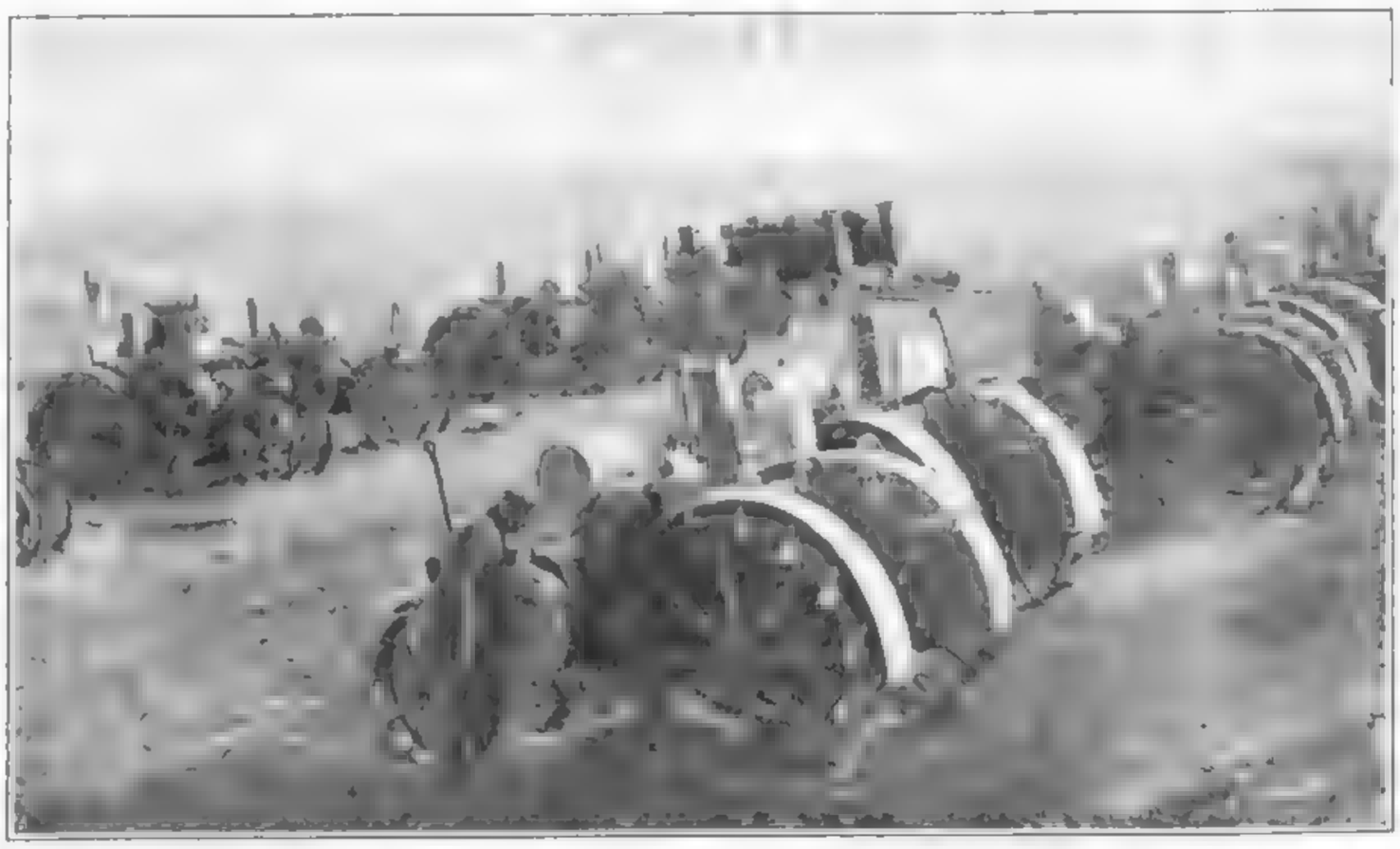
WHAT THE UNITED STATES HAS DONE FOR CENTRAL EUROPE

(Continued from Page 7)

will be approximately one milllon two hundred thousand tons of bread grains. This amount and more of wheat and rye will be lying as exportable surplus in Rumania, Bulgaria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. All that is necessary is for the selling or buying nations to transport the grain and for the buying nations to pay for it. But under this "all that is necessary" lie almost insuperable difficulties. Poland cannot pay with Polish marks, since the selling nations will not accept them; and the Poles can establish no credits with them elsewhere. Poland has now no manufactured commodities or services to offer. Of raw materials she has only coal and oil. Of coal she has not enough for her own use. Oil she cannot offer to Rumania, and it is more than doubtful if she could transport oil to the other selling countries Austria cannot pay for this grain with kronen. She has no raw materials to offer. Austria could furnish finished commodities if she could secure the raw materials and fuel with which to occupy her factories



A Battery of American Farm Tractors Sent to Serbia by the American Red Cross

It must be clearly realized that what the selling nations insist on are commodities or services, not currency. If commodities or services cannot be secured there is no motive for sale and the grain is likely to be kept at home. During the past six months American flour has fed Poles and Austrians while a surplus of grain lay in the Banat. Even if payment could be arranged, the railway and river transport is so disorganized that, according to present performances, a million tons of bread grains could not be transported from the three countries of origin to the two recipient nations in a year. And finally, the nations are not friendly.

Railway Equipment

Appalling as it must appear, it may still prove to be necessary to feed Austria and Poland in the winter and spring of 1921 with wheat drawn from North America, South America or Australia. The bill for this grain from overseas would be something over one hundred million dollars. Western and Central Europe seem to agree that this will have to be borne by the United States, though their reasons are not identical. The wits of the financiers of Europe seem limited to the act of pointing to the United States. The rational method of procedure would be to sell Rumania, Bulgaria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes railway equipment, oil and coal field machinery, agricultural implements, hardware and clothing and have them in return deliver grain to Poland and Austria.

If we extend credit it should be in equipment, not in foodstuffs.

The breakdown of transportation is probably the most serious feature of the situation in Central Europe. During the war engines and cars were worn out and otherwise destroyed in large numbers. The tracks are in relatively good condition except in Bulgaria and old Serbia. Of engines and cars still available only a small percentage are in good running condition; probably not over forty per cent of the locomotives that remain are in repair. According to recent figures, of the engines at hand in Central Europe about fifty per cent are in running order; of the cars some forty-two per cent are out of order. This must not be interpreted as indicating a particular inefficiency. Germany has to-day more locomotives than in 1913, and France has received from Germany some four thousand engines; but in each of these countries some forty per cent of the engines are out of repair. A large number of cars are out of commission on account of lack of friction metal to replace bearings. The replacements required are in many instances of an almost trivial nature; but lack of skilled labor, scarcity of the necessary raw materials, particularly copper, tin, rubber and steel, make repairs impossible. These repair parts could easily be made in our country. With the equipment available, the internal operations are relatively efficient and the service is being steadily improved.

Inefficiency in interstate operation of railways and waterways is almost as potent in disorganization of transport as breakdown of rolling stock. The rolling stock is to be reallotted and remarked, following the ratification of the Treaty of Peace; and until this occurs each state is afraid to allow its rolling stock to leave the country. A credit devoted to railway equipment in each country, in accordance with a careful survey of the needs and operation, together with a reorganization of repair shops, would do more for the reconstruction of Central Europe than anything else. The United States Government has recently sold a large amount of railway equipment on credit to Poland and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The United Kingdom, France and Italy have disposed of a certain amount of surplus railway equipment to these several nations. And the Baldwin Locomotive Works, as the result of a personal survey conducted by Vauclain, is supplying locomotives to several of these states on credit.

One of the Few Regular Trains Through the Balkans as It Looked at a Stop in Rumania

This has all been good enough so far as it goes; but the equipments furnished are not comprehensive enough to permit of a radical reorganization of the railway transportation. The Danube is as dead as the Mississippi. The Danube Commission, pending ratification of the Treaty of Saint-Germain and contending continuously against the sabotage of the competing nations, has been unable to any material degree to restore transportation upon the river, which formerly carried a huge bulk of agricultural commodities.

One factor in the railway situation that results in marked inefficiency of operation has been evolved from the new boundaries. Whenever a new boundary cuts across a railway line, turntables, roundhouses, terminal facilities and customhouses must be erected or otherwise supplied. The Director of Railways of Hungary told the writer that the new boundaries of that state made necessary sixty-two such installations. The disorganization in through traffic resulting from the new boundaries makes efficient operation almost impossible.

The Coal Famine

The coal production of the states of Central Europe is between sixty-five and seventy per cent of the normal. Only in Mährisch-Ostrau has it been possible to force the output to anything approaching the normal. The pending plebiscites in upper Silesia and in Teschen are attended with such conditions of disorder as to keep the output of coal low. Americans who feel that an election hurts business in this country should witness what a plebiscite does to business in Central Europe. The longer a plebiscite is delayed the greater is the disorder; and it apparently suits the pleasure of those in charge of these plebiscites to delay them as long as possible. The mines of Southern Hungary that passed into the possession of the Croats and Rumanians are not producing much.

This scarcity of coal strikes in every direction. It reduces the efficiency of the available transport. Householders receive so little as to be barely sufficient for the simplest preparation of food. The heating of houses is suspended for practical purposes. Factories are unable to obtain fuel. Public utilities are compelled to ration the people in street-car service, gas and electricity. Coal becomes an object of illicit traffic, like butter. Naturally the country of highest coal production suffers the least. Thus scarcity of coal is least observed in Czechoslovakia. It is most keenly felt in Austria. Even Poland, herself a producer, has only forty per cent of the prewar supply of coal.

The inefficiency of coal-mining operations is due in different localities and in varying degrees to several factors: Scarcity of

(Concluded on Page 146)

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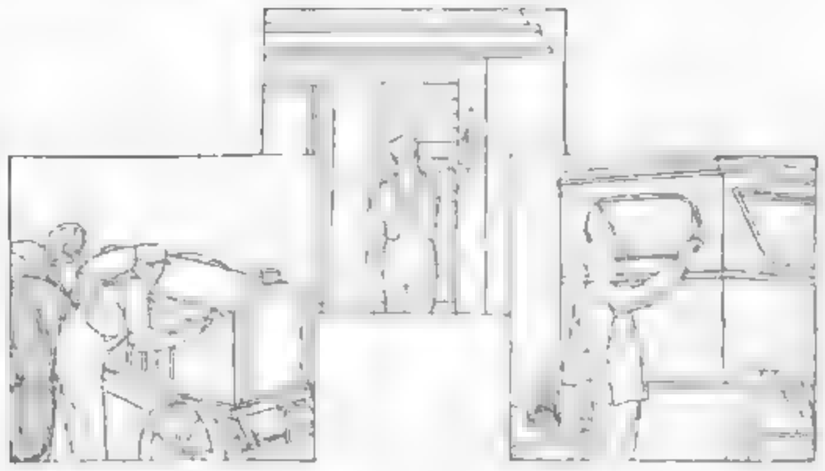

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cars; insufficiency of equipment, including explosives; scarcity of labor; the confusion of strikes and plebiscites; and evacuations due to transfer of mines from one nation to another. The attempt to define the coal production and needs of Central Europe as a unit runs counter to the national sense of possession of coal fields.

"If the Silesian basin coal is to be allocated," retort the Czech and the Pole, "why not the coal of the United Kingdom?"

Shipment of coal into Central Europe is not to be thought of except from Germany, whence before the war large supplies were drawn. Whenever an additional ton of coal goes from Germany to Central Europe it means that one ton less goes to Belgium, France or Italy; this simple fact explains why the Entente are not especially concerned in shipping German coal into Central Europe. Shipment of American coal, except for port requirements, is out of the question, if for no other reason than inability to transport inland. The American Relief Administration and the United States Grain Corporation have had trouble enough in shipping flour from port inland, to say nothing of attempting shipment of coal.

The Handicaps of Industry

It is very easy to frame statistical programs for the importation of basic materials. One can multiply the average prewar importation of raw materials by five, representing the years of war, and then placidly assume that these must be made up and that it is up to the world —or us—to do so. Or one can measure the depletion of society in the products of raw materials and argue that it is necessary to repair this depletion in the shortest possible space of time. Or one can take the prewar manufacturing capacity of the country under discussion and predicate the full employment of the plants as a necessary step in the desired restoration of economic life. But this is all grossly overdrawn when applied to actual conditions. What is wanted is the engineering viewpoint, not the statistical statement.

It is of course true that a manufacturing community cannot work without raw materials. But it is equally true that raw material is only one of the variables of industrial activity, and that coal, transportation, labor, banking facilities, and the enterprise of the *entrepreneur* are equally necessary. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link and the manufacturing of no European state can be restored until all the factors are in operation. In the current discussions of the need of raw materials and the obligation of the different countries to supply these on credit it is tacitly assumed to a greater or less extent that nothing is lacking but the raw materials and that if these were furnished on credit the wheels of industry would hum as they did before the war.

Now this is not at all the case, as will be testified to by every American who has gone into Central Europe—or into Germany, France or Italy—in the hope of selling raw materials on credit according to the scheme of a rotating fund. It is necessary to be explicit on this point. It does no good for a cotton mill in Vienna, Prague or Lodz to secure cotton on credit unless guaranties are at hand that coal, transport and banking facilities are available and that the conditions of the total operation are such as to make the owner of the enterprise desire to undertake the risks of operation. It does no good to pile up raw material that cannot be fabricated. It does little good to fabricate raw material if the finished product cannot be shipped out or distributed.

Under the circumstances of confusion and disorganization everywhere prevalent in Central Europe it is quite impossible to prepare a cost sheet. The *entrepreneur* buys in one exchange and sells in another, the cost of labor fluctuates daily, coal and transport are a gamble, he does not know what the tax authorities of his country plan to do with his capital or his income, he has no guaranties of import and export licenses, he has not been told what the reparations commission intends to do with his output. Under these circumstances, despite the most compelling motives for activity, constructive enterprise is palsied, all undertakings are speculative.

It is necessary in every country to base a program of importation of raw materials, not on the statistical needs of the country but on the proved and dependable capacity of operation during the period of time under consideration. When the nations of Central Europe are surveyed from this point of view the import requirements of raw materials appear in modest figures. For practical purposes Rumania, Bulgaria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are not manufacturing countries. They require finished commodities and their requirements in raw materials are negligible, and in any event they have grain to offer in exchange.

Outside of Budapest there is practically no manufacturing in Hungary, and the factory capacity of Budapest is not large for a city of its size. There is considerable manufacturing in Vienna, Gratz and Neustadt and a certain amount of house industry in the Tyrol; but it is precisely in Austria that the other factors of a manufacturing program, especially the coal supply, are least stable. The writer is acquainted with instances in which manufacturers have refused credit for raw materials because they had no guaranty of fuel. Vienna has fuel for only one-quarter of her industries.

Czechoslovakia could utilize much more raw material than she is at present securing. If there is one country in Central Europe whose credit is good in the commercial sense that country is Czechoslovakia, though she is in sore need of cotton, imported ores and chemicals.

Conditions there are improving rapidly; and a survey of the country does not lead an American, however thoroughly imbued with sympathy for this liberated state, to feel that her circumstances require a governmental credit for raw materials from our country.

The textile industries of Poland apparently cannot be operated without raw materials on credit. To what extent raw materials—for example, cotton—could be fabricated to-day in Poland is debatable when one considers the number of men under arms, the scarcity of coal and the disorganization of railways. Just as an illustration by contrast with a country of much greater factory capacity, a leading German banker told the writer in March that in his opinion Germany could not constructively utilize a hundred million dollars' worth of raw materials in the succeeding six months. Certainly Poland can make out the best case for governmental credit for raw materials, but Poland could also make out a good case for commercial credits if she were at peace. Poland affords a good illustration of the variables in underproduction.

In January of this year only ten per cent of the total prewar industrial plants were in operation. Ready to reopen to partial capacity if fuel and raw materials were available were no less than sixty per cent of the prewar plants, representing employment of some two hundred and sixteen thousand workers. In the broad sense little permanent good is to be expected from commodity loans to Central Europe until trade is open to the east and the west.

Typhus, the Arch Enemy

If governmental credits for raw materials are to be extended to the states of Central Europe these should be administered on the ground, on the basis of surveys and with operations scrutinized and controlled from day to day. For the United States Treasury to lend the states of Central Europe, let us say, one hundred million dollars, or any blanket sum, to be expended for raw materials as they choose and to be fabricated and the products disposed of in accordance with their momentary conditions in industry and politics, would be an act of fiscal folly.

Since it is not the purpose of the writer to indulge in any discussion of international finance certainly it is not the intention of the American people to participate in the budgetary problems of the nations of Central Europe—sanitation alone remains to be discussed. The problem of sanitation is largely a problem of typhus. A year ago the Entente established what was described as the Cordon Sanitaire, really a Cordon Militaire. For practical purposes it corresponds to the twenty-eighth degree longitude east, from the Gulf of Finland to the River Dniester, and thence to the Black Sea. Typhus exists east and west of this line, less and less with the distance east and west. West of the line are areas of active endemic typhus in Lithuania, Eastern Poland, Eastern Galicia, and in Ruthenia and Eastern Slovakia. Scattered foci of typhus are reported in Poland as far west as Posen, in Galicia as far west as Cracow. Isolated cases occur in Moravia, Austria and Hungary. The disease exists in some sections of Rumania to a considerable extent. Serbia, cleaned up by the Red Cross under Colonel Strong in 1915, has become reinfected. East of the line typhus extends to a distance not yet defined, though Petrograd and Moscow are seats of endemic manifestation of the pest. The disease is prevalent in the Near East to the borders of Arabia, Persia and Turkestan.

It is the largest problem in sanitation with which the modern world has had to deal. The situation is so appalling that it is no exaggeration to say that after the establishment of peace it will be more important to clean up Europe than to discount the German-indemnity bonds. Fortunately the methods of attack are tried and proved. For practical purposes an antityphus campaign resolves itself into a delousing of population, clothing, habitations and the equipments of travel. One begins at the worst centers and works outward toward the periphery; or one begins at the periphery and works inward, depending on circumstances.

How to Stamp Out Disease

An antityphus campaign cannot be undertaken without broad police powers; control over transportation, restriction of right of travel, power to enforce disinfection of railway carriages and stations, rigid regulation of quarantine, authority to destroy personal effects, and compulsory disinfection of the individual and of personal effects are indispensable procedures in the extermination of typhus.

In order to accomplish these results a large delousing equipment must be available; competent trained personnel at hand, both fixed and mobile units, including immunes; hospitals and adequate nursing facilities; and, very important for the conditions of Central Europe, supplies of clothing.

The current theory of stamping out typhus in Central Europe implies extermination of the infection by delousing up to the Cordon Sanitaire. In the humble opinion of the writer reinfection of the entire area would promptly follow. One is forced to believe that an efficient campaign against typhus cannot be undertaken until military operations cease. After peace is established the next requirement is restoration of transportation, to a certain point at least; then with the turning over of adequate governmental authority and police powers to those in charge of the antityphus campaign it ought to be readily possible on the basis of experience to stamp out the infection. It would be a big job, but the technic is known and proved. Obviously it would do no permanent good to clean the country west of the twenty-eighth degree without cleaning Russia east of the twenty-eighth degree. To fight typhus in Poland without fighting typhus in Russia would be a makeshift.

This must be an international undertaking. The Lithuanians, Poles, Galicians, Ruthenians, Rumanians and Serbs have neither the capacity nor the equipment to undertake the campaign. Certainly the Russians have not. This is not a project for a board or commission; it is a task for one man of competent leadership, operating under international guaranties and invested with adequate authority in the countries of operation. Certainly every government in Europe should participate in the cost in one way or another. The United Kingdom has repeatedly offered to participate in an interallied antityphus campaign. Denmark and Sweden are directly concerned for the protection of their own coasts. The commerce of Central Europe, in which all the nations of Europe participate, cannot be reëstablished until sanitary conditions are again attained. Germany is vitally concerned; and she possesses a large delousing equipment, created during the war, and trained personnel in abundance. The United States Army has already transferred its delousing equipment to Poland; England has done the same. More equipment will be required. But under a constructive program the cost of the equipment and the proportion for which we may be convinced we owe a moral obligation ought not to be so large.

The cost is largely a question of bookkeeping. New railway equipment that will remain in permanent possession of the country ought not to be charged up as an item in sanitation. The same holds true of clothing to be provided to the well population. Food must stand on its own footing and is not to be charged as a drug. The writer is in no position to possess or present an estimate of cost of an antityphus campaign comprehensive enough to clean up Europe after the establishment of peace, but certainly the sum cannot be one to stagger humanity. The United States ought to participate with the nations of Europe; but surely it is not incumbent upon us to clean up Europe on a program of single responsibility.

The United States in coöperation with many of the nations of Europe is now completing a sale of foodstuffs, raw materials, clothing and railway equipment to the different countries of Central Europe. These deliveries will probably be completed by the first of August. The foodstuffs, centering round the five million barrels of flour of the United States Grain Corporation, are sufficient to carry these peoples on the established minimal ration until the first of October. Spots of critical scarcity will develop, but with the now all too familiar experience with short rations the peoples may be expected to pull through to the harvest without social explosions. The contributions of clothing are valuable, but not extensive in consideration of the needs. The raw materials—including wool, copper, rubber, tin and hemp as well as ores—will prove of great assistance to the railways and will enable certain industries to recommence or enlarge operations. The railway equipment—including several hundred locomotives and several thousand coal and freight cars—will prove of immense and immediate importance.

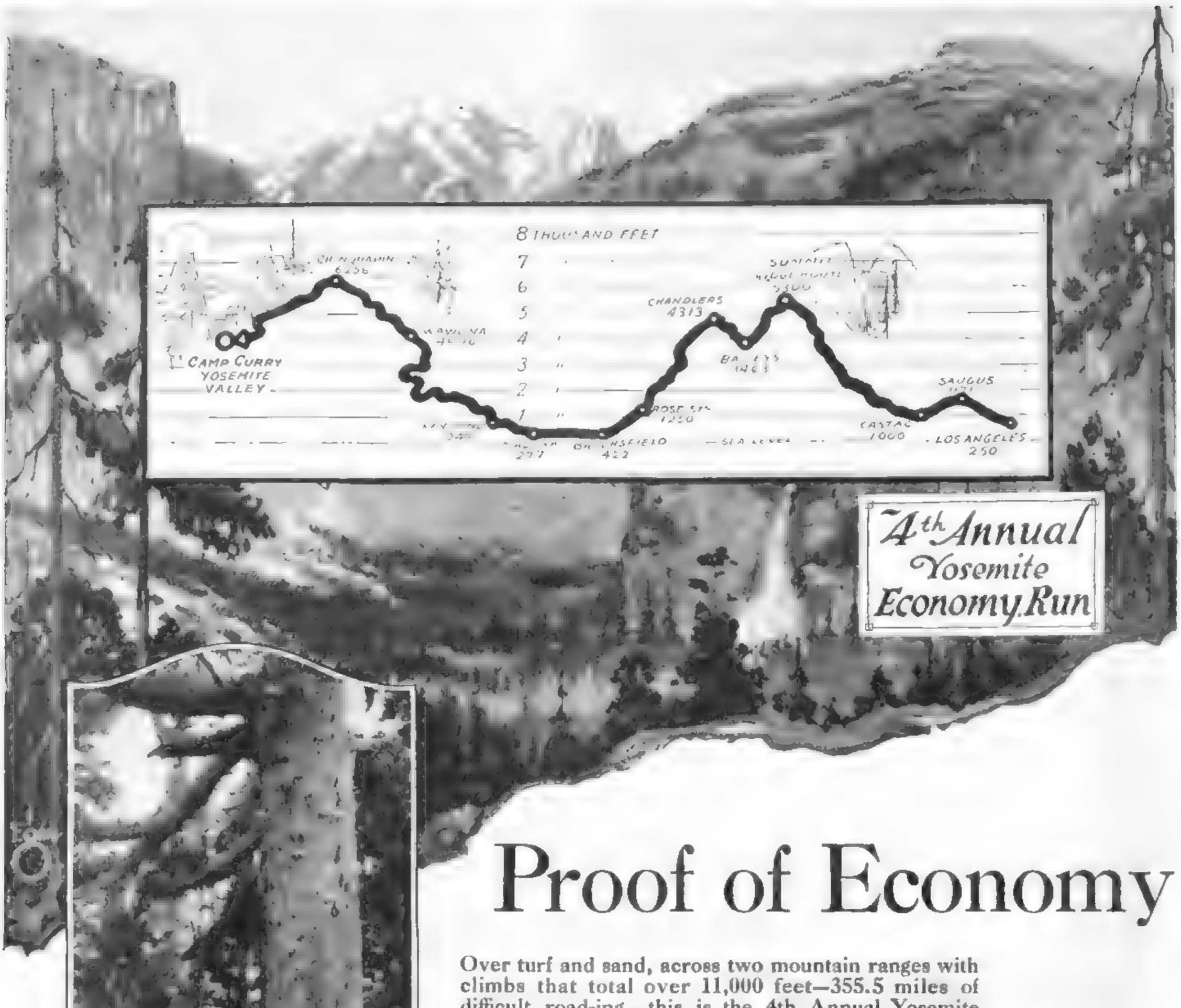
America's Contribution

It is possible to tabulate in terms of money the value of the commodities sold on government credit to the named nations of Central Europe during the past year and a half. The total sum is about six hundred and sixty million dollars. Of this the contributions of the United States represented about four hundred and seventy-two million dollars. These sums have not been loans of money but sales of commodities on credit. Our credits have been extended by the Treasury under the war loan of ten billion dollars, the direct appropriation of one hundred million for relief, the congressional authorization of the sale of flour by the Grain Corporation, and through sale of stocks by the War Department. These commodities have been allocated and distributed under programs originated by Herbert Hoover, of the American Relief Administration, and Julius Barnes, of the United States Grain Corporation.

The sum includes none of the many and large voluntary contributions, such as the Red Cross. It does not include the allotments of the American Relief Administration European Children's Fund or the Friends' Relief. This figure of nearly a half billion dollars represents our governmental advances for relief and reconstruction. We should not be proud because our contribution is the largest, about seventy per cent. In full recognition of merit the names of the contributing nations of Europe deserve to be mentioned: The United Kingdom, Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

These countries have furnished commodity credits in the form of raw materials, finished goods, foodstuffs or services in transport. The combined population of the recipient states is between ninety and ninety-five million. For this population within a period of eighteen months assistance has been extended on credit to the sum of six hundred and sixty million dollars.

These contributions have been of decisive influence in the stabilization of society and in the first steps of reconstruction of economic life. Without them the new governments would have disintegrated, industry would have collapsed into chaos and social life dissolved into anarchy. That the United States has been totally disinterested in her contributions is perhaps the most welcome testimony of all. Our future attitude must be one of helpfulness. But we cannot assume the position of *helpfulness*. Nor ought we gird the nation's loins in helpfulness for Central Europe so long as the nations of Central Europe play politics and wage political wars.



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IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Well," said he doubtfully, "of course, that's not quite as desirable as a widow would be, is it now? To take care of my daughter, I mean. Still, in some ways an old maid is better. More particular, you'd be. And what's more, you are born blue-blooded, not just married to it!"

"Mr. Pegg," said I, "will you not set forth the exact nature of the occupation you propose for me?"

"That's it!" he cried, thumping the table. "That's the stuff exactly."

"I beg pardon?" said I.

"Talk like that!" he shouted. "And learn her to talk the same—give her some class!"

"You expect me to teach your daughter grammar?"

"Teach her everything!" said the giant. "Polish her up; finish her off—but not by instructin' her. My Lord, no! She'd never stand for it! Just stick round—be with her—let a little Boston rub off on her, and set her right when she makes a break."

"A sort of governess?" I ventured.

"Companion, chaperon—you get me!" said her parent, and leaned back in his chair beaming satisfaction upon me. "Now look-a-here, Miss Talbot, I'll put the matter straight to you. I am a rich man, but I'm a roughneck and I know it. There is a few things I ain't been able to buy for myself, and refinement is one of them. But I calculate to pry off a little for my Peaches—no culls on this family tree if a little pruning and grafting can turn it into a perfect Golden American. Does that mean anything to you?"

I reflected a moment, and though the man's actual terminology was unintelligible to me the sense of his imagery was somehow perfectly clear.

"You speak of her as a young tree!" said I. "I think I do understand. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'"

This plainly interested him.

"True!" he exclaimed. "Just that. Well, as I was saying, I've just cleaned up the biggest deal the California fruit growers ever heard of—and I started out as a picker with a bunch of Hindus, getting four cents a lug for oranges! To-day I've got—well, it don't matter how many millions; and a daughter that's never been let off the home ranch until three weeks ago. Her mother died when she come. Well—never mind that either! And now I've made my haul and I've got a little time to give to her—and to living generally. I'm a practical man, Miss Talbot. When I commence grafting a new orchard of Golden Americans on a twenty-acre stretch of old wild stock I cut, splice and bind it right, and I don't hurry myself until I get the grafts I want and the proper season and everything. And the same with the culture of my American Beauty. I've left her grow strong and wild for twenty years now, and she's about ready for cultivation. And I feel you are the right one for the job. You are hired!"

"But my dear Mr. Pegg!" I protested. "You really are not in the least informed as to my qualifications."

"You don't imagine that a feller that's been picking men for thirty years—Dagos, Canucks, greasers, Japs, Hindus, everything that could strip fruit or thought they could—needs much wising up about a mere female woman, do you?" he demanded. "I advertised for exactly what I wanted, and you are it! You are hired."

"But, Mr. Pegg ——" I vainly endeavored to interrupt.

"Your salary will be five thousand dollars a year, your keep and all expenses," he went on as if I had not spoken. "You will commence work to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and the next day we sail for Italy and a course in how to be refined though American."

I assure you that my senses staggered beneath the force of his announcement. Five thousand dollars a year! Italy! Incredible! Like a dream come true.

"My Eastern bank is the Guarantee," said he. "Look me up if you like. I have the money and a honest name. Nobody in the world's got a thing on me. And as the notice is kind of short, and you might like a little advance to buy some knitting or something to take with you, here is a hundred to bind the bargain. And now good night, Miss Talbot—I got the Eastern Apple Growers coming in ten minutes. See you to-morrow! Good night, good night!"

And almost immediately I found myself edged into the anteroom, where already several persons—fruit venders, I presume—were in waiting.

"But, Mr. Pegg," I managed to ejaculate, "your daughter may not like me. Am I not to meet her before I leave?"

"I should say not!" exclaimed her father. "She doesn't know anything about this. I am leaving the breaking of the whole idea to you! Good night!"

With these alarming words the door shut behind me; and presently, I scarce knew how, I found myself once more upon the solid reality of the Boston street, with only the hundred-dollar bill as evidence that the whole experience had been other than a dream.

II

AS MY dear father used to say, it is personality rather than character which holds the world's attention, and this was undoubtedly the case with Miss Alicia Pegg, or Peaches, as she was termed by her surviving parent. It is the unqualified fact that even at this tumultuous period of my life it is her personality rather than my esteemed sister's character which overshadows my memory. And although without doubt Euphemia's impeccable virtue and righteousness should have won the struggle I find myself impatient of her just reproaches, her critical indignation, and even of her final cold and terrible dismissal of me from the house of my fathers as meet punishment for the crime of earning five thousand dollars per annum—a feat which she somehow contrived to make appear in the light of an outrage unworthy of serious discussion, and rendering me unfit to remain longer under the paternal roof.

True, I had already dismissed myself before she did so, the fact being implicit in my agreement with Mr. Pegg. And as for my father's roof, there had been rather more than a likelihood of its being permanently removed from over both our heads had we attempted to remain beneath it in idleness much longer. But Euphemia was a true woman—far more genuinely feminine than I shall ever be, and her heart ever overruled her reason. In fact she had often publicly maintained that it was unwomanly to reason very much. Secondly, I had for weeks anticipated that the announcement of my intention of going to work would result in a terrible scene, and so was somewhat prepared for the deluge.

I will draw a veil over this section of my narrative, because it was purely a family affair, of no possible interest to the public, and I do not believe that sister truly meant all that she said. Suffice to recount that I left her seventy-five dollars with the promise — unaccepted — to send more shortly, and departed at eight-thirty the following morning, taking a few belongings in the small trunk which I had had at school when a girl, and receiving a tearful farewell from Galadia, if not from my dear sister, for whom in reality I was setting forth into the wide world.

"Freedom Talbot," said I to myself as the hack which I had felt justified in hiring to transport me to the hotel moved away—"Freedom Talbot, face the world with a smile—and soon you will be smiling in your heart. Freedom should mean more than a name to you—it should mean and must mean the welcoming of adventure."

And thus resolutely putting behind me the last vestige of feminine weakness, I assumed in spirit at least the attitude which I knew my dear father would have required of the son he had hoped I would be, and was presently set down before the hotel, where I directed the porter about my trunk, surrendered my dear father's umbrella, my own folding lace parasol and dolman, together with my valise, to the same little boy who had so kindly attended me the day before, and for whom I had remembered to bring a package of ginger cookies. Even the elevator, that flying gilded bird cage, held no terrors for me to-day, and I ascended to the top floor without a qualm.

So much for character and its hold upon the human mind. The entire episode of leaving what for fifty years had been my home is somewhat hazy. What I encountered upon entering the anteroom of the hotel's royal suite for the second time I shall never forget. And this evidences my claim regarding personality.

(Continued on Page 150)

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

As you know, the Dort has evoked no inconsiderable comment throughout the country because of its hardy endurance and its low operative cost.

It has come to be known everywhere that continuity of performance and thrift in oil and gasoline are characteristics of the Dort that can be counted upon with certainty.

Yet we sincerely believe that the engaging ease with which the Dort drives, the ready alertness with which it handles, and the smoothness with which it rides are fully as worthy of your attention as its inexpensive maintenance and infrequent need of service.

PRICES

Touring Car - - -	$1035
Roadster - - -	1035
Fourseason Sedan - -	1665
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Wire wheels and spare tires extra

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.

(295)

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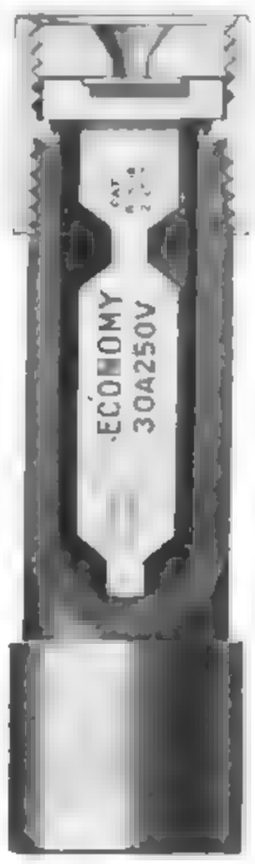
in any circuit when you install Economy Renewable Fuses—made in both ferrule and knife-blade types in all capacities.

Accurate rating, practical, safe fuse construction and a dependability which has been proved for years in thousands of industries, large and small, make Economy Fuses first choice where efficiency is the first consideration.



Ferrule type with Economy "Drop-Out" Renewal link

ECONOMY *renewable* FUSES

Knife-blade type with Economy "Drop-Out" Renewal link

And You Cut Fuse Maintenance Cost 80%

compared with the maintenance cost of any "one time" fuse equipment.

Only the "Drop-Out" Renewal Link is destroyed when the fuse blows.

Both ferrule and knife-blade types are easily and quickly restored without expensive delay in service.

Economy was the first line using inexpensive bare renewal links for restoring blown fuses to their original efficiency to be APPROVED IN ALL CAPACITIES by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Sold by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

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It was precisely one minute of nine by my dear father's chronometer, and my arrival must have been expected, and yet several moments elapsed prior to the opening of the door outside of which I stood. In point of fact I eventually opened it myself, inasmuch as it was not quite closed and from the noise inside I deduced that my knocking and the ringing of the small boy who accompanied me were not discernible above the clamor. The most amazing language came out to me.

"Come on you, seven!" said a female voice excitedly. "Oh baby! Come, you loving little Joe!" said a male voice.

It was at this juncture that I entered, the patience and perhaps the curiosity of my young companion breaking under the strain, and then we beheld a most remarkable picture.

Seated upon either end of the gold-and-marble table in the middle of the magnificent and formal apartment were a young man and a young woman. The latter was in the very act of shaking dice from the palm of her hand. I at once recognized them because my dear father indulged in backgammon, and possessed a pair. But the young female who was occupied with them resembled nothing I had ever before encountered.

To begin with, she was of tremendous height—the tallest girl I had ever beheld or ever shall, standing, as I afterward ascertained, six feet two without the unwholesome French heels she later affected. Her exquisite face was as clear cut and regular of feature as that upon the shell cameo which my dear father gave my dear mother when they became betrothed. Her hair was so brilliantly gold as to seem artificially gilded—not with chemicals but with burnished metal—and waved low over her ears with a grace impossible of imitation by the hair dresser's art. Her coloring was perfect and her wide-set eyes were startlingly dark brown, as were the rather heavy brows above them.

This young Juno was clad in a dress of violet satin heavily embroidered in gold and coral beads, a garment clearly intended for the most elaborate of afternoon functions, and this costume was further embellished by a pair of black-and-white sports shoes, such as are worn upon tennis courts. But curiously enough this outrageous costume was not the first thing that registered upon my vision.

The girl herself shone like the sun, dwarfing her garments and almost neutralizing them.

Of the young man I will say only this: He was a chauffeur, properly liveried, and though a clean, decent-looking young man, he was a distinctly common person, a thought which curiously did not occur to me until later. He was an ugly young man with a long nose.

It was a full moment that I stood in the doorway before they saw me, and then the girl slid from her perch with a blank look of amazement.

"Judas Priest! Holy mackerel!" she said involuntarily. Then quickly recovering herself she came forward politely. "I guess you are in the wrong pew," she said. "Did you want anybody?"

"It's for you, Miss Peaches," said the infant who carried my luggage. "The new nurse has came."

"What d'yer mean—new nurse?" queried the beauty, wrinkling her handsome nose. "Are you sure this is for our ranch?"

"Perhaps your father has been up to something new, Peaches," said the chauffeur, sliding from his end of the table and removing the cap, which had all the time remained upon the back of his red head.

I felt it time to enlighten them.

"I am the new governess for Miss Alicia Pegg," I said with what dignity I could muster under the circumstances. "Mr. Pegg engaged me yesterday."

"There!" exclaimed the chauffeur. "I told you so!"

"Shut up, Dicky!" snapped the beauty, becoming suddenly serious, not to say alarmed, and looking down upon me from her enormous height very much as if I had been something terrible—like, say, a mouse. "Shut up, Dicky, and let me handle this. So my old man hired you, did he?" she went on gravely. "Without a word to me! Well, that's not your fault. We will have to talk this over in private. Sit down, ma'am; here's a nice chair. Get out, cutie!"

This last was addressed to the little page boy, who promptly dropped my baggage and prepared for flight. There was that in the young woman's voice which betrayed the habit of command. But with a gesture I detained him.

"Wait, little boy. I have something for you this time!" I said.

The boy stopped in his tracks and waited quite as promptly as if it were a custom with him, while I delved into the depths of my reticule and produced six nice brown sugar cookies, which I presented. He was pleased, I perceived that. Indeed he was quite wordless with surprise. But I knew they were wholesome and that six were not too many, and presently he was shut out by the chauffeur, who leaned against the closed portal shaking with unaccountable mirth.

Miss Pegg seemed to see no humor in the situation any more than did I myself, but led me to the window and made me sit there opposite her. The Dick person leaned against the center table, toying with the dice.

"What's the name, did you say?" she inquired.

"My name is Freedom Talbot—Miss Talbot!" said I.

"Gee! That's funny!" said Miss Peaches Pegg.

"It sure is!" remarked the chauffeur.

"It's Dick's name, too!" said my hostess. "Make you acquainted—shake hands with Mr. Talbot, Miss Talbot!"

There was nothing to do but acquiesce, for the young chap without the least trace of self-consciousness came forward most politely.

"Pleased to meetcher!" he said. "I wonder are you any relative to my Aunt Lucy? That's my father's sister, but he got killed in a gun fight up to Nome."

"I scarcely think it likely," said I. "Our family is practically extinct."

"Well, never mind the family tree just now!" said Alicia. "And let's get down to cases on this dry-nurse business. Of course, Miss Talbot, I realize you are not to blame in this. But it's got to be understood right here and now. Tell me what the old boy put over on me this time?"

Well, I recounted the tale in as much detail as I could recall, amid continuous interruptions from my strange audience, beginning with my situation at home, and ending with my quarrel with Euphemia. When my recital was complete Miss Peaches gave a long whistle, which feat was amazingly expressive of her emotions.

"Well, see here, Miss Freedom," she said. "As I get the dope, it is that you are to take me out and show me the world and everything—to teach me what little it is proper for me to know—and how to tell the culls from the sound fruit? Well, well! Do you believe you can do it?"

"I, of course, believe that I would be a proper influence and shield for a young woman!" I replied quietly. "Else I would not have engaged to perform such a task."

"And you'd sure be gosh-awful disappointed if you didn't go to Europe, wouldn't you?" she went on.

As I made no reply to this she continued to guide the conversation.

"I think you are a darn good sport to break away at your age," she went on. "And it would be a crime to send you back to the corral. I know just how it must feel."

"I bet you do!" said the Dick person. "After the ranch!"

"You see, he means our home ranch," the girl explained. "Pa has kept me there since I was a seedling. Never been away from it until three weeks ago—kept me pure and healthy and everything. But I've got fed up on it, and I'm glad to get loose and see life, even with you tagging along. Tell you what I'll do. So long as you've got your camp all broke I'll help you to see the world if you'll help me to see the world instead of preventing it. I'll be reasonable if you will. Are you on?"

"I am!" said I, half hypnotized by her charm. "I'm on!"

"Good! It's a bet!" cried Peaches, suddenly shaking my hand with a grip of most unladylike vigor. "Now let's dope this out some more. I've bought all the clothes in the stores in San Francisco, at least all costing over a hundred dollars each, as befits my new society stunt, so we ought to start right off and go some place where we know somebody besides the head waiters. Do you really know a lot of swells?"

"I—well, really—I know the proper people, of course," said I. "But I don't think that you would fancy Boston very much."

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"TEPECO"

All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

CHIEF among the products of The Trenton Potteries Company is the Silent Si-wel-clo Closet. Those who know the perfect privacy of the noiseless closet must consider your obsolete loud-flushing toilet an offense against good taste. People are glad to visit homes where their finer sensibilities are considered and where they are not embarrassed by noise escaping from the bathroom when the closet is flushed.

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A copy of our book "Bathrooms of Character" will be of great help to those interested in home betterment or in building a new home.

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MANUFACTURING—mining—agriculture—transportation!

These are the foundations upon which our civilization is built—upon which our existence depends.

And Hyatt Roller Bearings are serving you by increasing the productive capacity in each of these dominant fields of human activity.

They have made more dependable and enduring the machinery that weaves the fabrics for your clothes—that assists in producing your steel—the equipment and machine tools used to manufacture hundreds of your every day necessities.

The coal you need for heat and power is taken from the mines with machinery and carried to the surface in mine cars—all equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings.

Motor cars perform better—run more easily and quietly, motor trucks have longer life, greater load and hauling capacity, because of these same friction reducing bearings.

And on the farm machinery that makes possible our abundant harvests, Hyatt Roller Bearings play their important part. In tractors and every other machine used from planting to harvesting—Hyatt Bearings are guarding against delays—are insuring that the work be done in proper season.

To serve you better is the purpose of Hyatt Roller Bearings. Their universal use in the basic industries upon which our lives depend shows how successfully their purpose has been achieved.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

Tractor Division: CHICAGO — *Motor Division:* DETROIT — *Industrial Division:* NEW YORK

Hyatt Roller Bearings have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature—the Hyatt Hollow Roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller. Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.

In Tractors and other Farm Implements

ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 150)

"Oh, Boston is all O. K." she said. "Only, of course, it's not like San Francisco—or even Fresno. No pep, and a rotten climate. Don't you know any gay ducks some other place?"

"Well, let me cogitate the matter," said I. "I know the Loringstons, in New York—two charming maiden ladies."

"Hold me—or I'll die of excitement!" said Peaches. "Nothing doing! If I've got to be pushed into the world of fashion and gayety I want there to be some class to it—snappy stuff—titles and everything. Do you know any titles?"

"Only the dean of Radcliffe," I responded; "unless one were to except the Countess Veruchio. But she lives in Monte Carlo. She was my first cousin until she married this foreign person."

Miss Pegg's large eyes grew incredibly larger, and instinctively she turned her gaze toward the neglected dice upon the center table. I shuddered at her words which followed. Had I already, unwittingly in my novitiate as guide, mentor and friend, set her upon evil ways? I deeply feared so.

"A countess!" she breathed. "Monte Carlo! Why, that's in Italy! Oh boy! Oh boy! Say, do they rattle the bones at Monte Carlo?"

III

HOW many persons must perforce get all their romance at second hand! Of course, as my dear father often said, gentlewomen should get their experiences from books and from the stage, and no lady experiences the primal emotions except vicariously. But none the less I had occasionally been aware of the desire to live more of a life than hitherto circumstance had rendered possible. Now I was brought into such intimate contact with a young career that I felt almost as though I were indeed living it myself, and not half an hour after my entrance upon my new duties I was, as it were, engulfed in the personality of my charge.

"Come on and choose your room!" said she, picking up my carpetbag as easily as if it had been a mere trifle. "Come on, Dicky; bring the box!"

The Dicky person obeyed, whistling a jaunty tune, and presently I found myself established in a most luxurious bedroom. The chauffeur vanished, closing the door, and Peaches, disposing the luggage upon a receptacle constructed for that very purpose, perched upon the foot of the bed, her long limbs making that lofty elevation none too high for her. I soon learned that she seldom sat upon a chair if anything else offered.

"Say, Miss Talbot," she began as I laid out my toilet articles—"say, Miss Talbot, isn't Dick a king?"

"Eh?" said I, startled.

"I said isn't Dick a corker?" she repeated. "Do you know, I would have just about died out on the ranch if it hadn't been for him. Pa picked him up in Fresno when he was a hopper picking hops with a bunch of greasers. Brought him home for me to play with. We been swimming together and riding together and everything when we were kids. Then pa sent him to school with me, and when he got some learning he gave him a job as foreman on the home outfit."

"He seems a nice young person," said I, "but he is a chauffeur!"

"You bet he is!" said Peaches enthusiastically. "The first car pa bought made him that! He can do anything with a car. I am in love with him!"

"Miss Pegg!" I said, horrified. "A servant! What would your father say!"

"He'd say considerable!" remarked Peaches. "But he doesn't know it. And anyhow, I don't want to marry Dicky, even if he is your cousin. I just like being in love with someone, and he's simply crazy about me!"

Her innocence, not to say ignorance, was appalling. High time, indeed, that she had a proper chaperon!

"You must not play with so serious a subject!" I said severely. "And the young man is no relation of mine!"

"How can you be sure of that?" asked the terrible young woman. "There may have been some live wire in your family that went West, you know!"

To this I had no reply, for in point of fact my father's younger brother had indeed been a wild spirit who refused to enter the ministry and had vanished to the West, from which region he had never returned nor sent any token of his existence except upon one occasion shortly after his departure, a specimen of polished redwood, which at that very moment was reposing in our curio cabinet at home. I determined, however, to make no mention of the circumstances. One is so seldom able to avoid one's relatives.

"Do you not think a simpler frock would be better for the morning?" I asked, changing the subject. Love was rather too personal a matter on which to press just at first, but really the girl's clothing was certainly somewhere within my legitimate province. "Your gown is very beautiful. And you won't be offended, but I am sure your father expects me to tell you these things."

She looked at my own costume by way of reply; not rudely, but frankly and interestedly.

"I don't believe you know one scrap more about clothes than I do!" she said at last. "We both of us look the limit. But after all, what does it matter? You are dowdy and I am crude, but we should worry! Besides, we haven't had breakfast yet. Come on down or pa will be clawing the air. He certainly can eat, though I don't think much of the food in the East. You ought to see the meals in California!"

There was no resisting the young giantess. With no further ado she swung me along to the parlor, where her still more gigantic parent gave me an absent-minded greeting, quite as if I had been in his employ for years. He took a sheaf of papers to the table with him, and we descended to the dining room, I vaguely wondering whether or not the young chauffeur would join us. Peaches seemed to discern my thought.

"Dick won't eat with us since pa bought him that trick suit of clothes!" she complained. "And he says he actually likes wearing them, though I know perfectly well he only does it because he thinks it gives us class."

During the meal Mr. Pegg spoke only once.

"All ready to sail to-morrow?" he inquired.

"Yep!" replied his daughter. "Say, pa," she went on, "Miss Talbot's got a cousin in Monte Carlo that's a honest-to-goodness countess!"

"Cable her we are coming!" said Silas Pegg truculently.

And though I believe that Mentone had been our original destination the cable was actually sent, though I wondered somewhat how Cousin Abby would receive it. In her girlhood she had been rather formal, and I entertained a qualm or two about sending it. But we were not asking to visit her, so things might not be too dreadful after all.

And besides that, I was beginning to experience a distinct liking for these Californians with all their native crudities. My world was a magic one now, and a visit to the Veruchio household appeared no more strange than any other part of my adventure.

Next morning Alicia opened my door quite unceremoniously and disclosed herself clad in a nautical costume of blue serge with a sailor collar and a little white hat absurdly set upon her magnificent head.

"Heave ahoy!" she called cheerily. "We are about to sail the ocean blue! How do you like my pull-for-the-shore effect? Say, have you ever been on a boat? Is it anything as bad as a Pullman sleeper?"

"My dear, I have been on neither!" I protested.

"Gee, I hope the berths are longer!" she exclaimed. "They were built on the idea that nobody would want to leave California, I guess, and they were darn near right! So you've never been anywhere? Well, I had a hunch I'd be the one to do the chaperoning. Never mind, I'll show you the world. I have decided overnight that I really ought to take you in charge, and I'm not one to shirk my duty."

"Very well, my dear," said I. "But first may I suggest that a simple coat and skirt would be less conspicuous and quite as appropriate? Will you not change to it, if you have one?"

"All right; I will if you will smooth out those groups of curls," said Peaches, eying me critically.

"But I have worn them always!" I protested, shocked.

"Just the same, they are the limit!" she said stubbornly. "And so are those silk gloves. Come on, let me fix your hair! No—I have a bright idea. Let's have the girl that does hair here in the hotel fix you up. Come on, be a sport!"

I looked at myself in the mirror, and truth to tell my curled fringe did appear a trifle old-fashioned. But I refused, with thanks and dignity.

"Miss Peaches!" I said. "Your father engaged me as I am, and I feel it incumbent upon me to remain thus."

"Oh, all right!" said she, and strode out of the room. I fancied she was angry; but to my surprise, upon our departure she appeared clad in quite a ladylike tailored suit and a small hat.

"Oh, I know when somebody gives me a real tip," she said, though I hadn't spoken; and then, accompanied by a most stupendous array of luggage, including my own small trunk and valise, we set forth upon the most perilous journey of which I could conceive.

Indeed, indeed I was grateful throughout it for the thought that our minister, Mr. MacAdams, prayed so loudly for the safety of travelers by land and sea each Sunday, and that this was Saturday, hence there would be but little delay between our departure and the weekly renewal of his petition. For we began our travels in no less a vehicle than a terrific red automobile driven by the irrepressible Richard, or Dick, Talbot, who greeted me cheerfully and somehow not actually disrespectfully as "Cousin Mary," which was not, of course, in any sense correct.

I entered the vehicle with much unuttered protest. I did not like motor vehicles and had indeed never entered one before, having always maintained their inelegance. My dear father kept horses, though it is true he died somewhat prior to the invention of automobiles. Nevertheless, I took my seat beside Mr. Pegg in the rear and concealed as best I might a terror which was not lessened when, stopping at the railway station, Talbot, the chauffeur, was dismissed to gather up some spare bags, and Peaches took the steering gear. The remainder of the ride is a blur in my memory, filled with a horrid realization that we upset an apple cart, or I thought we had, until looking backward I saw it miraculously intact; that we seemingly murdered two police officers, most certainly grazed a load of baled hay, and barely escaped collision with a dozen pedestrians. Yet at the conclusion of this momentous experience Mr. Pegg, who had calmly smoked a large cheroot during the trip, complimented his daughter upon her skill. I was beginning to understand their cryptic speech a little better or else I should not have comprehended.

"Some speed queen!" he remarked.

"One hoss or sixty, I should trouble which!" said she.

And then the chauffeur, or Richard, as I determined to call him, reappeared, and together with a crowd of porters and other travelers we passed into the gloomy cavern of a covered dock and up a most precarious gangway into a ship which differed little upon first acquaintance from the great hotel we had just left, except that the apartments were rather smaller. I had once taken a boat trip to Fall River to see an old servant of ours who was ill, and the vessel which conveyed me was not in the least like the Gigantic. But the impression of the latter's resemblance to a hotel was presently removed from my mind. In point of fact everything was removed from not only my mind but from the other portions of my anatomy, which delicacy prevents my dwelling on.

Suffice to say that the fact of our being in possession of the state apartments, the novelty of the compact arrangements, the excitement of the trip, the amazing crowds of strangers—all presently were as naught to me. Even my princely emolument was as nothing, and the sacrifice I had made for my sister appeared of no importance. Nothing appeared of any importance except the distress of my body. I longed most ardently for the stability of the house on Chestnut Street, and it seemed inconceivable that I had ever left my dear sister of my own free will. My idea of paradise became distorted from the true conception to a vision of any place other than that in which I was. Death, once so far removed from my desire, seemed the only tolerable condition. I may remark in passing that this state of mind did not develop in me until after the boat had passed Boston Light and encountered the waters of the Atlantic.

The account of my first impressions of a transatlantic voyage will never be written by me, as they contain material fit only for a *materia medica*. How people can take such a trip for pleasure is to me a mystery as insoluble as the fourth dimension, which was a favorite topic with my dear father! But incredible as it may seem, some persons on the boat actually laid claim to an enjoyable experience, and among these Spartans were my employer and his daughter; and also, by the latter's evidence, the chauffeur, who was traveling first class. Peaches came frequently to the side of my brass bedstead and bathed my forehead with cologne water the while she attempted to cheer me with an account of her doings.

"I told pa I'd have to look after you!" she said triumphantly. "And I will. Never mind, Miss Governess, I'll get you to Europe alive and show you the country. Couldn't you come on deck? It's a swell deck, and there's the nicest young man up there. We've got acquainted, and Dick is terribly jealous!"

"Alicia!" I managed to gasp. "Who is the young man?"

"I don't know!" she said truthfully. "I forgot to ask his name, but he's a regular sailor in good standing."

"Do you mean to say you've scraped acquaintance with a common sailor?" I said feebly. "Oh, Alicia! I fear I am neglecting my duty to you, and yet heaven knows I have no choice!"

"If you'd only get up and out you'd be better!" she pronounced. "And we might find a captain or a mate or something for you. Couldn't you eat a little steak and onions?" she added anxiously. "It would give you strength."

Later she returned and sat beside me with a look of rapture upon her face. I was in an exhausted state despite the herb tea which I had had made by the seagoing chambermaid from my own medicine cabinet, and taken with difficulty, yet I was calm enough for her speech to impress me.

"The moon is up," she said dreamily. "And the waves are like the Sierra Mountains gone mad and reeling drunkenly in their purple-and-black mystery, with the foam like the snows that the yellow sun never melts. The air is like wine. I am glad he kissed me."

"Oh, Peaches, Peaches! Who kissed you?" I moaned, struggling to my elbow in horror.

"Dick," she replied. "Somebody had to kiss somebody on a night like this, and it just happened to be us. Don't worry, it really isn't important. I never lose my head, though between ourselves I sometimes wish I could. When I do I'll marry the clever man. But I've never met him yet, and sometimes that makes me sad. I want to be in love. Really in love. Don't you?"

Despite my condition I could not but be attentive.

"I do not dwell upon such subjects," I replied.

"Oh yes you do!" said Peaches imperturbably. "Everyone does! Even cows and birds and Chinese cooks. But some of us, like you, don't have much luck, and some, like me, have a trick played on them by Nature that ruins everything."

"How so, my dear?" I asked.

"I'm too tall!" said Peaches in a sudden burst of indignation at fate. "I'd have to lean over to spoon with anybody I ever met! My shoulder is the highest and therefore the handiest! My hand is generally the biggest! Oh, Lord, how can a girl love a man she has to bend down to kiss!"

And suddenly she rushed from the cabin, overcome with emotion, leaving me to sniff at a camphor bottle and contemplate an entirely new, to me, phase of feminine tragedy. And incidentally to feel more deeply a sense of the responsibility of my position toward this amazingly innocent, terrifyingly frank young savage, who wanted to be in love and did not hesitate to say so, and who kissed the chauffeur simply and solely because it was a moonlight night! I felt thoroughly convinced that Euphemia would not approve of any such conduct, and that my dear father would have condemned it utterly, and I made every effort to rise next day and finish out the voyage in close proximity to my charge.

But somehow or other the span of time had escaped me during my indisposition, and upon completing my toilet, with the aid of the young person who had brewed my herb tea, I learned to my astonishment that we were in port and that my ability to rise was founded, not, as I had fancied, on my having attained what is rather indelicately known as "sea legs," but was due to

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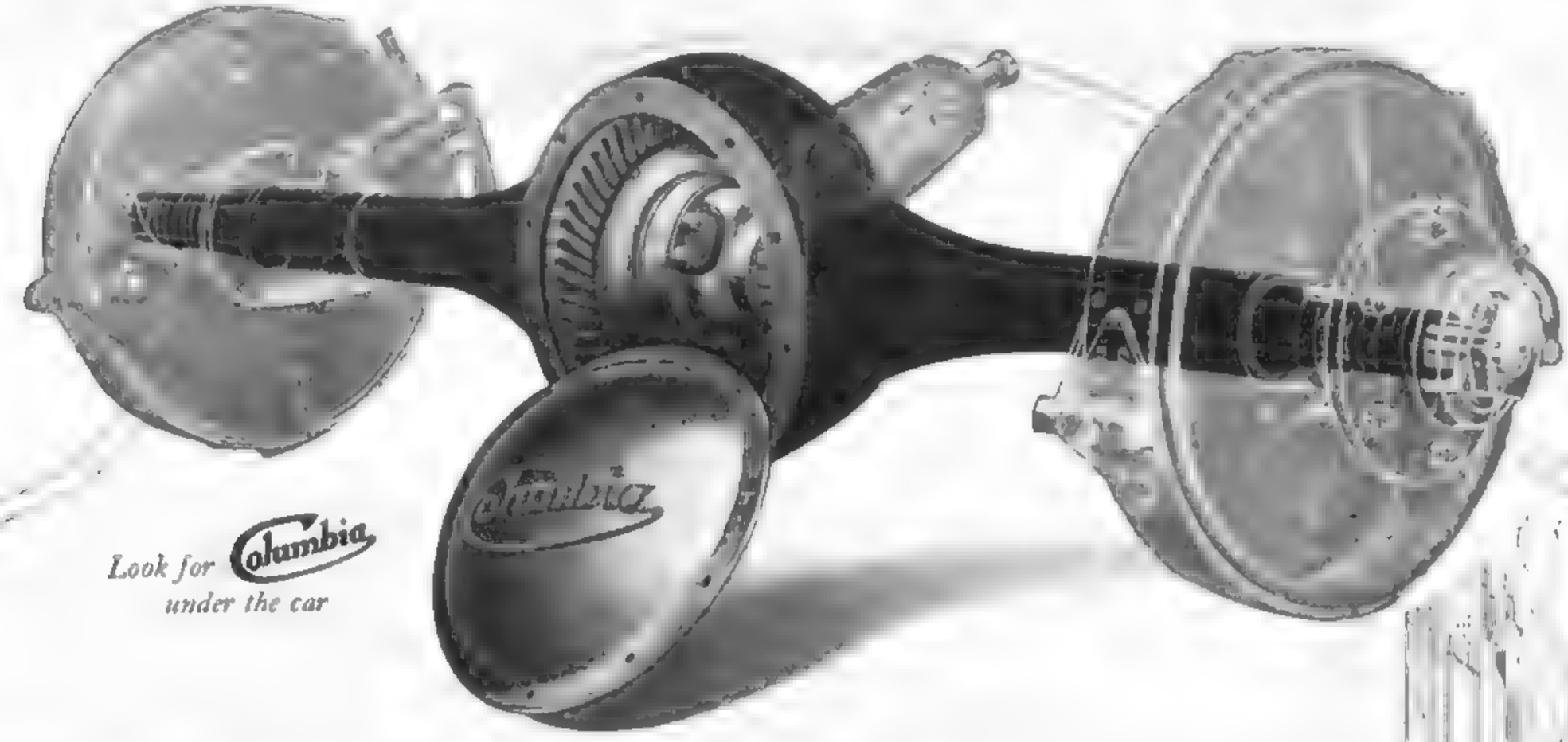

The focus of motor car strain

START, stop, jerk, bump! "Keep moving!" "Hold on, there!"

What punishment a motor car must stand in a stream of heavy traffic!

And of all its mechanism, the rear axle undergoes the greatest strain, for it must deliver the power to start and it must hold the brakes to stop. Tearing, twisting, antagonistic forces; weight from above, jolts from below, end-thrusts from either side—all concentrate upon the rear-end mechanism.

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That is why we make nothing but axles. That is why axles bearing the Columbia trademark are held in high esteem by motor car manufacturers.

And that is why motor car owners derive a deep sense of confidence and satisfaction when they find under their cars Columbia One-piece-housing Rear Axles.

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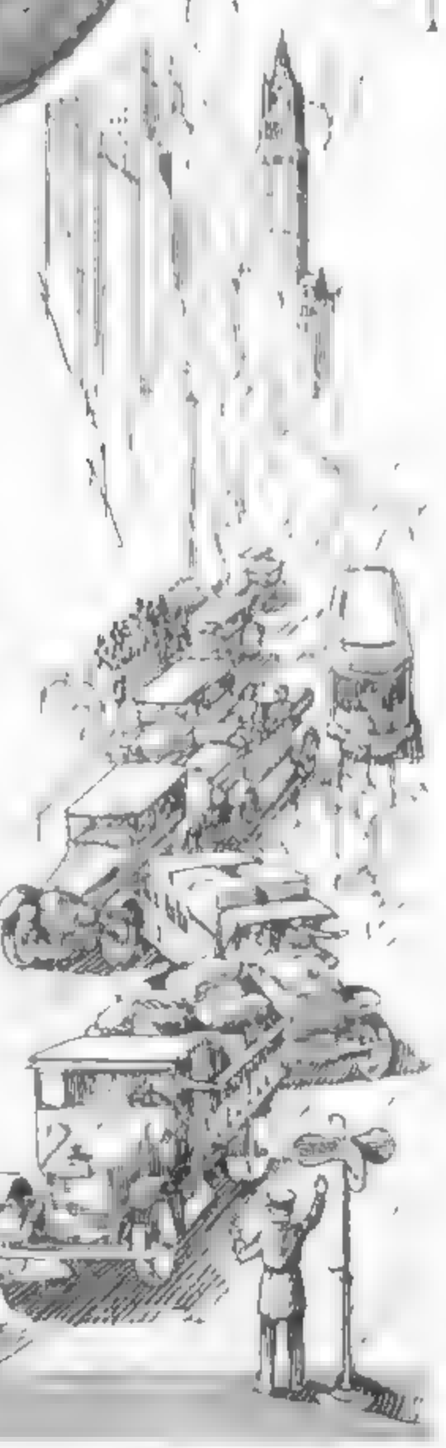


Columbia Rear Axles

are of the most advanced and efficient full-floating type. The housing is wrought from a single piece of steel, with a single weld, which provides 50% greater torsional strength (by laboratory tests). Extra large brake drums, ring gears, driving shafts and bearings are also provided.

We make front axles of equal strength and safety.

An actual photograph of Gaston Chevrolet receiving the checkered flag as he crossed the tape in a Monroe Special designed by his brother, Louis Chevrolet, in the Indianapolis 500 mile speedway race. Seven of the first ten cars to finish, including Gaston Chevrolet's, were equipped with Delco Ignition.

A Regular Delco Record

The result of the 1920 International 500 Mile Speedway Classic at Indianapolis is simply a repetition, under most exacting tests, of the reliable every-day performances of Delco equipment on more than a million motor cars.

It is a source of pride to all owners of Delco-equipped cars that the same standard Delco Ignition on their cars was likewise on seven of the first ten to finish from a field of twenty-three, including the winning Monroe Special, driven by Gaston Chevrolet.

Tommy Milton in a Duesenberg with Delco Ignition made a world's speed record of 156.04 miles per hour. Major Schroeder's altitude record, the NC-4 Trans-Atlantic flight, the Essex fifty-hour grind and the Hudson Trans-continental run are other records well known to Delco users.

The foregoing records are ignition achievements of note. But the Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company feels a greater pride in the reliable every-day record of Delco performance on more than a million cars produced by manufacturers who realize that perfection is dependent upon quality.

Delco

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO., DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 154)

the fact of the boat being at a standstill. I only then realized that I had been ill for five days. Richard, the chauffeur, accompanied Peaches when she came to get me, and somehow or other they maneuvered me through the complications of the dock, and at last I stood upon foreign soil.

Not, of course, that the English are really foreigners, as my dear father often remarked.

But I must confess that the soil of Liverpool felt quite foreign to me. It appeared, in fact, entirely unsteady and of a heaving disposition, more what one might have expected of the neighborhood of Vesuvius and the other earthquake countries. But Peaches only laughed at me when I called her attention to the circumstance.

"It's you that's unsteady, not the street!" she jeered. "Gee, what a town! What a country! They ought to see San Francisco! Why, we've done twice as well in half the time!"

I confess I was disappointed with what I saw of England, which was little enough, because Mr. Pegg stopped only long enough to pick up an English car, which had been ordered far in advance and was awaiting us at Liverpool.

It was a monstrous affair of black trimmed with vermilion, and recalled to my mind nothing so much as the far-famed dragon which was slain by St. George—so strong and fierce and capable it looked. Richard, the chauffeur, almost wept at sight of it.

"Oh, baby doll!" he said over and over. "If that isn't some engine!"

"Some lug box!" remarked Peaches in that cryptic language in which she spoke to her family. "Must have set pa back a bushel of berries!"

"I want to hit the trail for the Calais boat!" said Mr. Pegg. "We aren't going to stay in England. There's no art in England. I had an English remittance man working for me once and he told me so. He says all the good art is in the Catholic countries, except what has been smuggled out of them. He told me so, and he was a educated feller. He educated me out of the entire pay roll one week, and is now working for the U. S. Government in San Quentin."

"But, Mr. Pegg!" I ventured to protest. "Think of Westminster Abbey and the Tower and Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakspere, and—and real English muffins and English culture generally. Surely you do not intend to deprive your daughter of it?"

"Not by a damn sight. Meaning no offense, Miss Talbot!" said Silas. "But the trouble is they all speak English over here, and we got enough Boston accent right on your person.

"I figure that foreign travel is foreign travel, and I mean we should go right to Rome, the home of art; and after we do it up thoroughly, work back along the coast where they speak in Italian and French. Somehow it's foreigner!"

There was no denying that, and disappointed as I was I held my peace. Mr. Pegg had a way of ordering our existence ahead, as if we were a part of his business. And indeed I presently ascertained that the plunge toward Italy was at bottom a commercial undertaking. It was the orange and olive groves, not the art galleries, that lured him.

"I'm thinking of forming an American-Italian olive crushers' association," he confided to me as we sped alarmingly along a toy road amidst scenes which I am sure would have proved quaint had we been going slowly enough to see them. "And an orange trust that will be a world-wide proposition.

"Oranges are a great little fruit—eat 'em, drink 'em and preserve 'em—the wood is swell. A great game, Miss Talbot, that hurts nobody and is of benefit to all. I'm to meet this here Pagreleri, the president of the Sorrento Company; and while Peaches and you trot round to the picture shows—I mean galleries—I'll put in a little sightseeing on God's green hills! I'd rather see the prospect of a hundred thousand vats of brine and oil than the finest picture any artist ever drew."

"Are we going to the Ritz, pa?" said Peaches, breaking in with a shout from her seat in front beside Richard. "I'm dying to see if the Ritz is as nice as the St. Francis, though I bet it won't be!"

"Yep!" said her parent, and began operations upon a new cigar. And that is all that I saw of London the historical. The dining room and the bedrooms of a hotel that had not twopennyworth of difference from that in Boston. We dined at seven in an almost empty salon, and went afterward to see a motion picture of some American by the name of Charles Chapin or something of the sort, an amazing affair centering about a custard pie and not at all to my taste. Mr. Pegg and Miss Peaches were enormously intrigued by it, as was Richard, the chauffeur, whom they insisted upon accompanying them. They laughed continuously; at what, I could not appreciate. And it was in this theater that we first beheld that young man who was fated to play so conspicuous a part in our lives, and, alas, in the career of many a newspaper reporter as well!

It is my impression that I was the first to see him, and my attention was directed to him by the curious behavior of two men who sat directly in front of me. Except for their observations concerning him he might easily have escaped my notice. But as the entertainment offered me was so far removed from my understanding my interest was focused upon the personnel of those members of the audience who chanced to be seated nearest me. My dear father was in the habit of saying that observation of the human race is the truest form of education and I have ever diligently tried to follow whatever precepts he laid down. And so this evening I had in turn observed a stout person in a beaded gown, a pair of young soldiers in red coats, and then the two men directly in front of me. They were unobtrusive in appearance, but palpably of Latin extraction. Their clothing was nondescript and they would have passed unnoticed in a crowd. One wore a little black mustache and the other bore a slight scar near his left ear. As I looked at them I perceived that they were giving even less attention to the picture than myself, and seemed to be furtively searching for something out in the vast area of semidarkness ahead of us.

Suddenly one clutched the other by the arm and spoke.

"There he is!" he said in a low tone, speaking in French.

Instantly both became alert. Almost imperceptibly the man with the scar contrived to point without raising his hand. But I followed the direction of his companion's eyes and made out the object of their interest.

This was a man, seemingly a young man, who sat on the curve of the orchestra seats just under the balcony, below us. His position was such that when he turned his head it was possible to see his profile against the exit light beyond. And it was a profile one would not easily forget. I at once thought of Romeo—that daring young Italian lover who met so unfortunate an end and whose tragic story was one of the secret absorptions of my girlhood. Yet this young man even in the dimness of the theater conveyed a sense of strength which had not been conveyed to me by the actor whom I had once seen in that part. He sat well above his neighbors in height, and there was a certain swing and rhythm to his broad shoulders as he swayed with amusement at the projection of the cinematograph that conveyed remarkable resiliency and buoyant youth or, as I fear my charge would express it, "pep." He was a gentleman, I could see that, of unusual elegance, and attractive enough to command my attention without what followed on the part of the two other observers. Both spoke in French.

"Sapristi! He will not escape this time!" said the man with the mustache, pitching his voice very low. "The eel!"

"Will you do for him at the door?" whispered the other. "Or as he attempts to reach the hotel?"

"I have something better than that," said the first. "We know he has it on him. The hotel may be too late. He must not get to the theater door before we do—or else ——"

I heard no more because of the sudden palpitations of my heart, which seemed likely to smother me. These two men were plainly robbers planning to waylay and perhaps murder that nice-looking young man who sat there in such innocent, unconscious enjoyment of the photographic antics of the Charley person! It was too terrible!

How could I warn him? Should I attempt to explain the situation to the competent Mr. Pegg and the muscular Richard? That would be impossible of accomplishment without also precipitating matters with the conspirators, who would surely overhear me. As I was rapidly revolving these thoughts action was violently put upon me. The picture flashed "The End," and the young man whose life was in danger rose to leave, as did several others. His seat, as I have stated, was downstairs, while we occupied a box. Thus he was far nearer the door than were we. As he rose, so did the Frenchmen in front of me. In order to make their exit it was necessary for them to pass my seat, which was a step above them. As they turned to come up I rose with a little cry and took the only course open.

I fainted most dexterously, knocking down one of them and collapsing upon the bosom of the other, and lay there in a determined stupor until, according to my calculations, the young man must be quite well away. The confusion was dreadful and it was no pleasant matter fainting by intent upon the bosom of an intended assassin, but it served to delay them for all of ten minutes, at the end of which time I came to under the anxious ministrations of my own people and of the two foreigners, whom Peaches, an unconscious accessory, pressed into active service much against their will. And my apparent accident served a double purpose, thus proving my dear father's maxim that virtue is its own reward, for it disclosed the fact that I had made a real impression upon the emotional side of my charge.

"Oh, Free, you dear old thing!" she was saying as I opened my eyes. "Say you are not hurt! Dear—please say you are all right!"

"I feel dreadfully!" I murmured feebly, looking her right in the eye.

And then I did something which, having been reared a gentlewoman, I had never anticipated doing.

I deliberately winked at her. And Peaches took it marvelously. In a flash of understanding that I had some ulterior motive behind my behavior she maintained what she calls her poker face and winked back, and, assisting me in what she now knew to be my pretense, helped me to a cab and back to the hotel.

Needless to say, however, I was not permitted to sleep that night until she had the whole story from me. She came into my chamber with her heavy hair hanging over her shoulders in two monstrous braids of molten gold and swathed in an outrageous robe of crimson-and-blue satin so that she looked like a magnificent animated American flag. She curled up upon the foot of my bed and listened eagerly.

"You wild Indian!" she exclaimed when I had finished the recital. "I just knew I'd have to look after you! And I'll keep a closer watch from now on. O you Boston! California was never like this."

In which she was eminently correct. But when she kissed me good night I knew our friendship was sealed. The wink had done it.

Next morning we set out for Dover in that terrible car, without having heard or seen anything of our hero. I confess I had absurdly hoped that the hotel to which the conspirators had referred might prove to be ours, but it was impossible to know if or not this was the case, as, of course, we had no idea of what his name was, and he was nowhere about.

The newspaper naturally contained no mention of the incident, inasmuch as it had failed actually to occur, and the press is, of course, unlikely to have any mention of a murder unless the crime is consummated. And so it appeared that the incident was closed. I had begged Peaches not to speak of its true import to either her father or her friend the chauffeur, and this she solemnly promised.

"Oh, but Free!" she exclaimed rapturously. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if you met again and fell in love?"

"Nonsense!" said I. "Why, he was young enough to have been my son! Besides, I shall never marry!"

"That's the girl!" said Peaches. "They all say that just before the big event. So cheer up, who knows their luck? Gee, I wish I could see him!"

And there was surely something prophetical in her speech, for Peaches was fated to see him, though not for many hours afterward. And then she found him for herself.

As I have stated, we set forth in that monstrous car for Dover, where we embarked, car and all, upon an innocent-appearing little boat for what was promised as a short journey. Possibly it was. I do not remember. I only know that nothing in my previous nautical experience compared with it. And when at last we landed and I had to some degree recovered my equilibrium the most startling incident occurred.

We once again were seated, Mr. Pegg, Peaches and myself, in the car, ready to leave the customs house behind us, and Richard, the chauffeur, was doing strange things to the motor, when suddenly Alicia seized me by the arm.

"Free! Oh, Free!" she said in an excited whisper. "There is a man tall enough for me!"

I looked, and lo and behold, walking through the crowd in a leisurely fashion, a smart piece of luggage in either hand, was the young man of the motion-picture theater.

At the same moment I discerned the two Frenchmen whose plot I had frustrated, and on the instant he also caught sight of them, and abruptly changing his course he turned directly toward us. Richard got in and started the engine.

"It's he!" I exclaimed excitedly. "It's my young man. Oh, the villains! They are after him again! Oh, don't let them get him!"

"I won't!" said Alicia promptly.

The young man was very close now, palpably, to our enlightened eyes, endeavoring to avoid the appearance of flight.

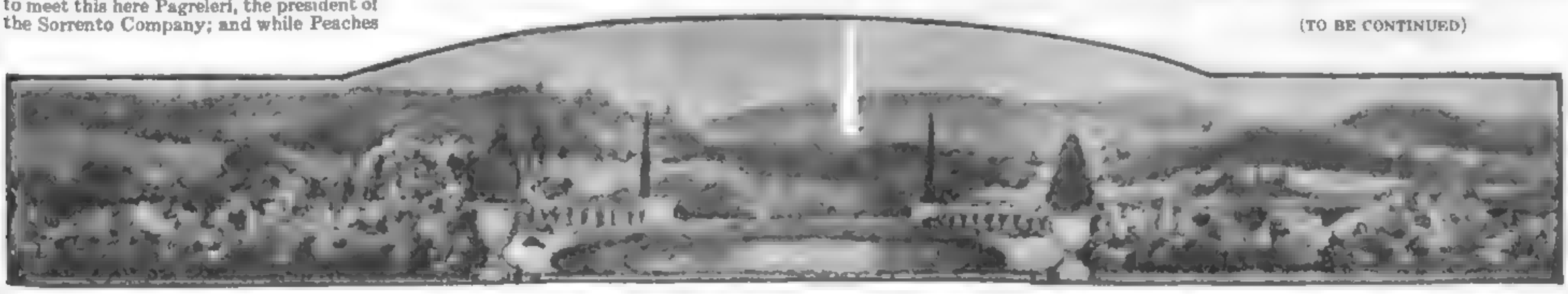
The two men in pursuit were gaining on him rapidly. Suddenly Alicia beckoned to him and called.

"Here we are!" she said, and flung open the door of the car just as we started to move.

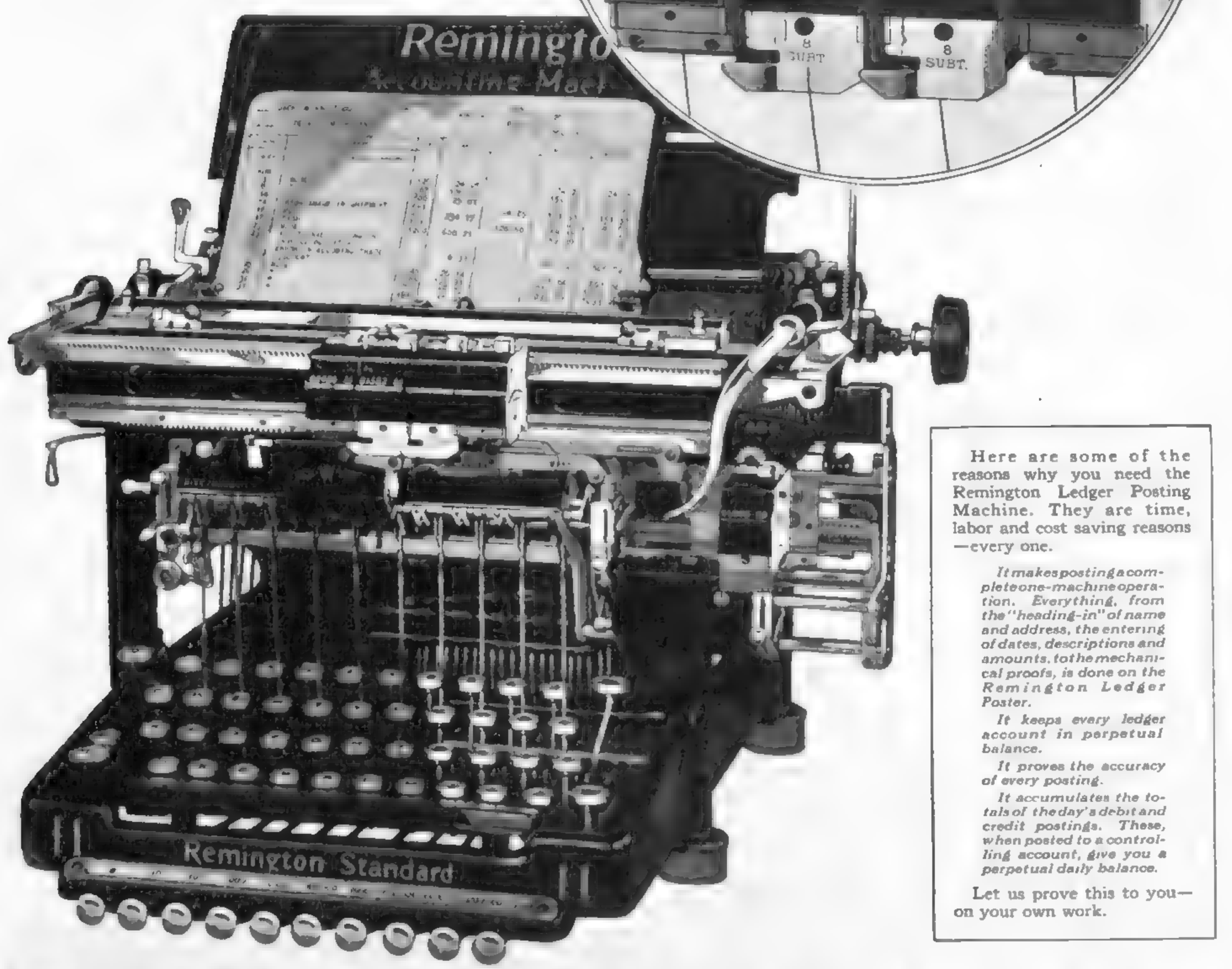
The young man sprang forward, threw in his bags, slipped into the extra seat, slammed the door, and Peaches touched Richard upon the shoulder.

"Drive for your life!" she shouted, and the big black car shot down the street just as the two pursuers emerged, breathless, from the crowd.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



REMINGTON
Accounting Machine
(Wahl Mechanism)
Equipped for Ledger Posting



Here are some of the reasons why you need the Remington Ledger Posting Machine. They are time, labor and cost saving reasons—every one.

It makes posting a complete one-machine operation. Everything, from the "heading-in" of name and address, the entering of dates, descriptions and amounts, to the mechanical proofs, is done on the Remington Ledger Poster.

It keeps every ledger account in perpetual balance.

It proves the accuracy of every posting.

It accumulates the totals of the day's debit and credit postings. These, when posted to a controlling account, give you a perpetual daily balance.

Let us prove this to you—on your own work.

Remington

This Remington Saves All Your Adding Time

Remington's whole purpose is to save business time.

Since Philo Remington marketed the first practical typewriter in 1874, the Remington Company has saved enough business time to build an empire.

Remington made the first typewriter—*to save time.*

Remington built the first automatic ribbon shift—*to save time.*

Remington originated the key-set tabulating typewriter—*to save time.*

Remington created the Self-Starting typewriter—*to save time.*

Remington produced the adding and subtracting typewriter—*to save time.*

And the greatest of all business time-savers, excepting possibly the typewriter itself, is the Remington Accounting Machine (Wahl Mechanism).

This wonderful Remington actually saves 100%—*all*—of your adding time. It does more. It insures 100% accuracy.

The Remington Accounting Machine writes just like the typewriters now in your office. It *is* a typewriter—one of the splendid Remingtons.

But—the Remington Accounting Machine *adds, subtracts, checks, cross totals,* as it writes.

All of these, as separate operations, are entirely eliminated.

Take *billing,* for example:

Modern business standards demand typewritten bills.

But how do you add the items?—Deduct the credits?—Obtain the net total? Or if copied from pre-added work, how do you check the additions and know that the work is correct?

The Remington Accounting Machine does these things *as it writes the bill*—and more. It gives you every computation the work requires—the grand total of all bills as well as the individual check on each bill—all in the single act of writing.

Actually and literally, it *eliminates all of your adding time.*

Under the Remington method, *adding, subtracting, checking, cross footing*—all become by-products of typewriting.

And the Remington Accounting Machine does its work as rapidly as any form can be typewritten.

Billing is only one example. The Remington Accounting Machine applies the same method to ledger posting, including accounts receivable, accounts payable and stock ledger, to statement writing, to voucher check writing, to every accounting task. And in every case the time-saving principle is the same—the total elimination of the separate adding and the separate adding time.

Let us make a demonstration on your work without expense or obligation to you.

Remington Typewriter Company
Incorporated

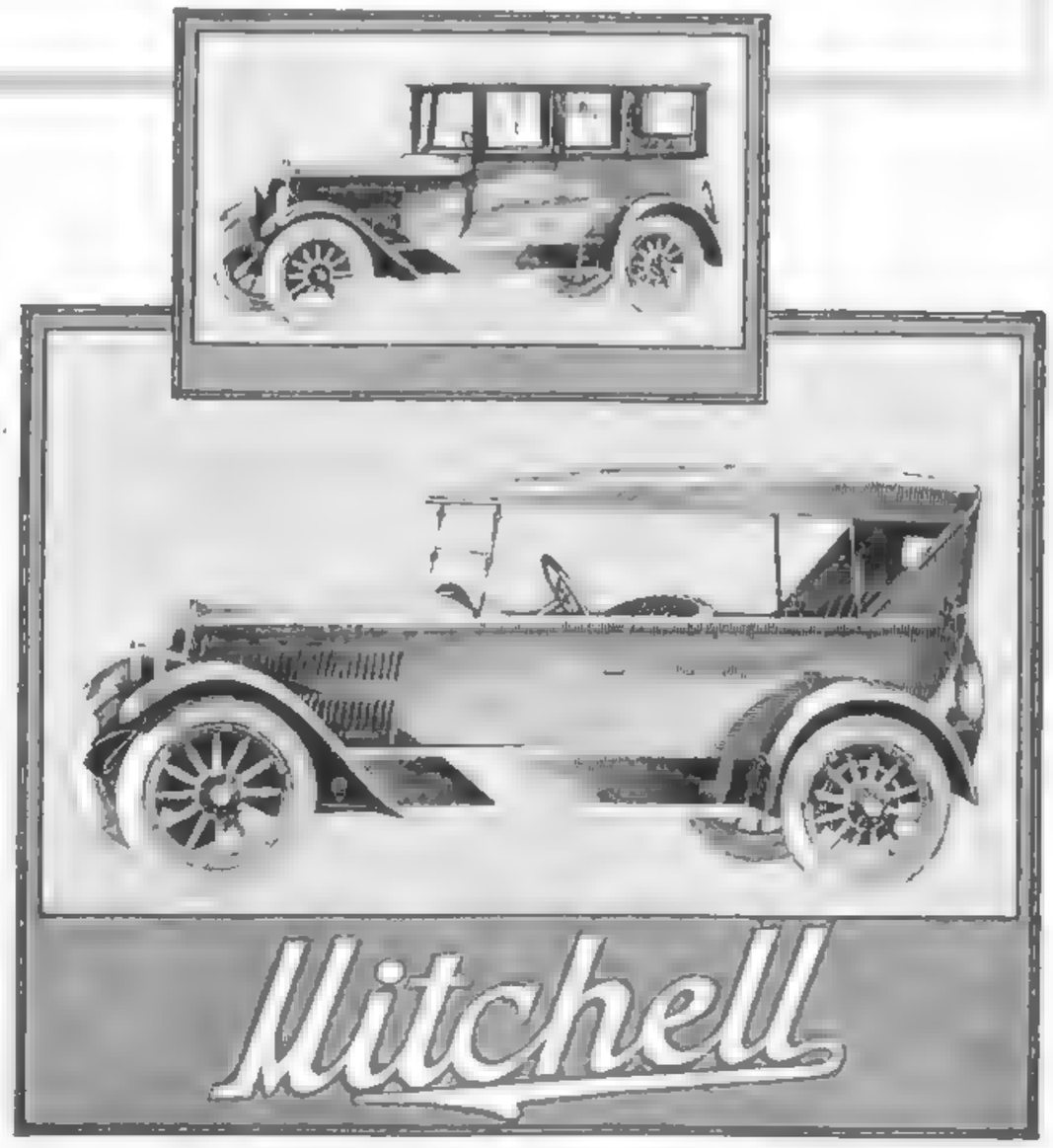
374 Broadway, New York *Branches Everywhere*

Remington Typewriter Company, Ltd.
144 Bay Street, Toronto

Typewriters

Mitchell Touring in Summer

proves this car's great comfort



BOULEVARDS never reveal what an open road can. The ultimate test of many a car comes during a vacation trip.

On such an occasion the New Mitchell proves its complete worth. Then Mitchell design shows its heritage of rich experience.

The New Mitchell affords a new conception of physical comfort. In it you can drive or ride all day with satisfying pleasure.

Free from fatigue

THE body is suspended on those now famous cantilever springs we adopted in 1916. They are extra-long, extra-resilient. The weight is so perfectly equalized that shock absorbers are not needed.

Mitchell bodies are roomier. We design and build them ourselves. We have gained space in many ways. To prove it, sit in the New Mitchell in the several positions. Note that there is unusual roominess. Then have every seat occupied. Note that there is no crowding.

Roominess is accompanied by extremely fine upholstery—splendid springs, finest hair, hand work, real leather. And best of all, this is upholstery that will hold its shape.

Rare values

EASY steering is another touring comfort. Drive this car all day and there will be no fatigue. A number of costly features makes this possible, features rarely found on any but much higher-priced cars.

All these, and many other itemizations, give the New Mitchell supreme roadability. They make long rides pleasurable. And of course they are just as important in city driving.

All these Mitchell superiorities are due to the Mitchell policy of giving the utmost for the price. And this policy is made possible by building the Mitchell complete, even the bodies. We save in countless ways and put the savings into the car.

And all this physical effort is in addition to the new-day style and mechanical dependability. The New Mitchell has set the style pace. The new lines bring a more harmonious car.

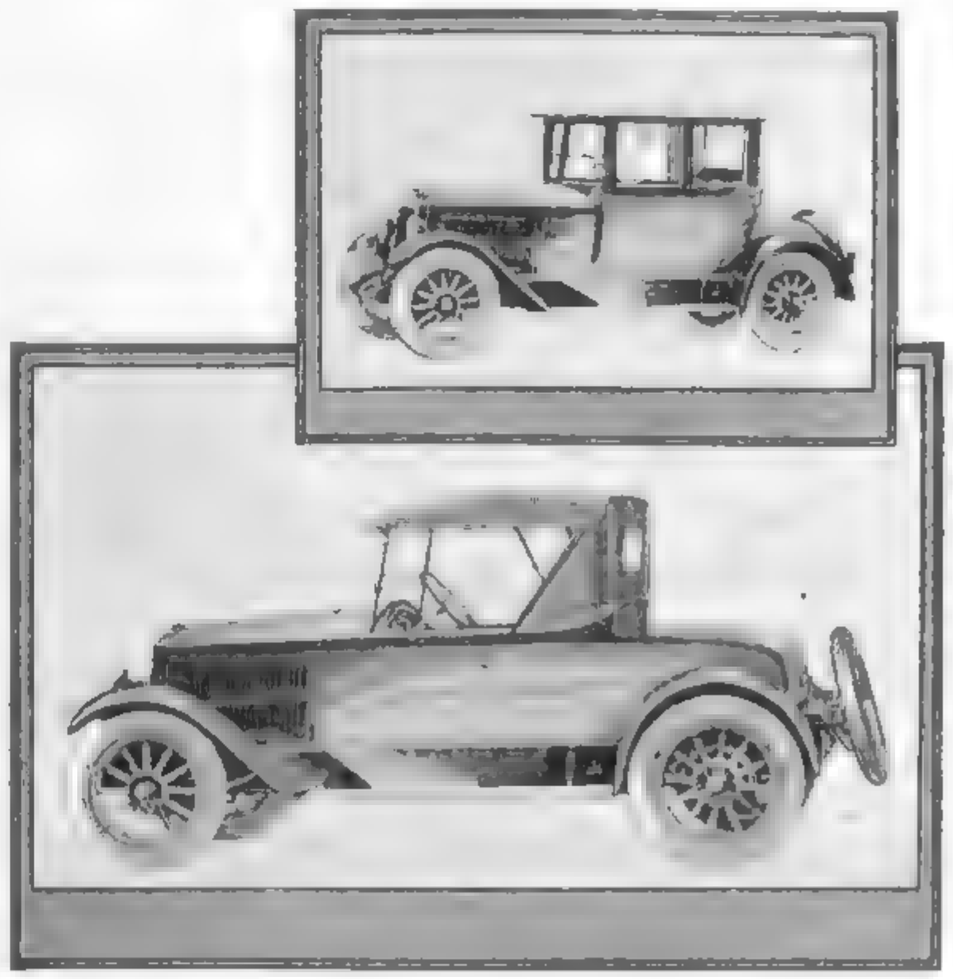
Every wanted feature

COMFORT, style, lasting newness, lowered upkeep, minimum operating expense, a money-saving initial cost—these are some of the factors that should lead you to examine the New Mitchell carefully before you decide on your car.

A Mitchell dealer will be glad to point out all the superiorities. Then you can make comparisons.

But we advise an early investigation, and if you agree that this is the best car you can buy for the money, place your order early, so as to insure early delivery.

The New Mitchell Six is presented in four handsome models: 5-passenger Touring Car, 3-passenger Roadster, 5-passenger Sedan and 4-passenger Coupé.



MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

THE OBLIGEE

(Continued from Page 9)

"It Strikes You as All Right to Pester the Biggest House in Ecuador—the Firm We've Been Trying to Land for the Last Two Years—Over a Fool Hat for Some Girl!"

away the most densely ignorant person he'd ever met. Why, I didn't even know ——"

"Never mind the horrible details, please." Charles Cornish lifted a hand. "I think I follow your general drift. Go on with your elucidation of principle. People have always done things for you, with the result that you haven't learned to do much for yourself, eh?"

"Yes. Professor Ransome spotted it. He was awfully white about it all. Said I was young enough to get over it if I made up my mind to it. And he was right. I can see just what it's done to me. I'm no good on earth as I stand. But from now on——"

He left the sentence in the air. His father regarded him steadily, a faintly provocative glimmer in his clear eye, his long fingers drumming slowly on the cloth.

"I see. Perhaps your tutorial friend has the right of it. We've certainly made life rather simple for you so far. I think you overestimate the deadly effect of it all, but it can't hurt you to try the other thing for a while. Suppose you come down to the office with me to-day. You can put in the time to advantage there. And in the fall you can enter the law school if you're set on not going back to finish at college."

"No, sir. That's only compromising. In your office I'd still be nothing but an obligee—I wouldn't be there on my merits, I mean. I'm going to go it alone—absolutely. Find my own job ——"

"Very well." Charles Cornish spoke in a perceptibly different tone. The twinkle had left his eyes. He folded the bills and returned them to his pocket. "If you're ready we'll ride down together."

"No, thanks. I can't afford motor cars just yet. And till I can afford my own I'll do without 'em. The trolley'll get me down."

"Just as you like, of course." The elder man rose. "If you should change your mind about coming into the office——"

"I won't." Herbert bit the word off with decision. "I'm going it on my own—absolutely."

In the hall he discovered that his kit bag had vanished. He found it in his room with Katy in the act of removing the nethermost layer of its contents. She regarded him with the worshipful eye of ownership and expressed a highly derogatory opinion of his packing, of the college laundry and the acumen of the faculty in one intricately compound sentence.

"But ye'll be ahl right noo," she concluded. "I'll be takkin' care of ye proper."

"Katy, I want it understood that you've got to let my things alone," he said deliberately. Better have it out with her once for all. Have to treat her rough, too, or she'd think he was joshing. "I'll attend to my own affairs after this. I don't want you meddling about my room again."

He closed the door on her astounded countenance. The look in her sky-colored eyes hurt him. It was brutal, perhaps, but, as Professor Ransome had said, trivial concessions would negative major reform unless he watched and guarded eternally against them.

"Why, Katy's more of a man than I am right now," he informed himself. "'S got to stop. Obligee—why, I'm a lap dog!"

II

HIS half decision to emigrate before beginning the sterner phases of self-reconstruction abated as he changed his clothes, choosing a neutrally inconspicuous suit and a monochrome scarf which provided him with an aspect he found harmonious toward his present purpose. He looked very much like the wash drawings in the advertisements of epistolary universities and of magical books warranted to wreak miracles of character development for an immediate dollar and a monthly procession of duplicates. There was a new quality of jut about his jaw above the dull blue of the tie; his eyes evinced a fixity of intent at once foreign and reassuring. Confronted by this purposeful reflection, the idea of deferring his plunge into self-reliance until he could relocate the setting became repulsive. He needed the outlet of present action to relieve and employ the pressure of his superheated resolves.

"I'll do it here," he informed himself. "I'll show 'em that I can walk on my own shoes—right in the town where I've been a darned obligee all my life!"

He repulsed, with rather more heat than usual, a stubborn endeavor on the part of Katy to provide him with rubber overshoes and emerged after the victory with his chin slightly more aggressive than ever. He walked briskly to the corner where a compressed group of stores trespassed on the residential preserves of Oak Hill and procured copies of all three morning papers. Their classified-advertising columns spread a promising bulk of agate to his questing eye. Plenty of jobs open, evidently. He set himself to a methodical examination, alphabetically arranged. Accountant, advertising writer, bushelman—he wondered why a tailoring establishment should demand assistance in something obviously agricultural—and so through a bewildering list terminating in the inclusive category of Young Men—the only classification in which he felt justified in considering himself.

Young men were in some demand for a variety of engagements, he observed. They were desired to learn the insurance business; to collaborate with a prominent funeral director alleged to cater to high-class trade; to subscribe for courses in the art of scenario writing; to sell coffee, tea and spices from a motor car provided by the advertiser; to apply for a number of undescribed situations.

He frowned thoughtfully as he contemplated these opportunities. None of them appealed strongly to his vague yearning. He returned to the specific demands. Possibly inexperience might prove no bar in some one of them; clearly a bushelman, for instance, could not have been born with a command of that mystifying profession. He paused at the arresting word "export," suddenly captivated by its hint of romance, by a mental picture of clipper ships in the roaring forties, of spice-smelling old offices overlooking wharves and harbors, of invoices concerned with commodities instinct with adventure and mystery:

"Export man to assist manager in well-established Foreign Department. Experience desirable. Knowledge of Spanish indispensable. Excellent future for right man."

He creased the paper about the item and detached it neatly. A craven thought which pleaded his unsophistication as a barrier was sternly put down. He arranged his features in a pose of unrelenting purpose, mindful of the forceful young men in the advertisements. "That's my job," he announced to an inner audience. He frowned again as he realized the necessity of delay. He must apply by letter, addressed to a mere number in care of the Messenger. And he was among the worst living letter writers—thanks to his miserable career as a chronic obligee. Phil Brewer had amiably attended to his correspondence during their two-year partnership in rooms at college and before that there had been no need of letters. He glowered at this fresh evidence of the malign effect of his besetting habit. Professor Ransome's kindly enlightenment resounded in his ear.

"Every faculty atrophies fast under disuse, Cornish. You've stunted yourself in every phase of development by your insidious ability to make other people wait on you. They've profited—not you. You've paid for their schooling."

He could see the gleam of enthusiasm in the nearsighted eyes, the rhythmic wag of the forefinger punctuating the lecture.

"You're young. It's not hard to rebuild your character if you set about it now—while you're still plastic. But it's not easy either. It isn't enough to avoid asking favors; you've got to learn to watch for them and refuse them as if they were poisonous drugs. And even that won't do—you've got to build up initiative and power in yourself by exercise, by finding obstacles and climbing over them, even when there are none in your way, even when there's a smooth path round them."

He nodded in agreement with this doctrine. You couldn't develop even an elementary thing like a decent biceps without giving your arm exercise—chest weights and dumb-bells if there wasn't anything more diverting and profitable to occupy them. Certainly an elusive quality like will power couldn't be acquired without some similar process.

Well, here was an obstacle all right. A letter to Number B-471 challenged his wits on the very threshold of reform. How in thunder —— He brightened. McMillan would be delighted to compose an application for him—write it right off on his typewriter without stopping to think of a single word. Of course! He congratulated himself on the device. Easy enough to climb over that obstacle!

"Even when there's a smooth path round them."

The words boomed through his brain with an effect of implacable accusation. He straightened under their thunder as if he had actually heard them. There! The old habit slipping one over on him the instant he lowered his guard! He wagged his head.

"Gee—I'm worse than I thought! I pretty near fell for that one!"

He concentrated his wits on the difficulty, contemptuous now of the easy channel round it. There must be some way over it, some succession of handholds by which one of the prominent-chinned young men in the advertisements would clamber triumphantly up the sheer wall. H'm. Somebody must know who Number B-471 was. In the newspaper office, of course—he grinned at the simplicity of it. That showed a fellow! You could always manage if you didn't quit at the first sign of difficulty in the way.

He dropped from the platform in mid-square, skipped blithely out of the path of a scudding flivver to the accompaniment of a roaring apostrophe from its driver and covered the distance to the newspaper office almost at a run.

Here he was briefly puzzled by a minor problem. The Messenger flaunted a lobby as ponderously gaudy and complex as a bank's—an affair of onyx and bronze and redwood with a bewildering number of wicket windows in the grille. He made a canny circuit before deciding on his target. Under a sign of "Replies to Advertisements" he confronted a familiar face. He could not remember the name, but his memory flashed a picture of these freckles and that carrot-colored hair, appurtenances to a knickerbockered boy who screamed encouragement from the side lines to a half back on the high-school eleven.

"Hello there."

He thrust a hand over the plate-glass shelf. The freckles seemed to overlap in the grin which responded. They exchanged the commonplaces. Herbert leaned closer.

"Say, you can do me a big favor. Mighty lucky you're on this job." He produced the clipped advertisement. "I'm trying to find who's back of this."

The freckles separated to their normal spacing. An upright line scored a path between two pinkish brows. Cornish recognized the symptoms accurately. Experience had perfected his technic to the point of finesse. He waited. "If it's too much trouble ——" He inserted the phrase at precisely the right stage of the conflict visible behind the freckles. Decision dawned instantly in the eyes.

"No. It's against the rules, but seeing it's you ——" The voice lowered. There was a moment of fumbling with index cards on a counter visible through the glass shelf. "Empire Specialty—46 Blake. Don't let on you found out here, will you?"

"Trust me." Cornish wagged his head. "I tell you, old man, you're a regular life-saver. I won't forget this. Much obli——"

The word broke in the utterance. His jaw dropped. There it was again! The moment he relaxed his vigilance habit landed another blow! He hadn't surmounted his obstacle after all. He'd just grafted a ride round it on the good will of this kid whose name he'd forgotten—if he'd ever heard it! Nothing but an obligee!

He meditated swiftly. He couldn't undo it now. The knowledge was irrevocably his. To refrain from applying it would be merely silly. He finished his phrase, shook hands again and went out, his mind a theater for belligerent emotions. To be sure he'd profited by friendliness, but at least he had used a little invention and industry in clearing the way for that benevolence. The net result indicated progress, he told himself. And, besides, the big difficulty lay before him still. He knew who wanted a young man with a command of Spanish to assist its export manager, but this knowledge was considerably short of establishing that he was the particular young man to supply that demand. He thrust the episode back in his thought. Blake Street! He resisted an impulse to seek enlightenment of a traffic policeman and ferreted diligently in the back of a directory.

His self-reliance brought him to the wrong end of Blake Street half an hour

(Continued on Page 164)

GLIDDEN

PAINTS — VARNISHES — COLORS — INSECTICIDES

Everywhere on Everything

—for safety and protection

BRIGHT, non-fading colors for safety—a strong, impervious film for protection—are two good reasons for familiarity with the name Glidden in the railroad field.

And the same reasons apply to the man on the street. Whether you own or rent the house in which you live you are paying for its protection and decoration just the same. Building losses due to lack of paint are charged to society in general. Each man pays his share of depreciation. Every step taken to eliminate this waste has its effect in reducing the high cost of living. Every gallon of Glidden Endurance Paint plays its part.

If the country's tumble-down buildings had been better paint-protected there would be less building shortage and lower rents today.

Deterioration is a slow process of destruction, but just as sure as fire. To paint-insure your property is to paint at regular intervals—*and paint right.* It is by such a process that the true value of Glidden Endurance Paint comes to the surface. *Repainting is put off for the longest possible time. Protection is gained at the lowest possible cost.*

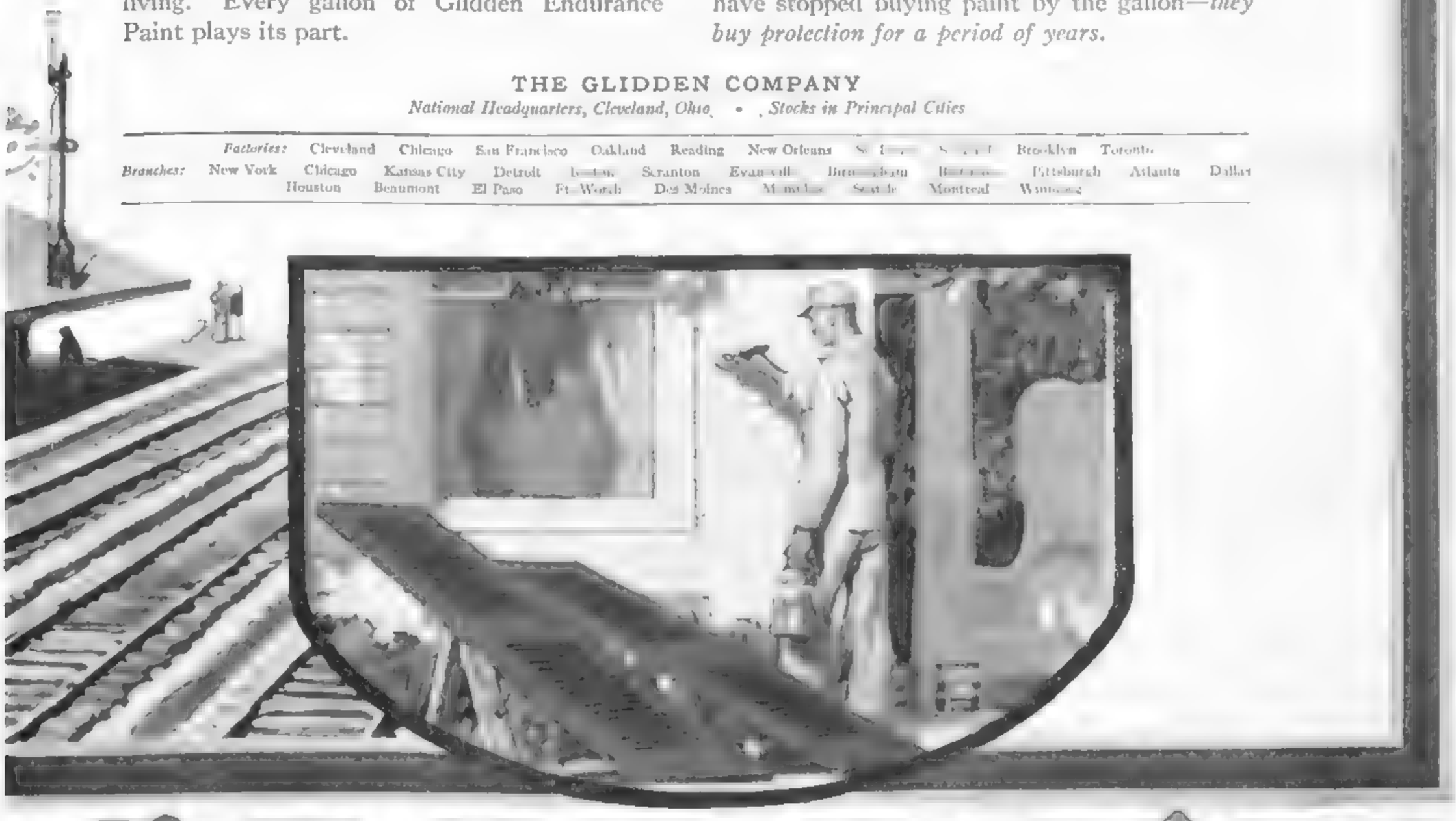
Men who realize the truth of these statements have stopped buying paint by the gallon—*they buy protection for a period of years.*

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY

National Headquarters, Cleveland, Ohio • *Stocks in Principal Cities*

Factories: Cleveland Chicago San Francisco Oakland Reading New Orleans [illegible] Brooklyn Toronto

Branches: New York Chicago Kansas City Detroit [illegible] Scranton Evansville Birmingham [illegible] Pittsburgh Atlanta Dallas Houston Beaumont El Paso Ft. Worth Des Moines Memphis Seattle Montreal Winnipeg



GLIDDEN

PAINTS — VARNISHES — COLORS — INSECTICIDES

Home at McComb, Miss.,
Stained with Sta-so Creosote
Shingles. J. E. Atwood, Owner

Is Your Roof Afraid of the Sun?

Sta-so never changes color, even under the sun's steady glare.

OUT under the beating summer sun, day after day, your roof is subjected to the severest color-test it can undergo.

Yet all over the country—even down in Florida where the sun shines its hottest; out in southern California where the sun shines its steadiest—you will find Sta-so'd roofing summers old, still in the bloom of its original beauty.

Sta-so's colors—of deep Indian red and cool sage green—were the same for centuries before it was quarried; those colors will outlive the roofing which Sta-so ornaments. For nothing in nature can fade Sta-so—not even the steady searching rays of the sun.

Once you examine Sta-so's substance, you will realize why Sta-so'd roofing is so fire-resisting. Once you see Sta-so's permanent beauty and consider its durability, you will be surprised that Sta-so'd roofing is comparatively low in price. It costs far less than tile or solid slate; no more than the best wood shingles.

Below is the Sta-so trade-mark which identifies the Sta-so surfaced roofing of the manufacturers listed below. Roofing bearing this trade-mark is guaranteed to be fade-proof. Get the protection of this guarantee by insisting upon the Sta-so label on the slate-surfaced roofing you buy.

Amalgamated Roofing Co. Chicago
Barber Asphalt Paving Co. Phila., Pa.
Barrett Co. . New York, N. Y.
Beckman-Dawson Rfg. Co. Chicago
Bird & Son, Ltd. . Hamilton, Ont.
Bird & Son, Inc. East Walpole, Mass.
Philip Carey Mfg. Co. . Cincinnati
Flintkote Co. . . Boston, Mass.
[illegible]
The Hepper Rfg. Division
The Richardson Co. . Chicago, Ill.
[illegible]
Monterey Millwork Mfg. Co.
South Bend, Ind.

National Asbestos Mfg. Co.
Jersey City, N. J.
National Rfg. Co. Tonawanda, N. Y.
S. F. Nelson Mfg. Co. . Minneapolis
Pioneer Paper Co. Los Angeles, Cal.
Reynolds Shingle Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richardson Co. . Cincinnati, Ohio
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wyandotte Rfg. Co. Cleveland, Ohio

STA-SO
NON FADING SLATE
ROOF SURFACE

Photographic Reproduction of Sta-so Surfaced Roofing

(Continued from Page 161)

later, and he walked a mile more to reach the plant of the Empire Specialty Company—a severely ordered rectangle of brick buildings inclosing a plot of barbered turf and a mathematical flower bed in the exact center of this. The outward aspect of the establishment exacted his approval. There was no reason why a factory shouldn't be as self-respecting as a residence. Evidently the Empire Specialty Company made money enough to spare a little of it on mere appearances and—more important—wasn't afraid of spending it. Liberal people—broad-minded. A slight weakening of his resolution was stayed by the omen. He braced his shoulders and marched into the office building, curiously forewarned of success.

A directory in the corridor informed him that Edgar Lanigan was president. Instinct bade him aim high. There was enough brass in his manner as he thrust one of his personal cards through a wicket labeled "Inquiries" to impress the aloof lady beyond it. He smilingly declined her invitation to join a group of waiting suppliants who occupied straight-backed chairs along the wall of the anteroom, and thrust his hands into his pockets, strolling casually about the open space and inspecting an array of framed advertisements which enlightened him regarding the nature of the specialties emanating from the Empire factories.

It appeared that the Empire dedicated itself to polishes. It purveyed a bewildering variety of substances, liquid and paste and powder, each eagerly warranted to revive and impart luster. There were polishes for shoe leather and silver, polishes for pianos and plate glass, for mahogany and metal signs, for motor cars and marble, for brass and copper and stoves and kettles and jewelry. Grouped thus, the aggregate effect was distinctly imposing. It caught cunningly at Herbert Cornish's fancy to behold a conjointure of unconsidered trifles out of which all this tangible prosperity had been evolved—the rows of buildings about the shaven turf and the geometrical flower plat, the blended hum of industry which filled his ears, the unmistakable symbols of wealth in the very structure and decoration of the office in which he waited.

Again he recalled Professor Ransome's admonitions. Trifles had all but wrecked him; well, trifles should restore him! He shut his lips on a sudden resolve to dominate the august Edgar Lanigan in the interview before him. It did not occur to him to doubt his ability to win entry to the presidential presence.

His ideas of business etiquette had not as yet distinguished themselves from the usages of social intercourse.

When a man called on you you received him as a matter of course. It startled him to overhear the girl at the wicket inform one of the waiting gentlemen that Mr. McDonough couldn't see him. He imagined a motive for an insult so direct—some deadly offense which Mr. McDonough found himself unable to forgive. And yet the caller departed without visible dejection. It puzzled him.

"Mr. Lanigan will see you now, Mr. Cornish."

He nodded gravely and followed a saturnine office boy along a cork-carpeted corridor to a ground-glass door. Beyond this, in a high wide room of mahogany and plate glass, he confronted a familiar face. He remembered Mr. Lanigan now as an acquaintance of his father's to whom he himself had been casually presented on the occasion of some street encounter. Lanigan, a solid gentleman, remarkably massive and pink of jowl and exhibiting an expanse of naked scalp upon which, Herbert thought, he must have tested all the polishing compounds in his factory, shook hands energetically and indicated a humidor on his table.

"Well, Herbert—what brings you out here? I thought you were down putting the finishing touches on ——"

"I've left college. I'm looking for a job. I thought you could use me in your export department." Cornish congratulated himself on the crisp staccato sentences. They sounded businesslike. "I know some Spanish and French and a bit of Italian ——"

Lanigan regarded him more soberly, his eyes narrowing, his cigar sending up a hurrying, tremulous thread of blue before them.

"H'm. That's quite a coincidence. We're running an ad in to-day's papers that just about describes you." The eyes contracted more noticeably. "Anybody leak in our office?"

Cornish hesitated. Even an indirect lie gagged him under the conditions. One suppressed unpleasant truths, in his code, as a matter of courtesy and course; one didn't tamper with the fact for motives of personal profit.

"No, sir. But I did know you wanted somebody. I'd rather not say how I found out, though. It wasn't through any leak in your office."

Lanigan meditated on this. He nodded slowly, as one who finds enlightenment. "All right. I know how you managed it then." He nodded again. "You've got some ingenuity in you—and some speed too. We'll see what else you've got."

He manipulated a desk telephone and summoned somebody named Blitz, who promptly presented a ramrod erectness terminating in blunt-toed shoes diverging at a ninety-degree angle and, at the opposite extremity, a lantern-jawed countenance curiously expressive of leashed energy. Herbert Cornish was made acquainted with the export manager, who regarded him with a stabbing eye which seemed to photograph and measure him in a glance.

"He deserves a chance at that job in your department, Blitz. He's got down here while the others are hunting for paper and stamps. Knows some languages, he tells me, but he listens like a hustler, which is better than all the words in the dictionaries. Try him out anyway."

Blitz clicked his heels and bowed sharply from the upper end of his neck.

"Very good, sir. This way, please, Cornish."

He about faced and marched briskly into the corridor. Herbert waited a moment. "I'm ever so much obli——" He caught the word on the wing and swallowed it. "I'll do my darnedest," he amended.

Lanigan regarded him benevolently.

"Angels can do no more," he chuckled. "Remember me to your father. And tell him, for me, he's not in your class for speed."

Somehow, as he overtook the vanishing Blitz, Herbert Cornish was aware of a cloud on his satisfaction. He identified it presently as caused by the reference to his father. It would have been more convincing if this chance had been wrested from a total stranger. As it was, he felt suspiciously the obligee in the transaction.

He plunged into the intricacies of export selling, as elucidated by Karl Blitz, with a sullen intensity of concentration, pointed by this troublesome reflection. Wasn't he ever going to find his own feet and stand on them? Was he always to be, *nolens volens*, the obligee? He answered the question emphatically. He was not!

III

FOR ten days he held inexorably to a program of intensive self-education. His work was purely an affair of instruction at the side of the seemingly omniscient Blitz. For eight hours a day he confronted ranked armies of strange unfriendly facts, each one of which must be absorbed, remembered, correlated with its fellows. His ignorance afflicted him with a constant sense of suffocation under an enveloping blanket which hampered his arms and blinded his sight as well as interfering with his breath. It seemed to him, in those early days, that no single mind could possibly grasp and hold the innumerable items of essential knowledge which Blitz exhibited and commented upon.

His evenings, his Saturday half holidays, his Sundays went intact into a study of Spanish utterly unlike the agreeable process by which he had absorbed a superficial acquaintance with the tongue at college. He was appalled to discover, by contact with correspondents and study of their work, how little he knew of the one thing in which his college record indicated enlightenment.

His new method discarded everything not mercilessly practical. He read real letters from real people about such superrealities as consular invoices, duties, discounts and commissions. He set himself to answer these and presently hired one of the clerks in the outer office to supervise his endeavors in this direction after discovering the profundity of his own inadequacy to deal with a language which persists in the absurdity of interpreting "My dear sir" as "Very mister mine."

Ovidio Vasquez P. suffered horribly from a constitutional inability to pronounce English words which he read and wrote with an uncanny agility. He conveyed an

(Continued on Page 166)

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Make Good in California

WEAVER'S ROOFING

WEAVER ROOF COMPANY
339-341 EAST SECOND STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL

Ed B 9th.
Another typical letter
Be sure to drive home
the fact that this fine
service is not what used
to be Wilson

May 20, 1920.

RECEIVED MAY 25 1920 J. C. WILSON CO.

J. C. Wilson Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:-

I take great pleasure in telling you what success I have had with my two Wilson two and one half ton trucks. I have been a Wilson owner for two years, having bought all my trucks here in this city.

They have been in consistent service, carrying most of the time double their capacity. They have been on long hauls, sometimes as far as Imperial Valley a distance of over three hundred miles each way. In making this trip they crossed mountains, went over desert roads and highways and I am proud to say that they have never had a tow rope hitched to them and have always pulled out of bad places under their own power.

They are very economical on gasoline and oil and I believe a Wilson dealer would starve to death if he had to make his living selling Wilson parts. I have never replaced one part of my trucks.

I hope this letter will help some prospective buyer and tell them what a good truck you manufacture. I am a booster for Wilson trucks. Why? Because they have made me money and served me faithfully. I do exclusive hauling for the above named company.

Very truly yours,

J. H. Young
2601 Olney St.

The Letter Tells the Story

Wilson Trucks are made in 4 Sizes:—

1½, 2½, 3½ and 5 Tons.

All Worm Drive

Some good open territory available NOW to men or organizations who can qualify.

Send for free booklet
"Money in Motor Trucks"

37th Year

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
London *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York Paris

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

Wilson—
That's Haul

Young America Safety First Club

Bulletin

Young people often have a different way of expressing themselves than their elders and we want to discover just what they think about this campaign of "Safety First." In order to do this we are going to make it worth while for every active member to tell us just how they are making the doctrine of "Safety First" count every day.

The J. C. Wilson Company offer three prizes for the best three essays, not over 200 words in length, written by young people under 16 years of age, on the subject "What Safety First Means to Me."

Any active member of the club may enter the contest, either those members already enrolled or those who join within the next four weeks.

1st Prize $25.00 in Cash
2nd Prize $15.00 in Cash
3rd Prize $10.00 in Cash

RULES

Competitors must be under the age of 16 years.

Essays must be written on one side of the paper, in ink

Length of essay must not exceed 200 words.

Name, age and address of child must be plainly written on each essay

Contest closes August 31, 1920.

Awards and names of successful "Safety Firsters" will be printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* for October 9, 1920.

The decision of Stanley C. Wilson, President, will be final.

This little competition is designed for children. You may have help if you feel you need it, but we would prefer essays written entirely by the contestants. Neatness in transcription, correct spelling, will have a bearing on the awards.

Our members in America will be glad to know that there are branches of the Young America Safety First Club in Java, Holland, Egypt and Alaska. It makes no difference where you live, children are welcome in this Club. Its success is to be measured by the interest the members take in its work This little competition is open to all members and we are expecting to hear from a great many of our young friends.

Yours for Safety First

Stanley C. Wilson, *President*
Young America Safety First Club

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

J. C. Wilson Company
15th and Warren Avenues
Detroit, Michigan

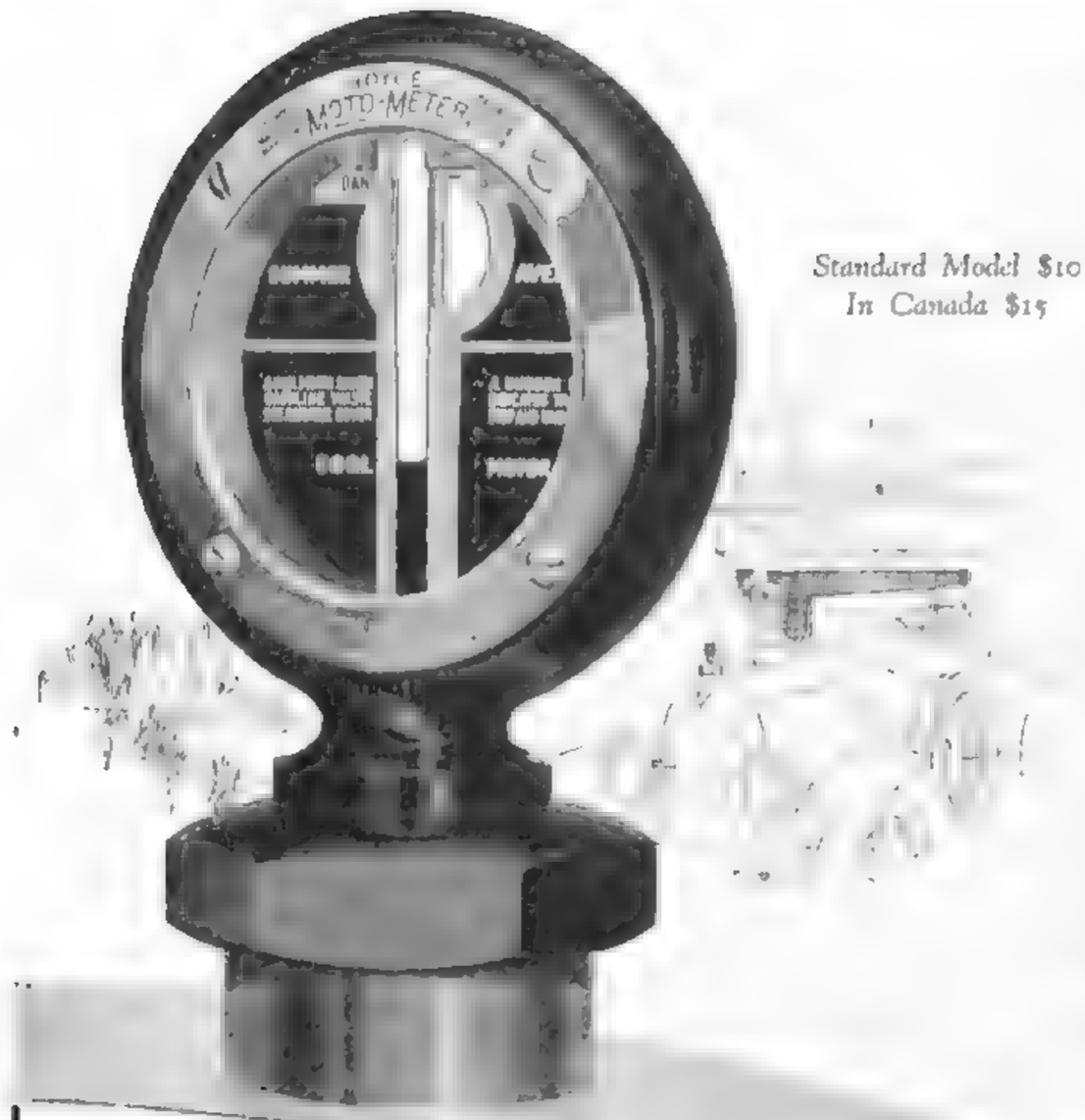
I hereby apply for free membership in the Young America Safety First Club. Please send me the free button and free pamphlet. It is understood that there is no expense to me in becoming a member. No dues and no fees

Name

Street No

City

July 17, *State*



Standard Model $10
In Canada $15

BOYCE MOTOMETER

USE a Boyce Moto-Meter for 30 days and you'll never drive a car without one. Automobile engine troubles are largely due to overheating. Boyce Moto-Meter keeps you constantly posted as to the temperature of your engine. It gives instant warning of overheating or overcooling of your engine, and is the only sure, never failing means of detecting engine trouble before it happens. It eliminates premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders and other motor troubles and expenses and prolongs the life of your car.

We especially recommend Boyce Moto-Meter for such cars as Overland, Studebaker, Dodge, Cadillac, Buick, Reo, Chandler, Cleveland and Ford.

Radiator Cap Models, $2.50 to $15.00
(In Canada, $3.75 to $22.50)

Dash Board Type $18.00 to $50.00
(In Canada, $27.00 to $75.00)

Radiator models can be installed in ten minutes.

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 164)

impression of incompetency which had chained him fast to an underpaid job in the correspondence room. Herbert Cornish selected him as his tutor chiefly because of the necessity of conversing with him in his own speech, but he speedily acquired a tolerant affection for the earnest, shy little man, and a well-founded respect for his intelligence. He intentionally overpaid him for the lessons, guessing that Ovidio's economic problems were highly complex affairs. As his interest deepened he meddled in the little Costa Rican's personal concerns, extricating him from a pestilent abode in a railroad boarding house and finding him decent quarters at no greater cost, informing him patiently on such mystifying matters as trolley transfers and laundry lists. Mentally he resolved to use his influence—as soon as he got it—to provide a better job for his protégé. He was surprised to discover how much he liked Ovidio Vásquez P. after a week or two of this sort of thing.

He was troubled during these early days by a distressing desire on the part of his friends to celebrate his home-coming. He had never paused to count them up, and after his illuminating interview with Professor Ransome he had thought of them rather shamefacedly as the victims of his casual adventures as an obligee. Probably the people he had considered as his friends had always seen this defect in him, had endured it more or less unwillingly. But it seemed that his popularity was, after all, a genuine affair. He had to be almost surly to protect his spare time against insidious proposals. People wanted him to dine with them, to join jolly parties at the theater, to waste long nocturnal hours on frivolous little dances, to play bridge and poker and billiards. It was very hard to make them understand that he was through with all that sort of thing.

He had to be perpetually on guard against his father too. Charles Cornish simply couldn't understand the deadly effect of his well-meant advances. He was constantly offering money, for one thing. He urged Herbert to choose a car at his expense; he skillfully led up to suggestions of evening diversions together. And there was a visible wistfulness in his eyes at his son's wary refusals and evasions.

"I tell you, father, I can't let down the bars an inch. I've got to get the best of this habit or it'll get the best of me for keeps. Please don't look as if I'd deliberately hurt your feelings. It's like breaking off cigarettes. Every one a fellow smokes weakens his resistance just that much."

After these explanations Charles Cornish always brightened to a tolerant grin, but his son was irritatedly aware that the sting of his refusals lingered under that amusement. It just couldn't be helped.

As for Katy, there was no possible way of handling her except by crass brutality. She had ministered to him for eighteen of his twenty-one years and nothing could shake the security of her conviction that he was still dependently helpless. The worst of this phase of his undertaking was that she had the facts on her side. He had never learned to locate his belongings. It was too simple to thrust a bath-wet head out of his door and howl for Katy's expert information. Again and again he took himself in the very act of some such reversion. He adopted, for safety, an attitude of aggressive hostility toward her, with some success.

Katy was human. Rebuffs, administered with sufficient frequency and rancor, perceptibly chilled her ardor, though they did not prevent a tight-lipped persistency in what she regarded as her duty.

Eventually he chafed under his self-tyranny. The gregarious instinct was too deeply embedded in him to yield gracefully to the commands of his will. The society of Ovidio Vásquez P. failed to offset the sudden cessation of all other contacts outside of business hours. On the eleventh evening he found himself considering a catalogue of girls with a mental eye, while his physical vision wandered from the Spanish letter before him. It couldn't do much harm to indulge in a bit of pure amusement after a start like this. He dismissed Ovidio before nine, borrowing his father's car to take the abbreviated Latin home. As he drove back up the hill the hunger for something nonutilitarian quickened in him. He went over the list cannily. There were several girls who were positively insidious about doing things for a fellow. He stopped the car, on impulse, at the Carroll place. No danger of weakening his resolutions in the company of Peggy Carroll! He chuckled at the absurd thought. Also, without intention, he ran up the flagged walk instead of walking.

Luck played on his side. Peggy was not only at home—a circumstance conspicuously unusual—but she was entertaining no one except herself. She waved a welcoming hand as he came into the wide, low room and her deliberate smile subtly intensified the amiability of the open fire and the shaded lamp.

"I was hoping somebody'd drop in," she informed him without prefatory commonplace of greeting. "I've been wanting that squashy cushion ever since I settled down here and I was beginning to be afraid I'd have to get it for myself. Thanks."

She wriggled her shoulders comfortably into the down pillow he inserted behind them and sighed luxuriously. He contemplated her with a new approval. She wasn't in the least the kitten girl and yet she let a fellow do something for himself instead of picking out his chair for him and running about with cigarettes. A memory of Edith Ransome's fluttering attentions pointed the contrast. He echoed Peggy's sigh as he dropped into a fireside chair and felt for his cigarette case. Queer he hadn't ever cared very much about Peggy. She indicated a magazine, open face downward, on the fender cushion.

"I'm right in the middle of a frightfully exciting story, Herbie. Would you mind looking at the end of it and telling me how it comes out? I can't get them off my mind till I know they're all right."

He grinned as he glanced at the illustration. "Suppose I read it to you if it's as important as all that?"

Her smile fanned an agreeable glow in him. He waded through the climactic paragraphs of a lurid narrative, enjoying the sound of his voice. Peggy thanked him nicely.

Somehow—absurd as it was—she reminded him of Ovidio Vásquez P. It would have been hard to imagine two less similar human beings, and yet he was distinctly conscious of some association. By a brief contemplation of this puzzling phenomenon he was led to tell her about Ovidio, to quote some of the little man's funniest distortions of the Anglo-Saxon speech and, naturally, into talk of his work. Peggy knew how to listen.

"It sounds perfectly splendid," she told him. "I can see how it would interest you—keeping in touch with people thousands of miles away. It's something like exploring."

He was delighted at this understanding. Already the romance of overseas trade had begun to lay hold of him as the fog of his ignorance lifted a little. He was moved to technicalities. Peggy caught at a word.

"Panama? Why, that's queer. I've been wondering how to——" She sat up abruptly. "I want a wide-brimmed hat," she confided; "a simply monstrous one." She held up her hands to demonstrate. "And the stores don't sell them. They say they'd have to have somebody weave me one down there."

"Oh, I see." He exhibited a newly gained item of information. "They don't come from Panama at all. They're made in Ecuador—the best ones."

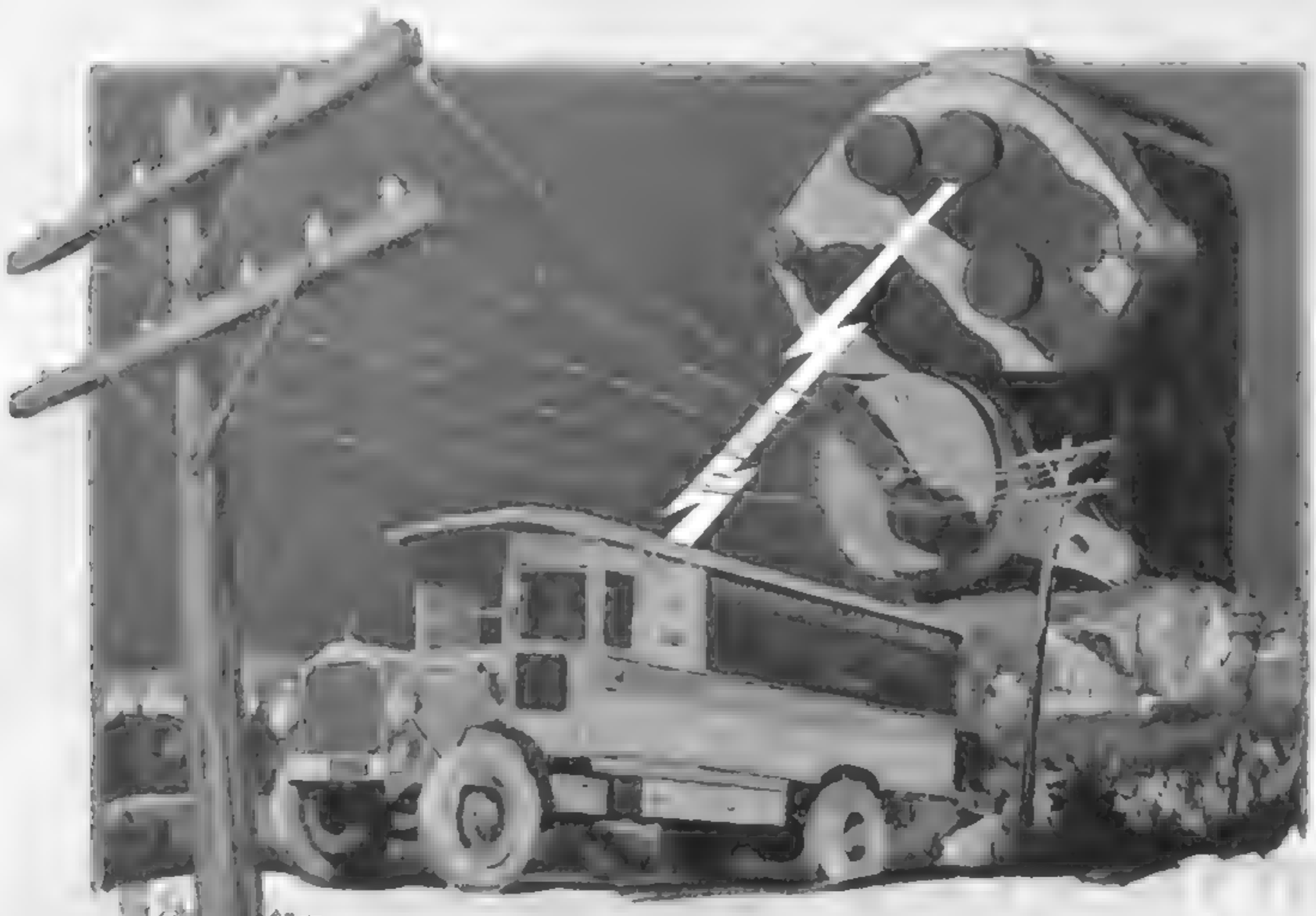
"It doesn't matter. Do you think you could persuade somebody to make me one? I'd be ever so grateful!"

"I should think it could be managed." He distinctly remembered an index card with an address in Ecuador. "Just give me the measurements and I'll try anyway."

She could be active enough, he observed, when something interested her. He carried away a paper pattern showing exactly the size and shape of hat she desired. And he carried, also, a distinctly new impression of Peggy herself. A nice girl. Somehow the adjective, when applied to her, acquired a definitude and precision hitherto wanting in it.

Analyzing his improved opinion of her, he presently discovered that she made one feel strong and competent and clever, without any recourse to flattery. Just the way she looked and acted and talked made a fellow conscious of unsuspected qualities in himself. That must be because she saw and respected them. She didn't think of Herbert Cornish as a flabby-spined obligee—she saw deeper than that, evidently. The way she had taken it for granted that he could procure that hat, when the stores had failed—that showed how she regarded him.

(Continued on Page 169)



130,000 Dependable Miles

Over desert trails, in the heart of traffic and through all weathers, this Goodyear owned Packard has traveled more than 130,000 dependable miles on Bosch High Tension Magneto Ignition. Your truck, automobile, tractor, motor boat, gas engine or motorcycle can have the same Bosch Dependability. The nearest Bosch Service Station will install a Bosch High Tension Magneto on any engine in a few hours time—or any manufacturer will send through his product "Bosch Equipt" if you insist.

Be Satisfied Specify Bosch

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. *Branches*—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco

300 SERVICE STATIONS IN 300 CENTERS

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

Motor Trucks : Tractors : Airplanes : Motor Cars : Motor Boats : Motorcycles : Gas Engines

BOSCH

"Pollyanna" with a flat tire

—*There's a good reason for her Cheerfulness*

Her car is equipped with a

Weed Chain-Jack

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack, it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car and work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car,*** pull the chain in opposite direction. ***Up or down —there's no labor.***

Never gets out of order. Quickly adjusted to any required height by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. ***Try it yourself***—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

The Jack That Saves Your Back

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them, send $7.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $15.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $8.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $16.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied return it to us and we will refund your money.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12 inches	14 inches	$ 7.50
10 inch	10 inches	15⅝ inches	17⅝ inches	7.50
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step	7.50
12in. Truck	12 inches	19½ inches	No Aux. Step	15.00

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—
From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES: Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco

(Continued from Page 166)

He thought of her with a certain respect now. She was a percipient and astute observer, not deceived by his past shortcomings into mistaking him for a mere drifter with the current.

He collaborated during the noon hour next day in the composition of a personal letter to the firm named on the index card, supplying the substance of a request which Ovidio Vásquez P. delightedly ornamented with intricate Castilian arabesques of words. He was so taken with the resounding periods of the completed effort that he neglected to confiscate the carbon manifold from Ovidio's file basket. At the suggestion of his assistant he bought a draft for twenty-five dollars, drawn on a Guayaquil bank and payable to Gutiérrez Hermanos y Compañía.

"Moa-nay es-speak-es thee es-Spanish," explained Ovidio, "thee samm as thee Ang-glish."

Herbert Cornish chuckled, agreeing. Ovidio Vásquez P. was beginning to show symptoms of a reciproral profit from their lessons. He mailed his letter and promptly forgot the episode in an absorbing affair of Chilean customs duties, utterly unaware of the tremendous consequences of his deed.

It did not even occur to him that he had done his best in the composition of that letter to revert to his position of the obligee.

IV

ACROSS the big table in Lanigan's office Herbert Cornish met the small, implacable eyes of Karl Blitz, fixed relentlessly upon him and revealing a predatory glitter in which, uneasily, he detected a hint of triumph. Between them, a little sheaf of correspondence on his blotter, Edgar Lanigan wore an expression of judicial severity. He cleared his throat and addressed Cornish.

"I've been going over some letters which Blitz felt it his duty to bring to me, Cornish. I what do you mean by it? Who authorized you to—to ——"

Cornish saw the glitter brighten in Blitz's eyes. This did not surprise him. After the first few weeks of his business career there had been a steadily deepening dislike between the export manager and his deputy. Blitz had been friendly enough at first; he had even seemed to take an arid pleasure in imparting knowledge to an apprentice who learned so thirstily. Then as Cornish had found his feet, had gained a certain self-adequacy in his work, they had begun to detest each other without expressing it in words or actions. Cornish accepted this changed relation with something like relief. It spared him the need of being everlastingly on guard against Blitz's favors, of inventing excuses and evasions so that he might do his own work with his own wits instead of leaning weakly on Blitz's superior abilities. That the manager did not like him was natural enough. No doubt he regarded this youngster as a potential supplanter, a possible rival for his job. For his own part he found Blitz too much of a martinet in office discipline, too impatient of suggestion. But his sense of fair play was affronted by this covert attack through Lanigan. He stiffened.

"I don't know what Mr. Blitz accuses me of doing, Mr. Lanigan. If I've done anything out of the way ——"

"Out of the way!" Lanigan barked. "You wrote these letters, didn't you?"

He thrust the pile of papers along the table. Cornish saw that they were original letters to which carbon copies of the replies had been clipped. He glanced at the uppermost one. Understanding came to him. Gutiérrez, Guayaquil! He felt himself flushing.

"Yes, sir. I wrote them. I don't see why they ——"

Lanigan controlled a mounting choler with an effort which visibly deepened the tint of his polished scalp.

"You don't, eh?" He spoke with elaborate calm. "You don't see anything unusual in bothering our customers with your petty private errands, do you? It strikes you as all right to pester the biggest house in Ecuador—the firm we've been trying to land as our agents for the last two years—over a fool hat for some girl! There's nothing wrong with your nerve anyway."

"They—they don't seem to have taken offense," said Herbert Cornish feebly. "If you read the whole correspondence ——"

Lanigan abolished the plea with a sweeping arm. "Rats! Everybody knows that a Spaniard's the politest animal on earth. Step on his foot and he claims to be intoxicated with joy about it. You can discount the flowers in that letter by a hundred and ten per cent and you know it. But that's not the point—not all of it. How did you go about squaring your obligation?"

Obligation! The sound of it boomed direfully in Herbert Cornish's brain. For the first time he confronted the reality. He had been accepting favors—even begging for them—in the affronted face of all his noble resolutions! He forgot Lanigan and Blitz in the wave of self-contempt which flooded him. Nothing but an obligee!

"You beg this friend of yours to accept a little token of your appreciation and esteem," pursued Lanigan, quoting from the translation pinned to the fatal carbon. "And it seems that the Empire Specialty Company paid the freight on that same little token for you—yes, and the duty too! Which gets us away from the matter of mere damfoolishness and brings us down to something right on the edge of graft!"

Cornish got to his feet.

"I didn't foresee that construction. What I thought when I got that friendly letter from Gutiérrez was that here was a chance to get some samples into his personal possession. I just had the shipping room fix up a case for him—one container of every polish we make—with the new Spanish labels. And I had the forwarders pay all charges because we've had some complaints about the samples we've shipped out by mail to firms who hadn't ordered 'em. It didn't occur to me that I could be accused of grafting on the firm. I'll be very glad to repay whatever the charges run to ——"

Lanigan waved a contemptuous hand.

"That's neither here nor there. I guess we can stand a dollar or two without yelling for help. I didn't understand from your letter that it was samples you were sending him. That disposes of the graft business. But it leaves the bull-headed stupidity just where it was. And you've done it to other firms too."

Cornish ran through the remaining letters. His ears tingled as he realized that he had broken his rule half a dozen times. There was that affair of the Guatemalan stamps for instance. Jimmy Carroll had yearned for a set of the new issue, uncanceled, and it had seemed so simple to ask Ceballos é Hijos to buy them.

An innocent request for information about Argentine labor conditions to gratify old Mr. McKenna's curiosity—why hadn't he realized that he was putting himself under the yoke of obligation to Sres. Juan y José Hernández in asking their opinion?

"I'm sorry you don't approve, sir," he said slowly, recalling his thought to the present crisis at some expense in will power. "It seemed a perfectly natural thing to do."

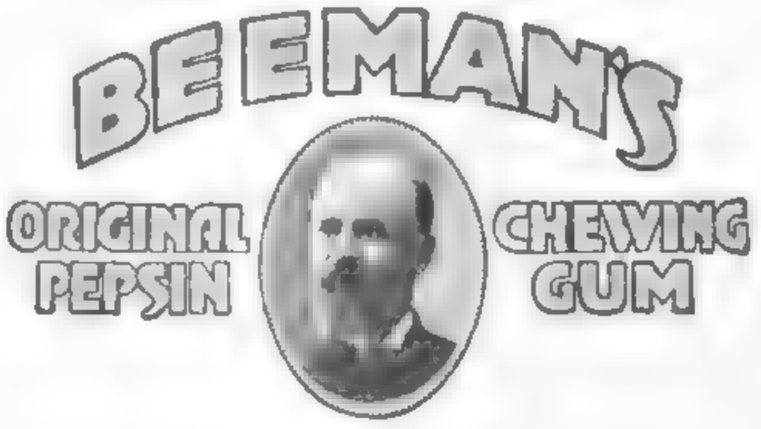
"Exactly!" Lanigan pounced on the adjective with a perceptible abatement in his rancor. "Herbie, you've put your finger right on the trouble. It was natural for you. I had a talk with your father about you the day after you joined us and he told me about your failure at college. I watched you pretty close after that. There isn't any room in this shop for a fellow who rides the saw and lets the other lad do it for him. If I'd seen any sign of it—but I'm bound to say I didn't. You were all the other way. Wouldn't even let me give you a lift home in the car. I thought you were cured."

His normal good nature came back to him. He nodded to Blitz.

"That's all, Blitz. I appreciate the spirit in which you brought me this matter. And I'm sure Cornish doesn't bear malice—eh, Herbie?"

Herbert shook his head. It didn't matter what Blitz thought, or Lanigan either. The thing which monopolized his attention was the evidence of his relapse into his ancient habit. Nothing but an obligee—as long as he trusted to instinct. He scarcely heard Lanigan's half-paternal admonitions. He went back to his desk in a profound depression.

The mood clung to him through the rest of the day; survived his ride home in a crowded trolley, a morose, silent dinner with his father. He would have liked to tell Charles Cornish about it all, but a restraint had formalized their relations lately. He met Katy in the hall after dinner and was aware of an impulse to stop and joke with her as he had loved to do before the days of his reform. But Katy brushed past him, her arms laden with new-ironed linen.



The Wisdom of Eating Slowly

We hurry through our meals and keep our minds on business while eating, when, as a matter of health, we should relax, forget business and attend to the proper chewing of our food. Hasty mastication of food rarely fails to produce unpleasant results.

The daily use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal will supply the saliva necessary to prevent digestive troubles and thus will increase the efficiency of every business man and business woman.

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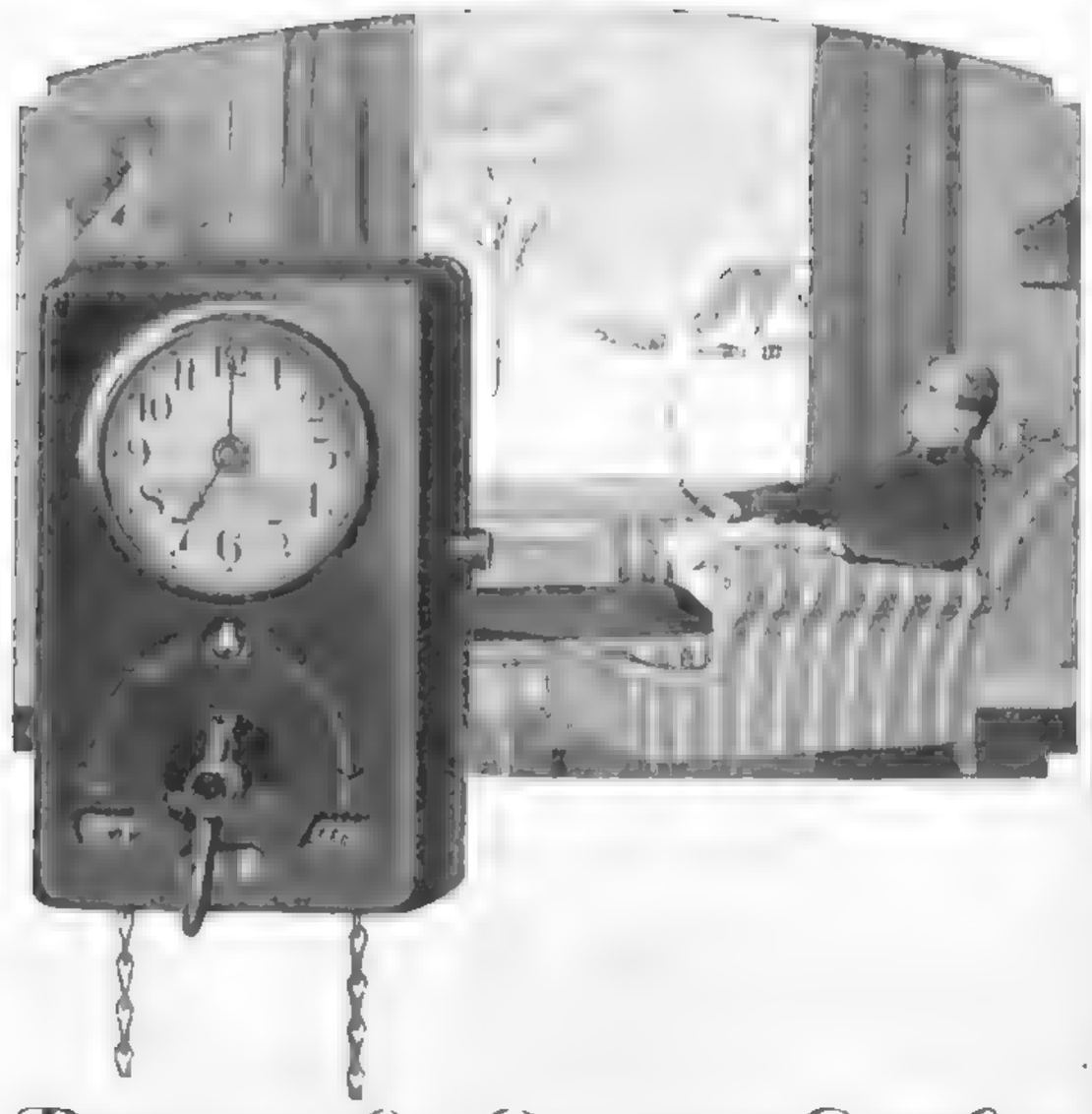

Prepare for Greater Comfort Next Winter

If your furnace is equipped next winter with

The Little Draft-Man
Furnace Regulator

you can get up in a warm house in the morning and enjoy evenings of comfort without the necessity of constant attention to the furnace. The practicability and dependability of the "Little Draft-Man" are attested by the endorsement of the most prominent furnace manufacturers of the country who sell it as equipment with their heating plants.

With the "Little Draft-Man" installed you can remain in bed cold mornings until the house is warm. Set the regulator at night and it mechanically opens the damper and closes the check. The flow of heat is regulated throughout the day by simply turning the regulator in the "off" or "on" direction.

The "Little Draft-Man" has no electrical connections or contacts, it does not get out of order and it is easily installed. It works equally well with old or new heating plants of any make—warm air, hot water, steam furnaces or boilers.

If your furnace dealer does not carry the "Little Draft-Man," write us and we will send you one post paid on receipt of price,

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The public is being educated to appreciate complete home heating comfort. Be prepared to meet this demand. Sell a furnace equipped with the *"Little Draft-Man"* Furnace Regulator. We will be glad to send you complete information, with list of manufacturers who include the *"Little Draft-Man"* as equipment.

Sahlin Manufacturing Co.

21 Ottawa Ave., N. W.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
Canadian Distributors, McClary's, London, Ont.

It occurred to him that Katy had transferred her maternal ministrations to his father; she had let him alone for months now.

He was a little sorry for himself. He had paid a pretty steep price for his independence. It had cost him the old cheerful intimacy with his father, Katy's intense devotion, the congenial friendships which had somehow dissolved since he had undertaken his reform. It was only a little more than a year since the turning of the new leaf and yet the time had sufficed to kill the kindliness in which he had existed after the effortless fashion of a fish in water. Nobody summoned him by telephone to merry little dinners any more; if he went to a theater he went alone, or took Ovidio Vásquez P., ostensibly as a matter of improving his English. Hostesses seemed to have dropped him out of their benevolent calculations. Even the men who had wanted him for cards or golf or billiards had learned to let him alone.

All this would have mattered less, he thought, if it had bought him the stiffened soul fiber he needed. He had never counted the price as long as he lay under the illusion of reconstruction. But he had failed. By impulse he was still the persuasive, plausible seeker after favor—what had Lanigan called it?—a fellow who rode the saw. The instant he relaxed his vigilance he reverted to type. It was discouraging.

He answered the telephone with an unfamiliar throb of pleasure. Somebody remembered him—somebody wanted to talk to him! He was conscious of a flutter in his respiration as he spoke into the transmitter. The voice identified itself instantly as Peggy Carroll's.

"Oh, Herbie—I hate to bother you, but I'm due at a rehearsal way over at Harmonia Hall and Jimmy's eloped with the car. I thought ——"

"I'll be right over."

He hung up the receiver with something like alacrity. His father had taken the coupé, but he found an added pleasure in chartering a livery car. Peggy scolded him delightfully for this extravagance as they bumped over neglected cobbles in the unlovely quarter where she taught a settlement class and instigated very amateur dramatics.

Later, while he waited for her, he analyzed his attitude toward her. He liked her, he concluded, because she unknowingly fostered his reformative processes. She never trapped him into accepting favors when his guard was down; she went to the other extreme, indeed. He was always doing something for her. And, besides, she was agreeably appreciative. She really thanked a fellow instead of just repeating empty, mouth-worn phrases of gratitude. A kind of warmth in her tone made all the difference. A mighty nice girl, Peggy.

He waited a few minutes to listen to her thanks when they reached the Carroll house. It occurred to him, rather irrelevantly, that Peggy was pretty—no, not exactly pretty either. Good-looking came nearer to it—attractive put it even more accurately. He found himself stumbling and flushing through a good night.

He dismissed the hired car and walked home. Spring, rebuffed for weeks by the drifting ice in the lake, had had her way at last. There was a thin moon and the shadows stippled a revived turf with inky traceries of branches just swelling into leafage. The air was amiable, gentled to the cheek like the touch of caressing fingers. A pleasant melancholy possessed him, a sense of vague desires susceptible of attainment once he recognized them, named them.

Queer, he thought, that out of all the Lakeport people who had liked him only Peggy Carroll and Ovidio Vásquez P. had any interest in him now. Even Katy—even his father—he remembered, suddenly, that he had been conscious of some association between Ovidio and Peggy long ago.

Could it have been foreknowledge that their friendship would survive the change in him? Or was it merely that each owed him thanks for kindnesses received? He had done a good deal for Ovidio, come to count it up. Thanks to his instructions and example the little man had learned an astonishing amount about oral English, had acquired an aplomb and confidence wholly wanting in him when they had met. He was brisk and assertive now. And he had a vastly better job and a materially fattened pay envelope in consequence. Yes, Ovidio ought to be fond of him, after all he had done.

Probably the same cause accounted for Peggy's loyalty. She'd made good use of him for a year and more, beginning with the panama affair. He'd run her errands, amused her, waited on her like a—like a suitor almost. No wonder she was fond of him. He felt a stab of bitterness at the thought. Friendships were bought and sold like everything else.

It did not suggest itself to him that the phenomenon of his own liking for Ovidio Vásquez P. invited speculation; nor did the mystery of his late meditation concerning Peggy Carroll's claim to pulchritude present a challenge to his sourly analytic mood. It was easy to see why those two continued to like him. He did not perceive that the sordid motive failed to explain why he liked them.

He carefully rebuffed Ovidio's smiling advances at the office for the next few days. And by the exertion of some will power he avoided the Carroll doorstep for as many evenings. His sullen humor endured until the moment when Blitz, frigidly hostile, laid a letter before him.

The elaborate letterhead leered at him. Gutiérrez Hermanos, Guayaquil! More trouble over that bit of folly! The address line attracted his eye. They wrote to Herbert Cornish personally, not to the Empire Specialty Company. And below, instead of the formal courtesy of "Very Mister Ours," he stared at the Latin warmth of *"Estimado amigo"!*

The typescript blurred a little, but its message leaped at him through a fog of words. The present he had been so chivalrous as to dispatch had been of inestimable value in the household of Carlos Gutiérrez, and the firm would be delighted to obtain the agency for Ecuador on the terms of the Empire Specialty Company's earlier proposals. In the happy event that this could still be arranged, would Mr. Cornish be so obliging as to expedite the accompanying initial order, advising his devoted friend and servant by cable?

Herbert Cornish passed a hand across a corrugated brow. Something was radically wrong with the entire science of logic. He listened absently to Blitz's acid felicitations. Every conceivable principle of selling had failed to rouse a flicker of response in Carlos Gutiérrez. But he had fallen before the first attack of an obligee!

Cornish stared, unseeing, at the joyful marginal digits of the typewritten order, at the comforting bulk of the totals, the reassuring reference to payment against shipping documents to New York agents. The incident in itself was suddenly insignificant. He had a breathless sense of looking beyond it at a basic truth unveiled at last. Slowly he grasped it.

"Why, of course! It's plainer than print! And simple as a-b-z! Everybody on earth feels friendly toward his—his obligees! It takes an effort to like the fellow who does you a favor—you can't help feeling the weight of it. But—why, that explains Ovidio and—and—and everything else!"

He seized the letter and aped straight toward the office of Edgar Lanigan, already afire with the nascent flame of an inspiration.

V

"I OUGHT to have spotted it months ago. Remember those stamps I got for Jimmy? Well, by the time I got through thanking that chap down in Guatemala for it we were friends for life. He calls me Don Heriberto and you might think we'd gone to kindergarten together. And it worked on old Rodolfo Basco, in Maracaibo, too. Oh, the minute I got my eyes open I could see the whole principle, and I made Lanigan see it too. He's going to try it on some tough old birds in the States, he says. And they've given me all Latin America to handle without any meddling from Blitz."

Peggy Carroll regarded him with eyes which stirred a faint uneasiness in his jubilant mood. But he was still overfull of his discovery to heed anything else. He plunged on.

"Why, it works with everybody! It's worked like a charm with me. Take Ovidio Vásquez P. for instance. You never saw him the way he was when I first picked him up—a funny, frightened, forlorn little guy. You'd never know him now for the same person. I've done about everything for him—and I can't help liking him because of it. He's—he's a sort of walking testimonial to my good deeds, see? Every time I look at him I swell a little and tell myself what a practical philanthropist I am."

(Concluded on Page 173)

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

THE FRANKLIN

THE figures above indicate Franklin economy in terms of owners' records. They also measure Franklin comfort and reliability, and largely account for this latest evidence of Franklin popularity:

80% increase in production
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For many years motorists cared little about economy, knew little about comfort, and thought roadability meant wasteful power and heavy weight.

Over 50,000 Franklin owners are evidence of a change of attitude. Any Franklin dealer will be glad and able to show you the reasons for this change.

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*Remember that in 1917, before we entered the war, Frankin sales increased 135% against 12% increase of all other fine cars. This new increase is on top of the old one.

Time: January
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"Before starting I was told the roads were impassable. But my Sedan came through without any engine or tire trouble over the worst 1600 miles in the world. Cars were stranded all along the way. I was forced to detour from the set route many, many times."

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A DOMINANCE THAT OVERSHADOWS

80% of American Made Cars Leave the Factory Protected by

GILMER FAN BELTS

On the fan belt rests heavy responsibility for efficient engine performance. Let the fan belt fail for only a short time—and burnt-out bearings, scored cylinders and innumerable other engine troubles are apt to result.

That is why car makers test fan belts with such continuous and exacting severity. Faulty fan belts hurt the car's prestige—car manufacturers can't afford to take chances.

And that is why the dominance of Gilmer as factory equipment—(remember, 8 out of every 10 cars leave the factory Gilmer equipped)—is so significant to the motorist who seeks effective fan belt service. Gilmer has proved its superiority under the most gruelling conditions.

See to it that your fan belt is a Gilmer and that it is properly installed. Then you'll go a long way in preventing trouble for your engine.

Good dealers and garagemen everywhere say, "My recommendation—Gilmer"

L. H. GILMER CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Carry a Spare"
A spare fan belt is as necessary as a spare tire—and when it is needed, it's needed even more than a spare tire.

Gilmer
WOVEN ENDLESS
FAN BELTS

Manufacturers of Solid Woven Power and Conveyor Belting

(Concluded from Page 170)

Peggy nodded, smiling a queer, twisted little smile. It puzzled him, like the look in her eyes. He had a random memory of the same look in the eyes of a school-teacher in his kindergarten days. Peggy was always reminding him of somebody, he thought, inconsequently. Queer.

"Yes, sir—it's a universal human weakness," he declared. "Take Katy—she used to adore me when I let her do everything under the sun for me. She's got no use for me now because I wait on myself. Even my father feels differently toward me because I'm supporting myself."

Peggy's smile softened a little. "And I suppose you like me because I'm everlastingly letting you run errands for me?"

He stopped short, feeling his ears redden. He ought to have foreseen this before elucidating his discovery. He groped for words, comforted to find no resentment in her steady, queerly penetrant inspection.

"And why does Ovidio keep on liking you, for that matter?" She spared him the need of answering the harder question. "He isn't pretending about it. I've talked to him and he—he just about adores you. How does your theory account for that?"

He scowled. She was right. There couldn't be any doubt about Ovidio's affection. Suddenly light came to him. He saw, with a sense of helplessness, that while he had been educating Ovidio ——

"Why, the little scoundrel has been doing twice as much for me as I ever did for him! He's taught me all I know about Spanish; he's steered me past dozens of fool mistakes; he's responsible for the best work I've done."

He shook his head. "I guess it's no use. I'll always be riding the saw—letting the other fellow do my work." He stopped as her earlier question came back to him. "Why—why, you too! I never realized it, Peggy! I've been strutting about imagining that I liked you because I was doing things for you—feeling all puffed up over getting you a hat or giving you a lift in father's car! And all the time you've been doing things for me—no, don't say it! I've got my eyes open now. You've kept me—human! You've prevented me from making myself the absolutely selfish animal I was bound to be! You've let me do things for you that you'd rather have done for yourself, just to give me the fun of feeling magnificent and mighty! Why, Peggy, you wouldn't like me any more than Ovidio would if all the time I hadn't been your obli——"

Suddenly the smile went quite away and the eyes were very gray and grave.

"Oh, Herbie—does it matter so awfully much why we like each other, as long as—as long as ——"

Somehow he held both her hands very tightly and his laugh had gone low in his throat.

"As long as we do, Peggy? You're right. It doesn't matter a bit. I'll be the obligee till I die if ——"

The smile quivered back. "We'll both be," said Peggy softly.

Later, as he bawled noisily to Katy, demanding to know the whereabouts of his handkerchiefs, and heard the old eager lift in her answering hail, "Wan minutt, Herbie," he understood even better. The only real obliger is, after all, the obligee.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

until all traces of acid are removed. Following this, it is freed from all chemical impurities, bleached, washed again and dried. It is then dyed or given any one of a variety of soft finishes, the particular style being determined by the class of goods for which it is intended.

Prior to the war Germany was a very large producer of artificial silk, and the United States was importing upward of 3,000,000 pounds of this material yearly from Germany and other countries. During the war our imports fell until in 1918 we only bought 293,000 pounds of artificial silk yarn from foreign producers. This curtailment of our foreign supply stimulated home production, so that from an output of 320,000 pounds of artificial silk in 1914 we increased production to 6,500,000 pounds in 1917. The present output is considerably larger than this. In fact, one big American concern is now producing about 900,000 pounds of artificial silk fiber per month.

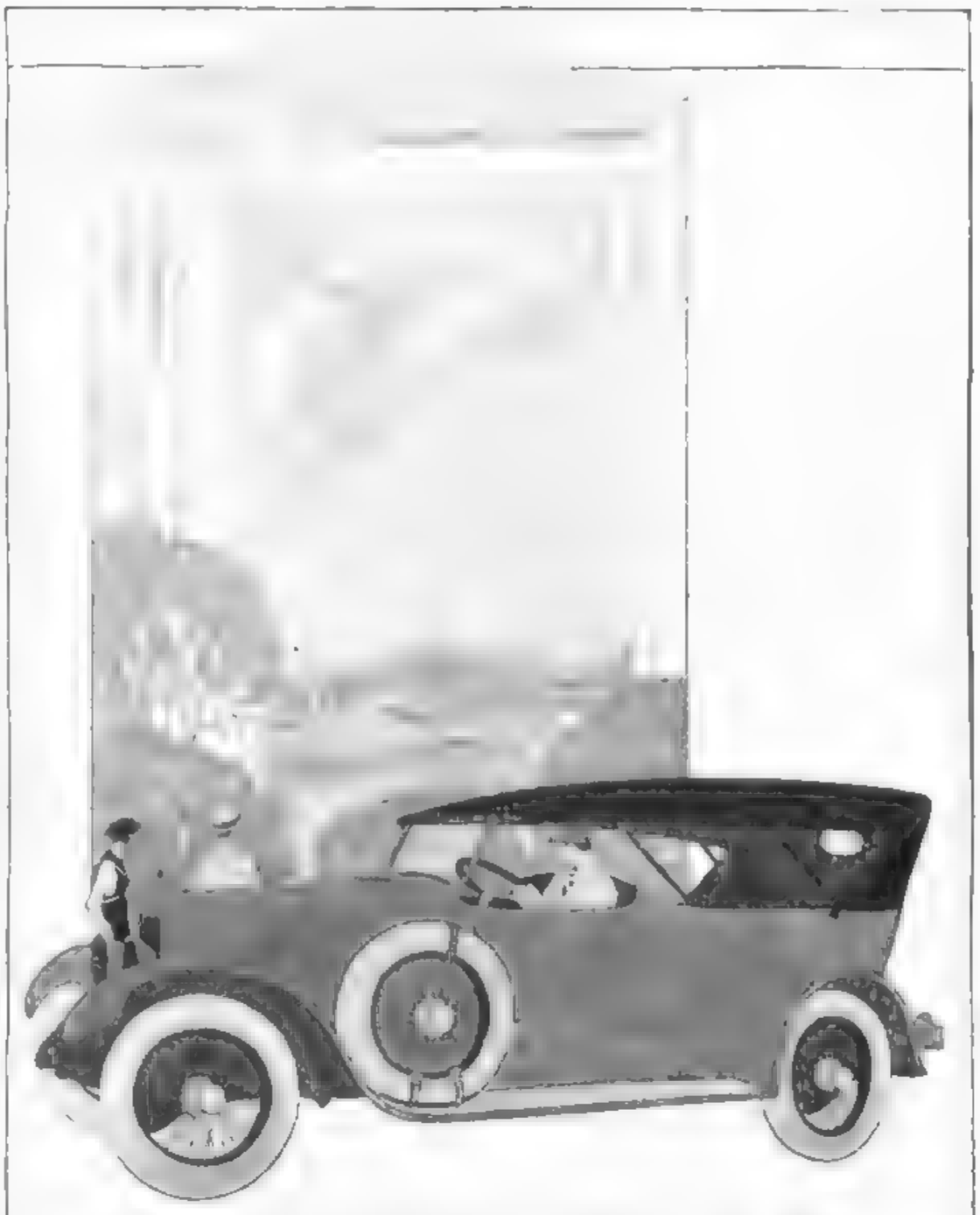
Our exports of artificial silk in 1916 had a value of $500,000. In 1918 the exports of this product had a value of $3,000,000. Last year the exports of stockings manufactured in the United States from artificial silk totaled more than 6,000,000 pairs.

Not even the ladies who buy and wear so many of the pretty things that are now manufactured to charm the eye are aware that a considerable number of the beautiful fabrics now enjoying great popularity are made not of real silk but of wood pulp instead. This interesting material known as artificial silk is principally used in the manufacture of stockings, but it is also made into sport sweaters, girdles, rugs, various grades of millinery plush, underwear, tapestries and dress trimmings. Tricolette dresses having a silk finish are often a product of wood pulp.

Though artificial silk is being improved by scientific advances that are being made each year in this comparatively new art, the product that is now being turned out, though useful, has a long way to go before it can match the qualities possessed by the real silk that is produced by our busy little friend, the silkworm. Recent discoveries enable the manufacturers of this substitute silk to create a much finer thread, and it is generally known that the finer the thread the more homogeneous it is, the less it will absorb moisture and the less brittle it is likely to be.

The biggest problem that seems to confront artificial-silk manufacturers is to cure the abnormal thirst of this material for atmospheric moisture. The authorities say that this is not an impossible problem to solve, so there is hope that one of these days goods made of artificial silk produced from the wood of trees will be as durable as it already is beautiful. Anyway, it is an industry worth cultivating unless we intend to leave the promising field to the progressive manufacturers of other nations who are now entering largely into this line of business.

Two decades ago we had 628 silk plants in the United States; to-day we have 2530 such plants, and the industry is still growing. The fact that this great business is now dependent upon the good will of Japan is a truth worth thinking about. Are we taking all the steps necessary to safeguard our investment in this important business?



TIME is the best test of top material. And time has proved the quality of Neverleek. It is made for strength and durability—to wear for years. It retains beauty and always adds smartness to the car.

Neverleek is the one material made solely for automobile tops—to withstand all climates and wearing conditions. Quality material through and through.

Its standard use on more than fifty high grade cars is an expression of long-established confidence.

Made of double-texture material, Neverleek is doubly water-proof—and doubly strong. Holds plate glass windows without a sag. Its rich finish is lasting—never cracks nor fades. Booklet and samples upon request.

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Bell	Dorris	Jordan	National	Stanwood
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Bour-Davis	Elgin	Kline	Owen Magnetic	Stephens
Chalmers	Ferris	Lexington	Paige	Stutz
Chandler	Franklin	Liberty	Pan-American	Tarkington
Cleveland	Glide	Marmon	Peerless	Templar
Clyde	Grant	McFarlan	Piedmont	Tulsa
Columbia	Hatfield	Maibohm	Premier	Velie
Comet	Haynes	Mercer	Preston	Westcott
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The Rover Co. (England) — Pic Pic (France)

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This sorting box makes friends in offices everywhere.

What you want when you want it

Your office links together the various parts of your business like the telephone exchange connects businesses and cities. Both must act promptly and direct to make business run smoothly. Baker-Vawter men know how to take waste motion out of the office—to give you what you want when you want it.

To facilitate deliveries we maintain production at these points:

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Kansas City, Mo. *(New plant ready August 1st.)*

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators & Manufacturers Loose Leaf & Steel Filing Equipment

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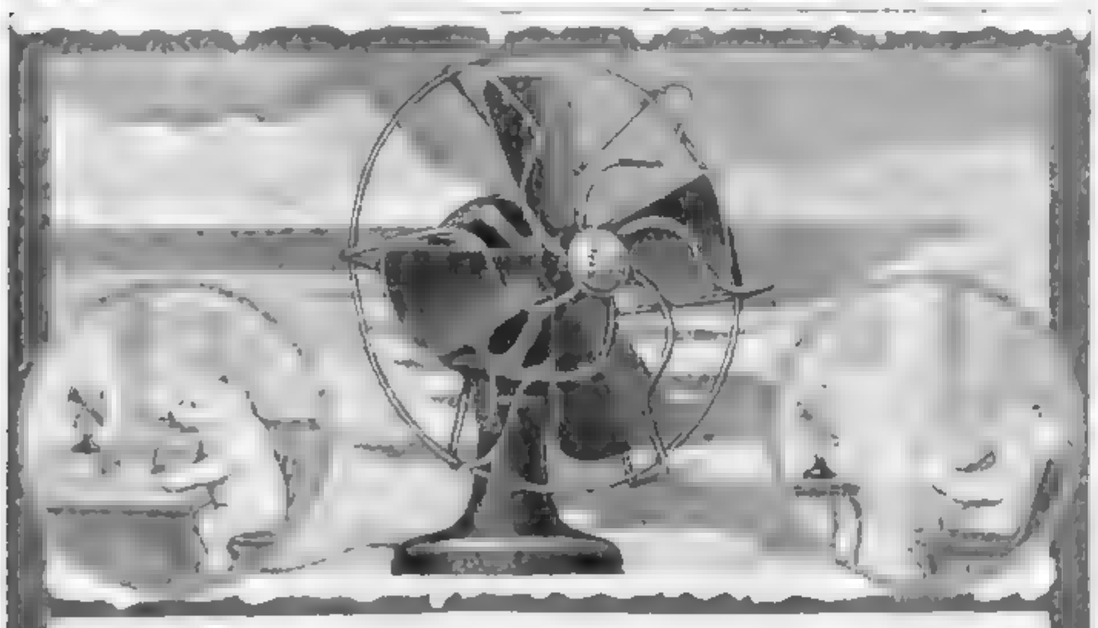

Banish heat in home and office

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Get a Polar Cub and laugh at the heat when it comes. He will keep you cool in your office and in your home. He will enable you to enjoy refreshing sleep on the hottest night.

This powerful little fan uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours. Two speeds—giving you a light or strong breeze. Handsome nickel-plated motor, adjustable to any angle. Equipped with 7 foot cord and plug, only $7.50 (Canada $10.50).

Go to your hardware or electrical dealer today and get Polar Cub. Get one for your office and one for your home. If your dealer hasn't it write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

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Polar Cub Electric Fan $7.50

COMMON SENSE IN BELGIUM

(Continued from Page 11)

This policy was modified a little during that period of intense protectionism which preceded the great war; but Belgium is still nearest to free trade of any great industrial nation. Prices were lower than anywhere else in Europe; so were wages. It is probable that wages were unduly low. A certain Belgian business man, not by many a mile a radical in his opinions, is serving now on one of the arbitration boards. On taking up his work he studied for the first thing the wage question and the price question. "And," he said to me recently, "I can't see why we didn't have an explosion here before the war."

The government and commercial authorities, working through the great and strong business organizations, faced this situation; faced, too, the certain prospect of a rise in the price of commodities. They did not wait for strikes. They sent their people back to work with a general fifty per cent increase in wages. Following this, the government set up, in the Ministry of Labor, a voluntary arbitration board. This body, strongly staffed by men of intelligence and business acumen, has no legal power to enforce any decision. If it puts the screws down on anyone, they are, after all, extra-legal screws—the same methods which a man in big business might use in consummating a deal. Little by little as the prices went up, so did this body manage to force up wages. It has not entirely averted strikes, but in general these have been rather small, sporadic and of short duration. Belgium has known no labor disturbance comparable to the general strikes in Germany, the coal strike in Britain, the May Day strike in France. Yet just before the war Belgian labor had organized, was ready to spring what promised to be the most complete general tie-up which Europe had yet experienced.

The Plural Voting System

This situation cannot be entirely explained without some reference to Belgian politics. There are three Belgian parties the Clerical, or Conservative; the Socialist; and the Liberal. With very brief breaks, the Conservatives held power from the beginning of the kingdom until the outbreak of the war. Up to the later years of the nineteenth century the Liberals formed the opposition. Then the Socialists came up with a rush. After that the Socialists and Liberals usually formed an opposition bloc in the chamber; they never had enough votes, however, for a majority.

What held the Conservatives in power was a curious plural voting system. A man, upon reaching the age of twenty-five, got one vote as a man. If he owned real estate he was entitled to another vote; if he was married, to a third vote; if he held a university degree, to a fourth. All four votes might be cast in a municipal election by a married landholder with a university degree; but in elections for the Chamber of Deputies the limit was three votes. The peasant of Belgium—following the usual rule in Europe—was conservative. Belgium is a country of small holdings. He who works the land usually owns it. Also, the peasant, here as elsewhere, marries early. The university-bred class is generally conservative. On the other hand, the strength of socialism lay in the factory-operative class—seldom landholders, usually marrying rather late; never university men.

It was to break down this system and to secure single manhood suffrage that the factory-operative class was preparing its general strike before the war. Again, let us salute Belgian common sense.

The King for Democracy

The system was artificial. If the country was pretending to be a democracy, such class rule was intolerable. In the white light of war the Belgians saw that. Moreover, there arose a strong sentimental issue. The army of the Yser was composed mainly of one-vote men; the two, three and four vote men stayed at home; the peasants among them even made money out of the Germans. From the day when the army returned, the average Belgian, no matter what his religious or political creed, began to believe this system unjust. The king, who holds little real power perhaps, but who has the prestige which comes from making good, expressed the general conviction when in his first address from the throne he declared that the army which fought with him at the Yser must be rewarded by political equality. The movement met little real opposition. The Conservatives, indeed, tried to make suffrage truly universal by introducing a measure to enfranchise the women—they, as a class, being much more conservative and clerical than their men. This virtually failed; Belgian women are not ready for the suffrage. As the measure was eventually passed, all Belgian men were equally and fully enfranchised, as were the mothers and widows of men killed in the war, the army nurses, and the women who had suffered political imprisonment under German rule. Municipal enfranchisement was given to women in general.

So the Socialists obtained almost without a struggle an object for which they had expected to wage a bitter industrial war. The Conservatives had prophesied that universal franchise would mean a socialist majority, the overthrow of the throne, Bolshevism. In the ensuing elections the Socialists did obtain a plurality. But the Liberals, who had before the war trained

(Continued on Page 177)

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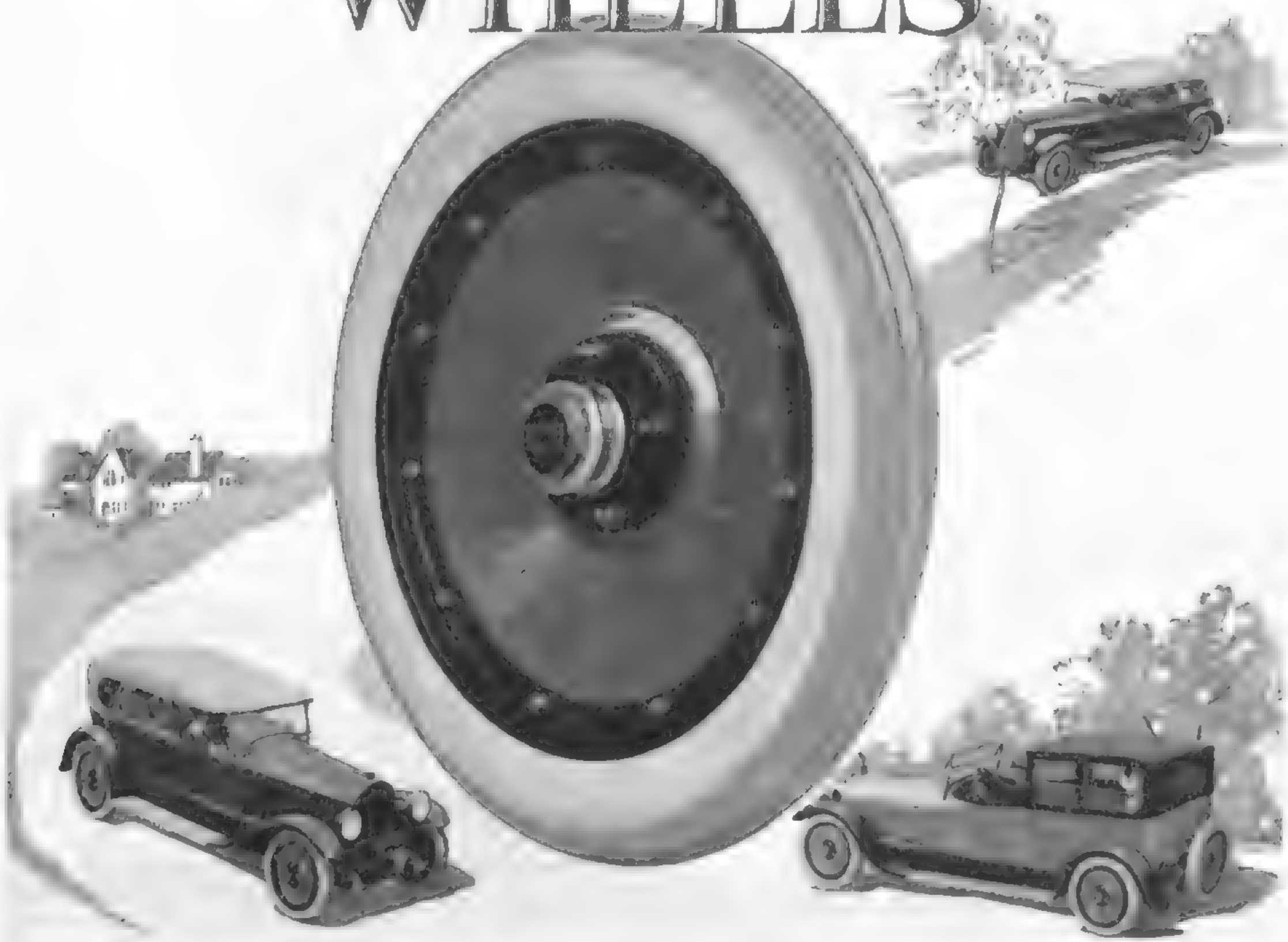

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THE WHEELS THAT COMPLETE THE CAR

(Continued from Page 174)

with the Socialists, now flopped to the right and joined fortunes with the Conservatives, giving the resulting bloc a majority of the chamber.

Further concessions were made to the working men and their party. The coalition cabinet formed just after the armistice took in three Socialist members. The eight-hour day and the right of assembly both became law.

So, by peaceful concession the Socialists gained the four main objects for which they had waged an all but hopeless battle before the war—equal male suffrage, cabinet representation, right of assembly, the eight-hour day. Such a proceeding would merely have whetted the appetite of certain European socialist bodies with which I am acquainted. But among the workingmen of Belgium one seems to trace the same businesslike common sense which he finds in all her upper class from the King down. The aftermath of the European war goes to prove that a race, as it goes along, gathers and stores experience like an individual. When England forced Magna Charta on her King, the two races which make Prussia were still joyously indulging in human sacrifice, cannibalism and orgies of slaughter; the Russians were frankly barbarians. In the same period the Flemish were controlling the Western trade routes; were making the fine fabrics of Europe; were living in stable, rich, well-governed communities; were teaching the art of painting even to Italy; were laying the foundations of a movement which was to flower in the first modern republic. And at this moment, when both reactionaries and radicals in Russia and Germany are indulging in bizarre though tragic political antics, Britain and Belgium are the two countries which seem to be making the transition from the old-modern era to the new-modern most smoothly and easily.

Now this common sense, this accumulated experience of affairs, shows in the Belgian factory operative just as strongly as in the Belgian social and industrial aristocracy. This Socialist Party has always gone in for evolution rather than revolution; it has always been possibilist and practical rather than theoretical. It belongs to the second International group, not the Third—in European Socialism a wide distinction. Indeed, the German Communists with whom I associated during the Ruhr rebellion called their Belgian comrades "ersatz-socialists." In spirit, if not in name, they correspond rather to the British Labor Party than to the Independent Socialists and Communists of Germany, the Bolsheviki of Russia, the Unified Socialists of France. Generally contented for the moment with what they have won, they have settled down to build their fences. Expressing the spirit of a country whose trade guilds of the Middle Ages were unique in the world, they lean in theory rather toward guild socialism than state socialism.

Non-Revolutionary Socialism

At present they are working not so much toward abolition of private property as toward the acquirement of property by the workers. Members of the party are encouraged to save and to invest whenever possible in the shares of the companies by which they are employed. This process, I believe, has gone measurably far in the steel works about Charleroi. They are strengthening and encouraging those workingmen's coöperative enterprises which existed here and there before the war. Chief among these is the Bakers' Guild of Ghent.

How little Belgian Socialism is revolutionary one could see with his own eyes on the first of May, 1920. That day France had concentrated 60,000 peasant troops about Paris in expectation of an explosion; Germany half expected a renewal of the March Communist outbreaks; official Italy trembled. In Brussels the police took no more than the usual precautions for handling a procession, notwithstanding that the day was also celebrated by a general strike in all trades except those dealing with transportation and necessities. The parade took a little less than an hour in passing a given point. Its only color or picturesqueness was given by some sumptuous old guild banners of the Middle Ages, inherited by the modern trades-unions. Otherwise, it consisted simply of workingmen and women, marching past in their Sunday best. One section, representing the more radical wing, carried banners calling for recognition of the Russian Soviet Republic and indorsing the Third International. Also, here and there along the line peddlers were selling photographs of Lenine and Trotzky. But not a single banner so much as hinted at revolution by violence, and not one had a word to say against the King. The parade deployed on the Grande Place before the old Guild Buildings, listened to a speech with a few unarmed policemen looking on quite perfunctorily, and dispersed to make holiday.

As a matter of fact, there is a slight Bolshevist movement in Belgium. One or two red weeklies have recently appeared; the authorities, up to now, have preferred to let them run rather than give the Bolsheviki the argument of persecution. But the responsible leaders are not touched with violent revolutionary doctrines. They, in common with the rest of Belgium, are following a long policy. It is all very well, they say, to talk about passing prosperity round. But first you must have your prosperity. The initial task for all classes is to get Belgium reconstructed, to provide the means of work. You may call this patriotism or you may call it enlightened self-interest. It all comes to about the same thing in this instance. Generally they oppose strikes, trying to settle industrial differences through the arbitration board. In some trades they have secured from the workers a pledge not to strike for a certain period—"in order that we may do our part for the reconstruction of our country." The workmen of the Charleroi mills have even agreed to work on Sundays until the industry gets back to normal.

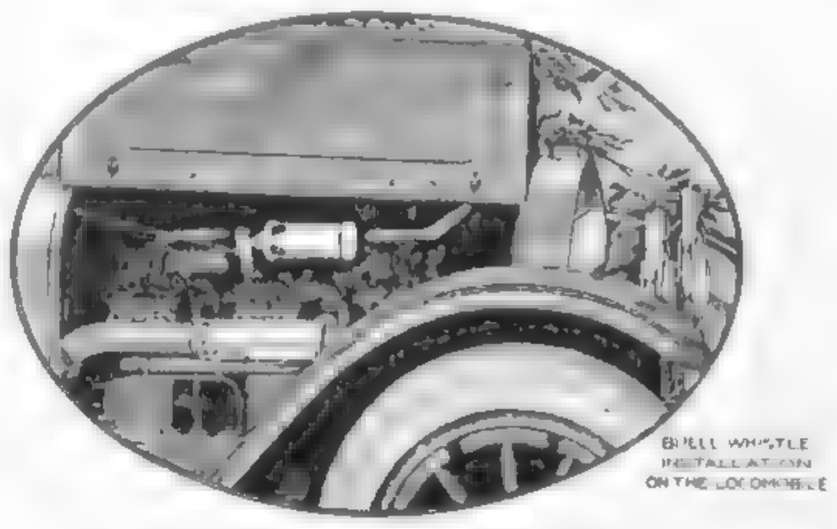
The Bold Course Chosen

The cost of necessities in May, 1920, was four times the cost in August, 1914, while wages in general were little more than three times as high. However, the pay of agricultural labor figures in this calculation; and everywhere that class improves its lot more slowly than does the factory-operative class. Leaving out this factor, the wages of industrial workers in general do not quite meet the increased cost of living. The Socialists declare that they make up for this difference by their workingmen's purchasing coöperatives open to all members of the party and their families. The leaders regard these associations as good propaganda, and for the present seem content to leave things as they are.

However, let the leaders rule or act as they might, such a policy would never go down were it opposed to the spirit of Belgian labor. The psychological feature which I have mentioned before still governs: The average Belgian, after four years of idleness, wants to go to work. An American acquaintance of mine stood on a Saturday night last May beside the pay wicket of a great steel company. He found that three-quarters of the envelopes contained overtime pay. To a large body of Belgian workmen the chief benefit of the eight-hour day is the opportunity for increasing wages by extra hours.

Proceeding to the other extreme, the governmental authorities, the industrial and financial leaders and all others who give larger direction to Belgian affairs have shown the same disposition to play the long, businesslike game. Of course they expected, they still expect, to recoup at least part of their losses from the German indemnity. However, by the time the Peace of Versailles was signed and sealed, any hard-headed man acquainted with the facts was obliged to face the possibility that Germany could not pay in full, might conceivably not pay at all. "Very well," said Belgium, "let us face that too. Let us proceed with general reconstruction on the theory that Germany will not pay. If she does pay, so much to the good."

There was another quandary confronting the war-torn nations of Europe; and of all Belgium faced it with the greatest courage. If you start in reconstructing wholeheartedly, if you get your materials, your machinery, all your requirements as soon as you can and in any available market you must go through a period of debased currency and general depression. With a good part of your workmen employed in reconstruction you cannot at first export much; the balance will run heavily against you; exchange will drop. On the other hand, if you are willing to face at once the adverse exchange you will recover just so much sooner. Belgium took the bold course. France, at the time under the curious financial régime of Klotz, ruled otherwise; where



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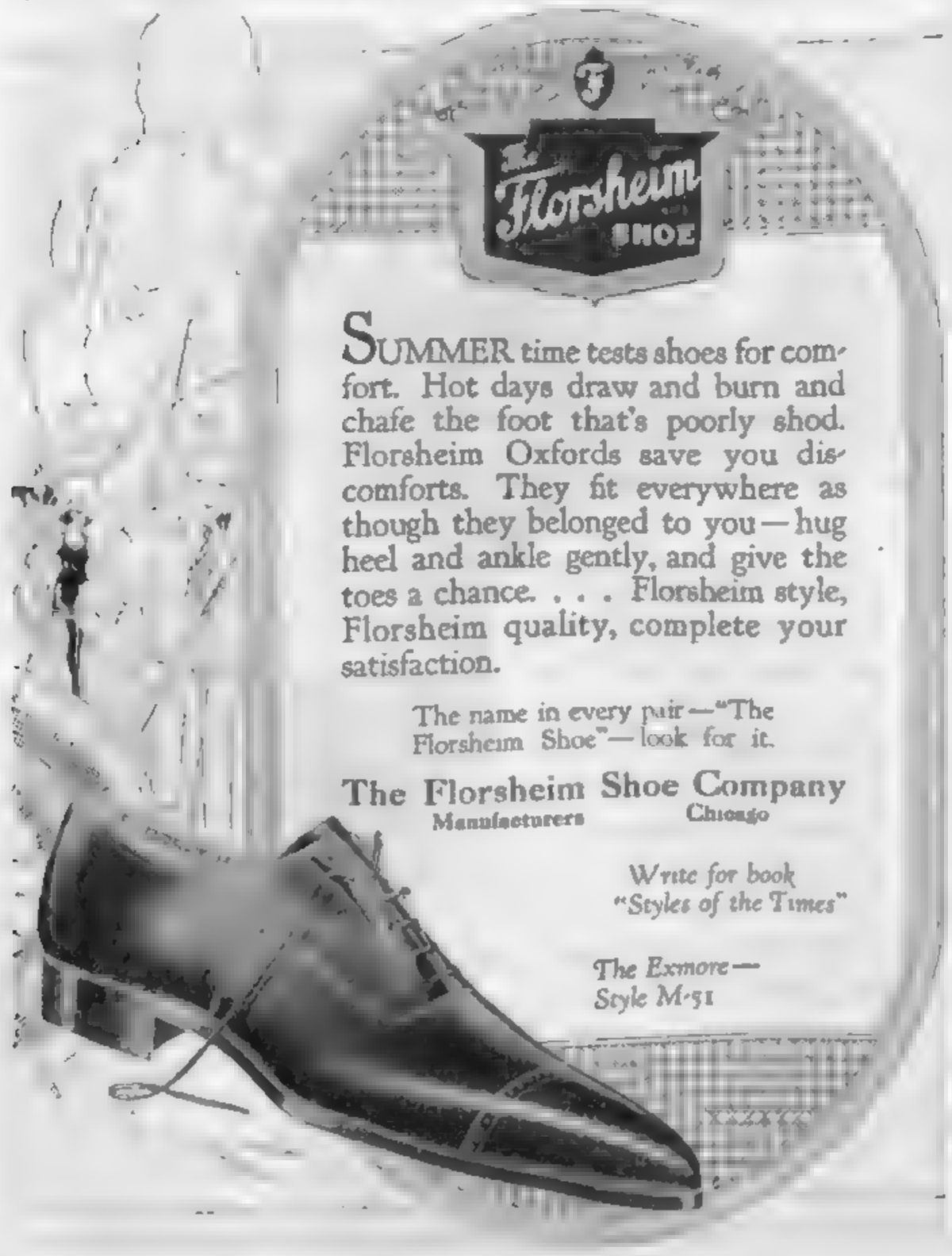

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possible the machinery for reconstruction must be made by the French. As a consequence, fifteen months after the armistice the drowned mines of Lens were still waiting for a kind of pumping machinery which could have been bought ready-made on the open market in England and America. Belgium, up to the limit of her credit, bought the goods wherever she could get them.

However, she did not neglect the machinery of production which she already possessed. Certain industries, spite of the Germans, found their plants and markets in good shape. Notable among these was the manufacture of fine table glass, a trade in which Belgium has been preëminent since the Middle Ages. The Germans destroyed with great foresight and discretion. They intended to keep Belgium as a province. It was their policy to ruin the industries which directly competed with "old" Germany, and to encourage, from her place in the sun, those industries of the "new province" which did not compete. Among these was glass. A few furnaces smashed for scrap iron, a few dynamos carried away—that sums up the physical damage. Glass making, a little handicapped by scarcity of raw materials, was running at half the old scale within a few months after the armistice, at three-quarters by last winter. By now Belgium would be exporting table glass on the 1914 scale were it not for prohibition in the United States, which has destroyed the best market for fancy tumblers, beakers, goblets and other decorated containers of the Demon Rum.

Belgium produced only one raw material in quantity—coal. There she was lucky. The Germans, realizing that no one could have too much coal, through policy spared the mines of her "new province" during the first four years of the war and through fear of reprisal during the last two months. With the fields she possessed, any ordinary nation of Belgium's size would before the war have been an exporting nation in coal. But, balancing exports against imports, Belgium, the most densely settled country of Europe, the most intensive manufacturer in proportion to her population, imported three million tons a year. However, with so many of her industries awaiting reconstruction, Belgium found herself at the armistice period in a position to do considerable exporting, after which the price of coal went up beyond imagination. Belgium proceeded to work this asset for all it was worth.

Undeveloped Coal Fields

Notwithstanding the eight-hour day—in some districts the seven-hour day—she was by a year after the armistice producing almost at the old figure; and in the spring of 1920 the monthly output had risen to 105 per cent of the prewar figure. Exploration work showed that she had two profitable coal fields, one near the eastern border and one near the southern, and both as yet untouched. When she opens these fields she need no longer import, even after she is perfectly rebuilt and has begun to work at the old scale. But development is too costly just at present to warrant the opening of these fields. Moreover, the Socialists, who include collective ownership of coal fields in their ultimate program, oppose opening these fields under private control. Belgium is still exporting coal at ever-increasing prices.

However, that does not tell the whole story. When all is said and done, the making of steel and of steel products was the leading Belgian industry before 1914. Much of the steel eventually to be imported in the form of girders, railway cars, machinery, cutlery, tools or watch springs was smelted in Belgium; the ore came usually from Luxemburg or Lorraine. Only a small proportion of her coal, unfortunately, was fitted for coking. The Belgian blast furnaces and certain other kinds of steel factories dependent on coke were forced to import most of their coking coal. Virtually the country exchanged its surplus of laborer and furnace coal for this necessary raw material. Everyone knows or should know the coal situation in Europe just now. Except for Belgium, not a nation is producing at anything like the old figure. Before the war Belgium looked to Germany for most of her coking coal. By the peace terms, so many tons a day were to be shipped to both Belgium and France. The late enemy, partly through disorganization, industrial disturbance and low vitality of her mining class, and partly through sullen ill will, has kept far in arrears.

There were fifty-five blast furnaces in Belgium before the war. Two or three were used by the Germans and therefore escaped damage. The rest were either scrapped or badly damaged. By last May, twenty-four in all were so far restored as to be ready for work; but only fourteen were in fact working—about a fourth of the old plant. The rest lie idle for want of proper coal. The Spa Conference may ameliorate this condition a little; but the whole equipment of Belgian blast furnaces cannot get to work until Europe recovers her industrial health—until the 20,000,000-ton production of Northern France is restored, until the German miners find again their will to work and get food enough to repair their physical strength, until something like stable conditions prevail in Galicia and the old Austrian states, until all Europe gradually accumulates the rolling stock to get the coal from pit mouth to factory.

The Shortage of Coking Coal

Indeed, had they the coking coal, the Belgian furnaces would still be handicapped by the difficulty in getting iron ore. Owing to the disturbed conditions brought about by the period of readjustment, the heritage of Lorraine ore which came to France with her victory is not being exploited at the old pace; France has at present comparatively little iron ore for export. And France is the only producer in Europe with which Belgium can trade at a parity of exchange. Sweden and Spain both export raw iron. The dollar is the present world standard of exchange. Now Swedish and Spanish values, compared with the dollar, have scarcely fallen at all; while a dollar, which used to buy only five Belgian francs, would buy fifteen last May. The exchange with Sweden and Spain, in short, runs two and a half or three to one against Belgium. In the beginning, such Belgian furnaces as had resumed work made the most of the battlefield junk—uncounted tons of scrap iron. Much of it was in the form of shells, hardened to such a point that it was too intractable for profitable smelting. The rest went into the melting pot. That source is about exhausted. For her locomotive works, her cutlery works, her sporting-arms works, for all those expert steel products in which Belgium so prided herself, she has been forced to import the blooms and billets, while nearly half of her restored blast furnaces still wait for coke.

Textile manufacture, next to metal work the chief Belgian industry, suffered badly through German destruction. Comparatively few whole plants were carried away, though the Germans did manage to deport most of the dynamos. But the copper and brass parts, so essential to looms and spindles, were almost universally stripped off to make shell bindings. The copper parts are now generally restored and the plants ready for work. Belgian cotton-goods production might be going on as well as ever were it not for two factors—the rise in the price of cotton and the fact that most of the supply must be bought from America at an adverse exchange rate of three to one. As it is, only about seventy per cent of the Ghent cotton spinners are at work. Some day Belgium hopes to produce her own raw cotton. Experiment has shown that it can be raised with profit in the Belgian Kongo, where there is ample native labor. Unhappily, that is just now crying for the moon.

The minister of colonies is down there this summer looking into the question; and a timid faction in Belgium at present advocates dropping the whole thing. This would seem to the outsider a short-sighted policy; this colony has many times the area of the motherland, and great natural wealth.

The Belgian textile industry has been greatly strengthened, at least temporarily, by the world demand for artificial-silk goods. As any woman knows, real silk is at present scarce and very expensive; more and more women who would have scorned anything but real silk in 1914 are wearing the substitute in stockings, sweaters and dresses. Before the war the Belgian artificial silk was so much superior to the rival German product that it was finally barred from Germany just because the native manufacturers could not compete with it. There are two processes: in one, the basic raw material is wood pulp; in the other, cotton. The cotton product is much superior. In spite of the cost of this raw material the Belgian factories since the war

(Continued on Page 181)

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(Continued from Page 178)

are generally coming to the more expensive process just because of the higher quality it gives. By last spring certain cotton mills were remaking their plants to handle artificial silk; and this item of Belgian export is already almost up to prewar figures. It would have surpassed those figures long ago but for the shortage of alcohol.

Belgian agriculture presents a contradiction. This is the most densely settled nation of Europe. The fact that, when everything was balanced, it could produce less than seventy per cent of its own food was the reason for the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Yet it is also true that, acre for acre, the Belgian agricultural produce was probably the most valuable in Europe. The peasants of Flanders went in for intensive, valuable garden truck which they sold all over Europe but mostly in London. It was a country of small holdings and of most close cultivation. An American from the land of loose farming cannot imagine that any country can be more tightly and carefully cultivated than France—until he sees Belgium. It all looks hand brushed, manicured. I hereby register the opinion that the best strawberries I ever ate in any land were those just coming on the Brussels market late last May. With the London market open again, the Belgians crowded agriculture full steam ahead. Here she had the advantage of an almost intact peasant class. Poor France, with her peasant army, with sixty per cent of her mobilized men between nineteen and thirty-one years old dead on the field of honor, finds her farming terribly handicapped for lack of expert labor. The export of fancy agricultural products has greatly assisted what measure of restoration Belgium has achieved. At present there is in certain districts almost a flax boom. Before the war the great flax fields of the world lay in Western Russia. Of course they are not exporting now; the current price of real linens should prove to any housewife how that industry is crying for raw material. Formerly southwestern Flanders produced a little flax. Now every field capable of bearing this crop has been planted in flax. The process is limited by certain considerations of soil and climate and by the fact that flax must be grown near stagnant water or a river, in order that it may be rotted satisfactorily. The linen mills about Roulers and Courtrai were total losses in the war. The existing mills, however, are running full blast on native flax; and Courtrai, center of the growing industry, has an air of prosperity and bustle quite refreshing in the Europe of today.

So much for the temporary restoration of Belgian production. It is a jury job after all; it means simply holding on and avoiding bankruptcy until the restoration is completed and the country is really ready to work. In touching as I have on the bright spots, probably I have made the situation look better than it is. Now for the bigger job, the basic one—getting Belgium physically back on the map as she was in August, 1914.

Reconstruction Policies

The government laid down in the beginning the proposition that all losses of houses, property and damaged lands sustained by any Belgian subject through the German invasion should be sustained by the state; if the state recouped itself from the German indemnity, so much the better; but the individual was not to suffer.

The first job, as in France, was to get the population back on the land; this involved, as in France, temporary housing. For this purpose the government bought lumber wherever it could be found. Here the Germans helped a little; in Antwerp they had stored millions of feet for winter trenches. This was appropriated to make huts.

In this connection Belgium has one slight but real grievance against her allies. By the laws of war the army which occupies a district is entitled to the enemy material which it captures. British, French and American divisions all participated with the Belgians in the final clean-up. Now the enemy material, the Belgians maintain, was largely stolen from Belgium by the Germans. This was especially true of lumber. It had been cut from native forests, sawed in native mills. And they wanted that lumber badly. Nevertheless, the Allied Council ruled against them. They had to cut farther into their forests or to import from Scandinavia. Windows and tiles had also to be imported wholesale.

The government would set up for any homeless inhabitant a wooden hut, the same to revert to the government after the final reconstruction. Or it would give him 3500 francs' worth of material if he would contribute the labor, the resulting building to belong to him. When this plan was followed the individual was encouraged to build on the sand-house plan—a double shell of wood packed with sand or ground rubble for warmth. This, it is figured, will make a convenient barn or outhouse when he gets a permanent house. By last winter every citizen of Belgium who wanted to come back was housed in his old village or commune. Not all the refugees, however, have elected to return. France is much shorter of labor, especially of expert labor, than Belgium. By the law of supply and demand, wages there are generally higher. A good many workingmen who went out ahead of the German advance in 1914 found jobs in France and are staying there for the present. The devastation of actual war and the depopulation were greatest in the provinces of East and West Flanders, especially the latter. By the end of 1918 the population of these two provinces was down to one-fourth the prewar numbers. Now it stands a little above two-thirds. But temporary housing is now finished.

Replacement of Buildings

All that time the ministry of the interior, through its department of reconstruction, was preparing the way for permanent reconstruction. The financial plan, so far as the individual citizen was concerned, proceeded on very simple lines. Anyone who had lost a house, a factory or factory equipment filed his claim together with proof of its 1914 value. If he didn't want to rebuild the government would pay him that value, and no more. If he did want to rebuild it would pay him enough more to reconstruct his property as it stood in 1914. Cost of building had in May last multiplied by three or three and a half. A man with a house worth 10,000 francs in 1914 needed 30,000 or 35,000 francs to restore it in 1920. So few, if any, chose the ready cash in place of the new building; this virtually forced reconstruction. The cost of material and labor has risen far beyond calculation and a pessimistic party in the chamber is openly declaring that the policy of the state's assuming all building cost is impossible. It is not entirely unlikely that before the end of the year the national treasury will have to hedge a little.

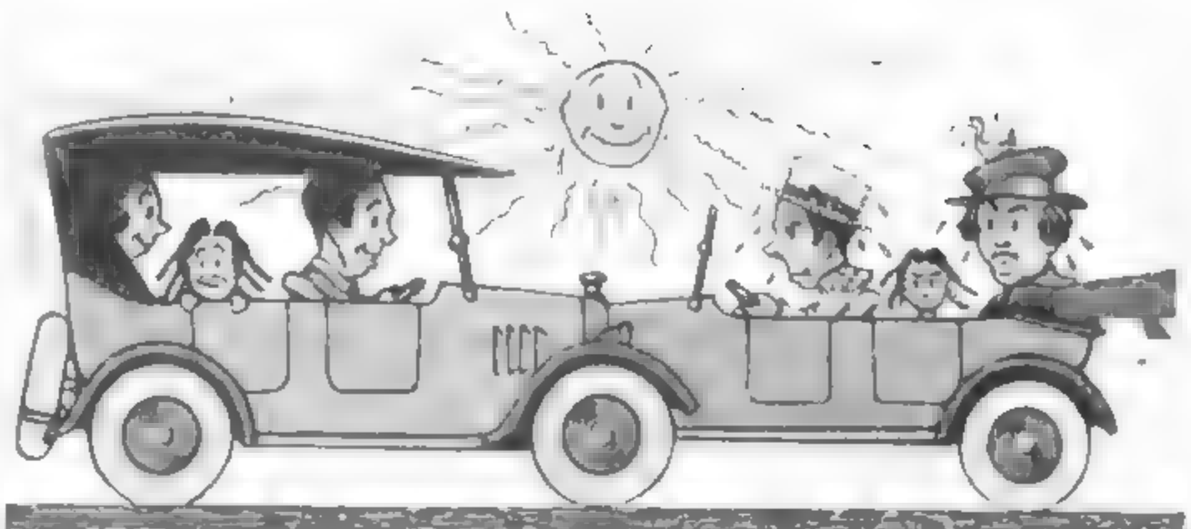
Having settled their financial policy the ministry of the interior proceeded with the dual task of mobilizing the architects and builders of Belgium and of providing materials. They first intended to let every man select his own architect. Within a month or two they saw that this was not going to work at all. Small country architects living in the devastated district and having local acquaintance got orders by the hundreds—more than some of them could handle in ten years; better architects in Brussels and Antwerp got almost no orders. It was ruled, then, that the government would appoint the architect unless the citizen had a stubborn and insuperable prejudice. This worked very well; while the local men will still do nicely, the Brussels and Antwerp builders will have plenty of work. Further to facilitate this job the government prepared books of standard plans—from a dozen to twenty at each popular value.

Getting materials has been, of course, a much harder problem. No one in Europe considers a wooden building as a permanent building; fortunately Belgium produces brick, cement and a certain amount of stone. Lumber she could produce, too, from her forest reserves; but that would require a deal of labor and installation of machinery. Following her enlightened policy of rebuilding first at all cost, Belgium imports a great deal of the lumber, doors and sashes. The demand for brick and cement is so great that prices might be boomed to prohibitive figures.

Moreover, brick and cement are now heavily in demand outside of Belgium. To keep the material in the country, to keep the prices down, have involved a great deal of tactful negotiation.

As in handling the labor question so here the government has worked mostly by extra legal methods.

For example, the more greedy of the brick makers were wild to export. Nevertheless, the government persuaded them to keep two-thirds of their product at home.



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Because Your Top Is Shabby

NO matter how hot the sun and winds you can be cool and comfortable driving under a Badger Slip Roof. Don't melt because your top is shabby and you're ashamed to put it up. A Badger Slip Roof, handsome, durable and perfect fitting, can be put up in a jiffy—and it's inexpensive, too.

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Patterned from the car manufacturers' original models, made of world's finest topping materials—"Drednaut," "Neverleek," etc.—the Badger Slip Roof adds distinction to any car.

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See your garageman, accessory or auto dealer for samples and styles. Made with or without plate glass windows. Thousands already in use. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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FOR ALL CARS AT ALL GARAGES

IT'S certainly pleasing news to learn that rich Zee Zees, the pioneer Jersey Cream Caramels, can now be obtained in plump, handy-size rolls.

And you'll find it very good taste to select either the Cream Roll with its swirling curls of rich sugar cream or the Nut Roll.

WE suggest, however, that you start with the Creams, for there's nothing just like them anywhere. But whichever your choice, insist on Zee Zee for the delight of your taste and the good of your purse. Get them at newsstands or candy counters.

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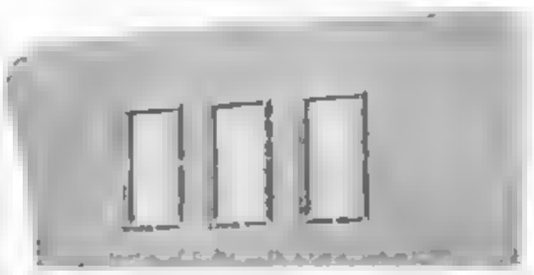
Makes your Ford drive like a car equipped with a worm and sector steering gear. It gives you safe, steady, comfortable control of your Ford. Always brings the wheels to a straightaway. Protects against accidents and adds greatly to the pleasure and contentment of driving. Increases mileage on front tires. In extensive use for five years. Price $6.00.



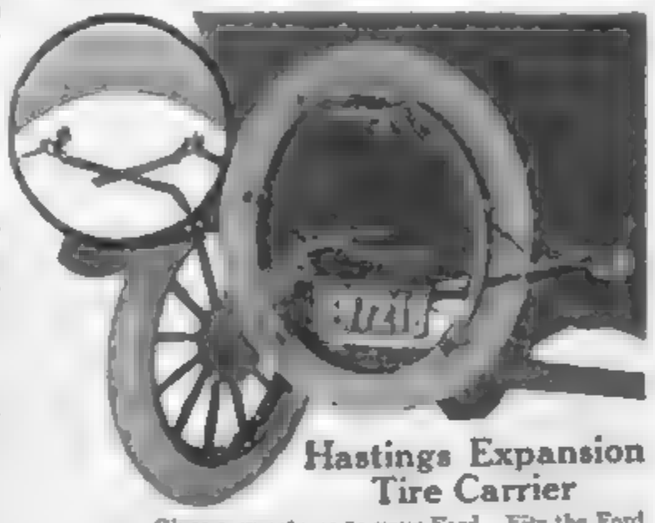
Stylish Glass Rear Curtain Lights

Give the Ford that smart look—Protect from weather—Outwear celluloids several times—Will not tear nor sag curtain. The glass fits present opening; metal sashes, one on each side, are clamped tightly to reinforced edges of opening with eight screws. $2.50 buys set of three

NIGHT DRIVING A PLEASURE INSTEAD OF A NIGHTMARE

When meeting oncoming cars a turn of the knob gives choice of five merging degrees of light. Prevents glare yet gives clear view of the road at any engine speed.

Lite-a-ford provides as good driving light at ten miles as at eighteen without it. It avoids burning out lamps and gives better lights for meeting on country roads than are found on the higher priced cars. Easily attached to any Ford model in fifteen minutes. Price $5.00.



Hastings Expansion Tire Carrier

Gives a smartness to your Ford. Fits the Ford Touring Car, Roadster, Sedan, and Coupé, both *old* and *new* models. It is instantly adjustable to any Ford size of inflated tire or rim; grips tightly from inside and is instantly removed by easy pull of lever; equipped with our exclusive locking device.

Rear Single, $6.00. Rear Double, $9.00.

At your dealer's or sent prepaid if he cannot supply you immediately. Satisfaction on each article guaranteed or money refunded.

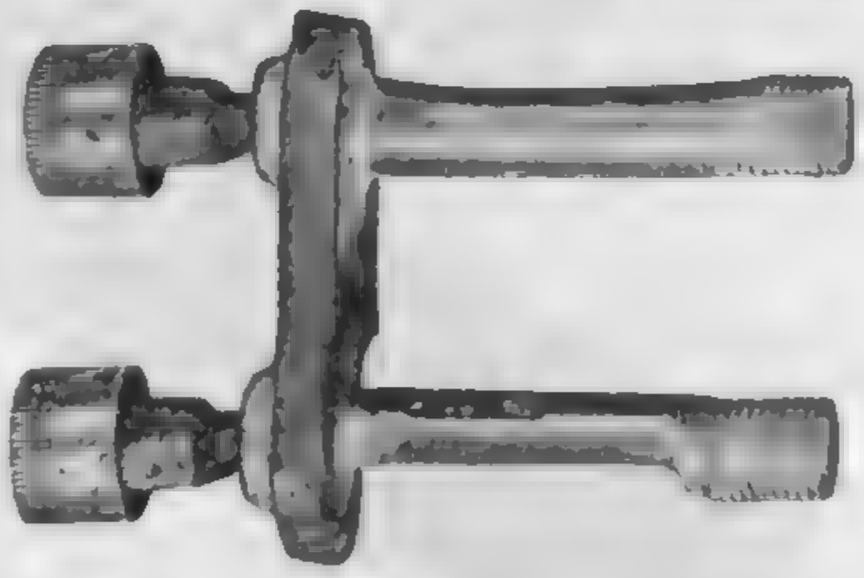
HASTINGS Manufacturing Co.

334 E. Mill St., Hastings, Michigan

High-grade traveling salesmen wanted to call on jobbing trade. Good territory now open.

Oil is better than grease

A shackle bolt worn out because of the inability of grease to lubricate both all the way 'round. Squeaks cause wear like this and worn bolts cause rattles. Oil-Kipps lubricate bolts all the way 'round preventing squeaks and wear



The lubrication of shackle bolts and steering knuckles is generally neglected because ordinary methods make it dirty, difficult and time consuming.

Yet neglect of chassis lubrication causes squeaks, rattles, repairs and hard steering.

By equipping your chassis with Oil Kipps you lubricate it thoroughly in three minutes.

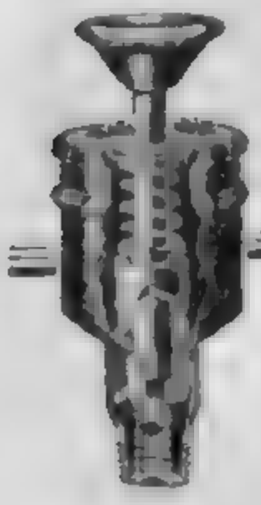
Oil-Kipps replace any kind of lubricating cup, gun or other device.

They are small, magazine forcepumps that shoot heavy oil even in the coldest weather. One filling from the oil can loads them with shots enough for a month. Their operation is simple—just snap the spring plunger.

If your dealer does not carry them as yet, send for the free bulletin, "Silencing the Chassis."

MADISON KIPP CORPORATION
Madison, Wisconsin

Model "H" Oil-Kipp for steering knuckles and other vertical positions. There is a model "K" horizontal Oil-Kipp for spring bolts and the like.



Oil-Kipps

KEEP CARS NEW

The tools of persuasion were in this case the government grip on the coal supply, the government ownership of the railroads. "No brick, no coal and no freight cars," said the ministry in effect. In collaboration with the ministry of labor, the ministry of the interior obtained a good stiff advance in pay for the brickworkers and secured their promise not to strike before 1921. Belgium is long on cement; not more than forty per cent of the national product is needed for the present. By somewhat similar means the ministry of the interior assured itself that this forty per cent would stay in Belgium. Then, after getting a price agreement, it assumed control of the entire output. This was done so that no one region should profit at the expense of another. As the bricks are finished they are shipped to this town or that according to present necessity. When the open weather of an early spring permitted building operations, new brick and cement houses were everywhere beginning to dot the rows of wooden huts in the devastated towns.

All together 800,000 pair of hands are now engaged in rebuilding or in the processes incidental thereto.

The withdrawal of so many men and women from current industry, of course, holds down Belgian production for the time being, keeps the trade balance adverse, depresses the franc. But barring an unexpected financial collapse or a total repudiation by Germany the Belgians expect to have their country all back on the map by 1928, and then to resume production full tide.

These are only the broad lines. Of course, this being a very human problem, there have been little difficulties, some irritating, some merely humorous. Just as in France, so in Belgium the government is trying to improve sanitary conditions in the new-risen towns. The peasant of France is conservative enough in his personal habits, but he strikes you sometimes as a wild radical compared with his brother of Belgium. Often the country Flemish simply refuse to be sanitated. At one time the whole town of Ypres showed a similar tendency. The government wanted to install a modern sewerage system and modern plumbing. "What?" said Ypres. "Violate the sound traditions of our forefathers? When the water came up to the Town Hall, when Ypres controlled the wool of the world, when we were capital of Flanders—we had no frills like sewers!" This happy period, I believe, occurred in the twelfth century. The town even became an international episode. When stout Sir John French got his peerage he was named "Lord French of Ypres."

"The nerve of him!" snorted the refugee citizens of Ypres. "Didn't we have a count of Ypres away back in the Middle Ages? What do these English mean, taking our title?"

But when, after the war, the British newspapers began to propose an arrangement whereby Ypres should be kept as it was, a monument and a graveyard for the hundreds of thousands whom they had lost in its defense, the Yprians nearly exploded.

Finally the British proposed that the picturesque stumps of the Town Hall and church should remain as they were. That seemed more reasonable to the government. The wonderful Town Hall—or Cloth Hall—was one of the two or three great architectural losses of the war. You can no more put it back in this age than you can order another painting to replace a lost Giotto, Velasquez or Rembrandt. The generation which could do such things has perished. Any rebuilding would not only be expensive but a caricature.

When the government announced its decision the inhabitants and authorities of Ypres fell back into sullen opposition. It was long before anyone in Brussels could understand why they felt as they did; then it all came out. So long as those stumps remained the boche had something on Ypres—a proof of what he had done to the town. The Yprians were like the small boy who wants to stay indoors until his black eye gets well, because so long as it remains the other fellow has something to crow over. However, in the end they had to take program, both in the items of sewers and of the Cloth Hall.

I do not wish to show any unfair optimism about Belgium. If she is better off than her Continental neighbors she is still in an awful fix, with years of hard pull ahead of her. Above all, I am not arguing that she does not need a share of whatever official or unofficial help we grant Europe. But the Lord helps those who help themselves; perhaps for the very reason that she has helped herself we may be in a mood to imitate that attribute of divinity.

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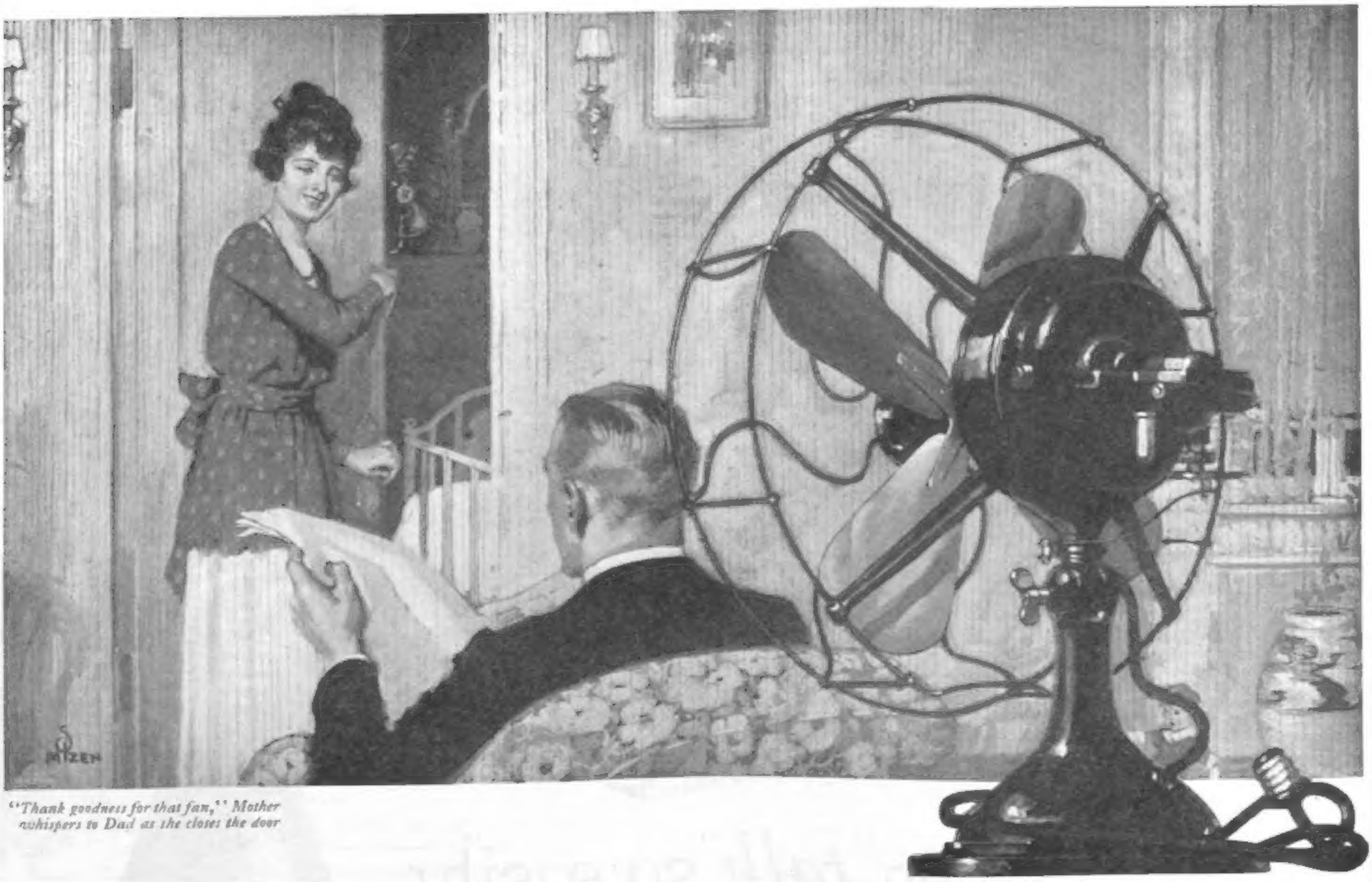

"Thank goodness for that fan," Mother whispers to Dad as she closes the door

"Now They Can Have Cool Nights of Sleep"

The door to the "kiddies'" room softly swings ajar. Mother takes a peek within. The children are sleeping soundly. A cool, refreshing breeze, produced by a silent Robbins & Myers Fan, sweeps through the room.

"Thank goodness for that fan," Mother whispers to Dad as she closes the door. "Now they can have cool nights of sleep and rest even in the hottest weather."

"It's a great idea, isn't it?" he agrees. "It is the same kind of a fan that we have at the office. Keeps everyone comfortable and good-natured. I'll buy one for our bedroom, too. They will last a lifetime."

Comfort in the home, comfort at the office, comfort everywhere during hot, stifling days and nights is furnished by Robbins & Myers Fans.

Silent producers of coolness, smooth-running and constant, R&M Fans are Nature's own allies. The R&M flag on the guard is a guarantee of their faithfulness—the sign of a breeze.

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For Twenty-three Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
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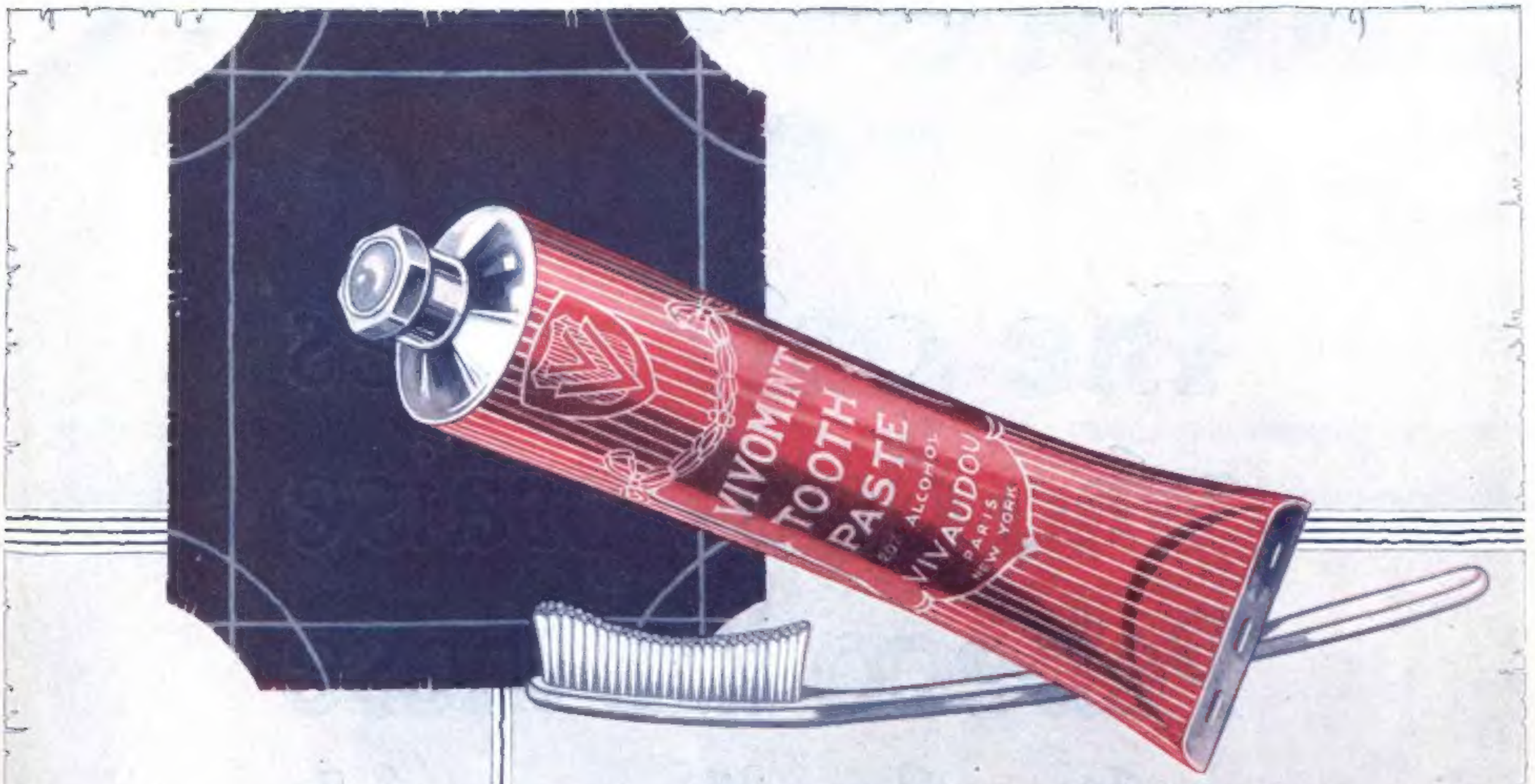

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HIDDEN away in the tiny folds of the membrane lining of the mouth, particles of food and other tooth-destroying agents lie in wait. The moment your vigilance is relaxed—the moment you cease to keep the mouth absolutely clean their work begins. Sometimes even after you have brushed your teeth with the ordinary tooth paste, these destructive forces are still quietly at work. Tooth troubles begin in the membrane lining of the mouth.

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Your dentist will tell you that merely cleaning the surface of your teeth is not enough. Even when this has been done it is a short and easy task for the attack upon your teeth to be resumed by the destructive forces that infest the mouth, and almost immediately the teeth are again in danger. The one safe method that assures tooth preservation is the cleaning and disinfecting of all the little corners of the mouth—all the little hard-to-reach crevices of the mouth lining—because it is there that trouble begins.

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Vivomint is an entirely new kind of dental preparation. It is a scientifically prepared dental cream that whitens the teeth by preventing the formation of tartar and nullifying the effect of foreign agents that have a tendency to discolor the teeth. But it does more than that—

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As the teeth are brushed briskly Vivomint is whipped into a delicious foam that carries the germicide content of this dentifrice into every little fold of the membrane of the mouth. The germicide which Vivomint carries is the most effective antiseptic known—it has proven so by actual comparative bacteriological tests. This, together with the delightful and refreshing coolness of Vivomint, permeates the entire mouth, bubbling into every hiding place of the germs that have heretofore been a menace to preservation of beautiful, white teeth.

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Most men consider Vivaudou's After Shaving Talcum a refreshing essential. Delightful to use, it will start you off on your day's work with a smile. Ask for it today.

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Ship me a trial order of _____ tubes of Vivomint Tooth Paste.

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